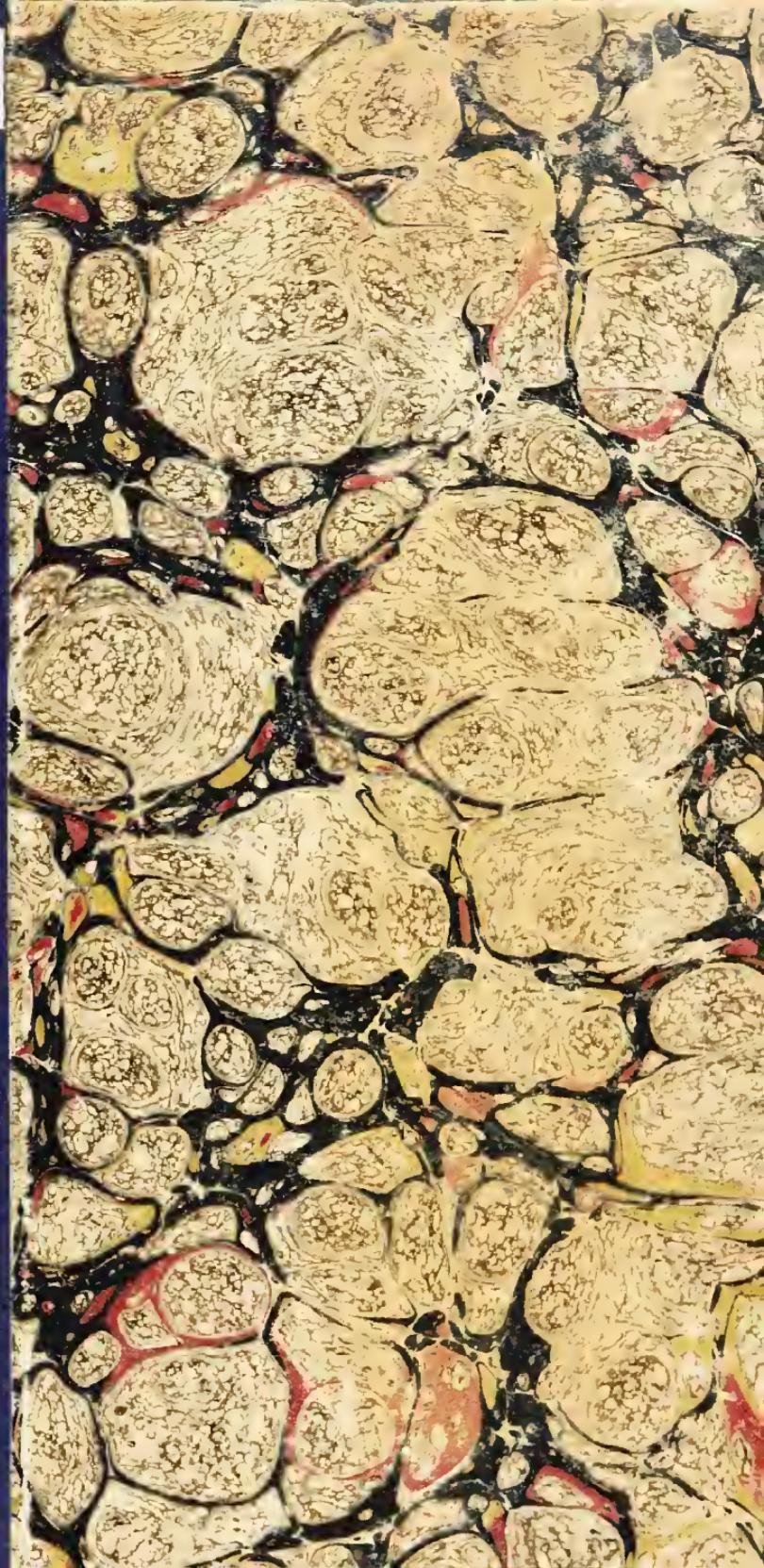


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HONOR ORATIONS

In the Contests of the

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Oratorical Association

Together with the

Orations judged highest in Thought and Composition when such Orations did not receive an honor

Edited for the Association by

THOMAS C. TRUEBLOOD, A. M.,

Professor of Elocution and Oratory in the University of Michigan

THIRD EDITION

PUBLISHED BY THE
UNIVERSITY ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION
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Preface

The Oratorical Association of the University of Michigan issues this volume in response to repeated requests of students of oratory in this and other universities for a collection of student orations which have won honors. It is commendable for those who contemplate entering contests to desire to examine the work of those who have preceded them. A careful study and comparison of such speeches ought to be a source of profit and encouragement to all contestants, for we believe that the average student can do what the average student has done.

The editor realizes that the productions herein presented are not above criticism, that they are student orations and must not be compared with masterpieces of the great orators; but they will be found to contain vigorous thought, forcibly expressed, and will, we think, compare favorably with similar productions from other institutions.

The money derived from the sale of "Honor Orations" is devoted wholly to furthering the interests of public speaking in the University of Michigan.

T. C. T.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., May 20, 1895.

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History of the Oratorical Association.

The Oratorical Association of the University of Michigan was organized in January, 1890. The purpose was to foster interest in oratory by holding contests among the college classes, and to participate in similar contests with other universities. Accordingly invitations were sent to the University of Wisconsin, Northwestern University, and Oberlin College to send delegates to Ann Arbor, in June, 1890, to form an intercollegiate association. All responded to the call and after a two days' session the Northern Oratorical League was formed with the following institutions as charter members: The University of Michigan, the University of Wisconsin, Northwestern University, and Oberlin College. The University of Iowa was admitted in 1891, the University of Chicago in 1893, and the University of Minnesota in 1899. The number of colleges was limited to seven.

The Michigan Oratorical Association, through whose influence the League was organized, was now ready to establish itself on a permanent basis in accordance with the provisions and requirements of that League. Its constitution and by-laws were so amended as to conform to the larger body of which it was a member. The Literary and Law Departments were organized on an equal footing. Undergraduates from other departments were permitted to enter through the Law and Literary Departments, and while degree men were admitted to membership in the Association they were not permitted to enter any but the debating contests.

In 1906 Nathan M. Kaufman, of Marquette, Michigan, established an annual testimonial of \$150, to be awarded as follows: \$100 to the student who shall win first honor, and \$50 to the student who shall win second honor.

The Chicago Alumni Medal.

In October, 1894, the Chicago Alumni Association of the University of Michigan, in order to encourage interest in oratory

in the University, provided the Chicago Alumni Medal to be given annually to the student who shall win first honor in oratory in the University. This medal, cuts of which are here presented, was designed by Louis H. Sullivan, the architect of the Chicago Auditorium.



OBVERSE OF CHICAGO ALUMNI MEDAL.

This work of art is

thought by critics, both in this country and in Europe, to be one of the handsomest medals in existence. The authorities of the Academy of the Beautiful Arts in Paris, and of the National Museum of St. Petersburg, consider it the best work of its kind, and Ex-President Andrew D. White of Cornell University,

formerly Ambassador of the United States to Germany, declares it to be "the most exquisite bronze medal he has ever seen."



REVERSE OF CHICAGO ALUMNI MEDAL.



AUSTIN CARLOS GORMLEY

HONOR ORATIONS.

Austin Carlos Gormley.

The subject of this sketch was born at Helena, Montana, April 23, 1867. His father, James Gormley, was a merchant in this frontier town, who by his thrift became one of the wealthiest men of the place, but he lost his means by unfortunate investments in quartz mines and soon after died, leaving his son Austin and two sisters to the care of their widowed mother. After a brief period in the public schools of Virginia City, whither they had removed, the young lad of fifteen was compelled to seek employment. He went to work in a printing office, where he held cases for four years, and later at Ann Arbor he found the printer's trade very useful to him, for the money earned during vacations and at odd times went a great way toward defraying expenses during his course at the University.

In 1886, the family removed to Ann Arbor, where Austin entered the High School. He was graduated in the Latin course in 1888, having been honored by his class with the oratorship and by the faculty with a place on the commencement program.

The following October he matriculated in the Literary Department of the University. The next year, while still pursuing his literary course, he registered in the Law school, from which he was graduated with the class of '91 with the degree of LL. B. On completing his course he received the appointment of Quizmaster in the Law school for the following year, and entered the post-graduate Law class, but before completing the year's work he received the offer of a co-partnership with Mr. N. B. Smith, a leading lawyer of White Sulphur Springs, Montana, and decided to leave the University and enter upon the practice of the law. He is still a member of the firm of Smith & Gormley, and is meeting with great success in his professional work.

In 1894 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Meagher Co., Montana.

During his University course Mr. Gormley was a most faithful student of oratory. He not only completed all the courses then offered in the subject but accepted every opportunity for public speaking. He helped to organize the University Oratorical Association and in its first annual contest was awarded highest honor, and became the representative of the University in the first contest of the Northern Oratorical League, where he was also awarded first place. He was moreover a most enthusiastic and skillful debater. In 1890 he was chosen one of a trio to participate in a public debate between the Law School and the Literary Department and was on the winning side.

Since leaving college he has been much sought to make the principal address on public occasions. In style he is bold, at times lofty, in action somewhat angular, but forceful and impulsive. He commands attention by his great earnestness, his thorough sympathy with his audience, and his mastery of the subject in hand.

QUO WARRANTO?

BY AUSTIN CARLOS GORMLEY.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION in 1891 at the University of Michigan and also in the Northern Oratorical League. In the former contest Mr. Gormley was marked third in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery; in the latter first in Thought and Composition and third in Delivery.]

Before people can use their power, they must learn that they have it. The Persian, never doubting the right of the priesthood to a monopoly of learning, is still, with his neighbors of the Orient, languishing in chains of ignorance and superstition. The Hindu, never questioning the superior claims of the Brahman, must die, as he has lived, without hope or aspiration. As long as the many have been credulous, the few have been artful enough to impose upon their credulity. The few take unto themselves authority that was never given them, and the many, not questioning this authority, are held in pitiless subjection to tyranny and oppression. Not until the spirit of inquiry has been breathed into the deadened souls of men have they asserted their independence. Then they have demanded that those who assumed the right to rule should show their authority. "By what authority?" was the

cry that began to go up from the toiling slave to his insolent master, from the retainer to his feudal lord, from the vassal to his tyrant king. It was this question that gradually lessened the number of despots and transformed the absolutism of William the Conqueror into the constitutionalism of Victoria; that changed the "I, George III., King of England, by the Grace of God," into "We, the people of the United States."

This writ of *quo warranto*, which has brought to an end so many acts of usurpation, can still be utilized to prevent their repetition. And so, today, if authority is overridden and rights are trampled upon, let the offenders be summoned by this writ to appear and answer. It is high time that this were done. To realize that this is so, we need only read the opinions of economists and political philosophers, watch the direction in which legislation is being attempted, and note the numerous organizations for self-defense that are continually being formed. These tell us of great and growing evils; but, numerous as these evils are, we see, if we look closely, that they are only the various branches of a tree whose root is an inordinate love of money. The position of influence formerly held by the priest, the king, or the noble has passed in this country into the hands of the capitalist. The maxim of the day being that "money can do no wrong," everything is subordinated to the one end of acquiring it. All things are offered up as sacrifices to this golden calf. Money is not simply the means by which the high hopes of life may be realized; it is itself the end—the *summum bonum* of life. It sets itself up as the standard by which everything is measured: an education that cannot be converted into gold is looked upon as worthless. In politics, it is the master. It packs caucuses and conventions and carries elections. It controls the large cities of the nation, owning the mayor, aldermen, and police force: the Tweeds are not all dead yet, nor have all the boodlers fled to Canada. It stalks boldly into the halls of our state legislatures and makes it possible for a Quay or a Brice to sit in the seat once occupied by a Webster or a Clay. What should be a council of wise men is thus becoming "a rich men's club." The miserable philosophy of Hobbes permeates the political system: "Not he who is wise is rich, as the Stoics say; but he who is rich is wise." It secures legislation in its own favor, pays labor the market price, out of its immense profits founds a free library, and then boasts itself a public benefactor. Jekyll-like, it pleadingly implores

assistance "until it can stand alone"; this granted, it shows its true nature of Mr. Hyde, organizes into a trust, and with a mocking laugh cries out, "Where are you?" Nothing seems to check this authority of wealth. It asserts itself everywhere. If brought to trial, it often puts its golden goblet to the lips of court and bar, and makes justice a farce. Decked in its most gorgeous colors, it occupies the best pew in church, and sometimes causes the minister to suppress the truth. Within the memory of many now living, it was wont, with its fiendish eye, to charm the minister of the gospel into declaring that slavery was ordained of God. In this country we have no pope to mediate for us, but every one stands face to face with his God; no king, by whom we consider ourselves honored if allowed but to kiss the hem of his garment. But in their stead we have Mammon, in whose train we delight to follow and before whom we cringe to secure a favor.

"O he sits high in all the people's hearts,
And that which would appear offense in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness."

Money has its proper functions, and he who does not strive to secure it as a means to high and noble ends is unworthy to be called an American citizen. But when we see it overstepping its legitimate bounds, and becoming the master instead of the servant of man; when we see a few exacting tribute from the entire population; when we see men elevated to positions of honor, not because of what they *are*, but because of what they *have*, we cannot refrain from demanding, "By what authority?"

And what answer do they make to this demand? Most likely they give no sign of recognition, except to emit a derisive laugh, as much as to say, "What are you going to do about it?" If they deign to make defense, they simply give, in an amended form, the old answer that has stood many a tyrant in stead, and exclaim, "In the name of the Almighty—dollar!"

Do the people deem the answer sufficient? If they do, why these complaints that are being heard on every hand? Why the distress among the agricultural classes? Why the attacks on trusts and monopolies? Why the disgust of honest men at the corruption in politics? Why the life-and-death struggle between labor and capital? No, no; this latest generation of a race that has ever been the foe of tyranny does not accept such an answer. Sitting as the highest tribunal, the people are pronouncing, with no

uncertain voice, their disapproval of the prerogatives that money has taken unto itself. They have sustained the *quo warranto*. It remains only to enforce their decree.

And it will not be difficult to do this if the people fully realize the causes by which money has succeeded in usurping so much authority. The plutocrats, like the tyrants of the past, were not given this authority. They took it. The people, to whom belongs the right to govern, have again fallen asleep and their rights have been taken from them. In the Declaration of Independence the consent of the governed is laid down as the foundation of all just authority. And by that consent, as one of our best historians has truly said, was not meant "the unresisting acquiescence of the mind, which, like the potter's clay, receives whatever is impressed upon it, but that active, resolute, conscious, personal consent, which distinguishes the true freeman from the puppet." Add to this the words of Lafayette: "For a nation to love liberty, it is sufficient that she *know* it, and to be free it is sufficient that she *will* it." This free volition, this real consent, of the governed has never been given to the money power.

What is necessary, then, is an increased interest and a more active participation by all men in matters of public concern. With this increased activity, the people can be depended upon to give sanction to the best of the many theories offered for their political uplifting. And let them profit by the lessons of the past. History furnishes many examples where the few in power have consolidated their forces and brought ruin to a nation. So care must be taken lest the consolidation of riches now going on shall crush out the life of this industrial republic. The French, yearning for empire, followed their vain leader until he at last left them helpless at Waterloo. Let Americans, in their blind love of riches, not follow their Napoleons of Finance until they meet a similar fate. The Grecian and Italian republics excluded politics from the jurisdiction of morals, and their lives ebbed away. Let America take warning, and, in doing so, show that "the Decalogue and the Golden Rule are" not "out of place in political campaigns."

And this leads us to see that what is far more necessary than an increase in the thought power is an increase in the heart power, the conscience power, of the nation. The laws of a country cannot be better than the people who make them or suffer

under them. The remedy, then, is found in something more than the adoption of this or that political theory; in something more than legislation restraining corporations, increasing the currency, prohibiting the liquor traffic or regulating the tariff. It may embrace, but it goes far beyond, these. The true remedy is revealed in the "still, small voice" that speaks to the conscience and the heart of man; the voice that has spoken through the great men of history, who thought not of self, but of humanity; the voice that prompted Luther to nail to the church door of Wittenberg theses protesting against the sale of indulgences for crime; that caused the "beggars" of Leyden to say to Philip of Spain, "As long as there is a man left we will fight for our liberty and our religion"; that moved our own immortal Lincoln to strike the shackles from the slave and restore to him the God-given crown of freedom.

It is the outcome of the struggles with the various forms of tyranny in the past that gives us confidence in humanity. The words of those who have wrested authority from usurpers are the words of the God of Truth and Right speaking down the ages and inspiring men to better things. The American people need but the inspiration of these voices to rise up and drive from their midst this latest and most corrupting form of tyranny. Then they may go forward, showing their professional Christianity by heeding the words of its founder, and serving, not the god of paltry gold, but the God of Love and Righteousness.

EMILIO CASTELAR.

BY WILLIAM BYRON KELLY.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION, 1891, marked first in Thought and Composition and sixth in Delivery.]

In a sequestered corner of busy Europe lies Spain, a strange, romantic land, seldom visited by travelers. Her customs, her great men are little known, for she lies outside the channels through which we gain knowledge of most of the nations of Europe and centuries of despotism have deprived her of the sympathy of republicanism. At the beginning of this century she seemed untouched by those political and social revolutions which have modernized Europe. A few spasmodic awakenings and

bloody rebellions had indeed troubled her slumbers, yet they failed to arouse her sleeping spirit from the darkness of the Middle Ages. Her institutions had changed so little in the past three hundred years that she seemed destined to sleep on until the day of Judgment. And had the Angel Gabriel noticed the lethargy of her living, he might well have despaired of awakening her dead.

Yet at the coming celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, our country's most honored guest will be a Spaniard, Emilio Castelar, "the glory of the Castilian rostrum," the most advanced exponent of nineteenth century democracy in Europe to-day. He will be especially endeared to the American people because on the Continent he is the ablest advocate of those principles for which we have spent so much treasure and blood,—Liberty and Federal Union.

No character in modern times is so striking as Castelar's. His history reads like a drama. In his early days Spain's name was a synonym for penury. I do not exaggerate when I say that the queen, the priests, and the nobles united to uphold corruption, bigotry, and robbery. The liaisons of the court were open scandals. As both baptism and burial were denied to all but one faith, it seemed that a man was allowed neither to enter nor depart from the Land of the Living without a passport from Rome. The Archbishop of Toledo had a larger rent-roll than the king of Portugal. The nobles, that they might live in riotous luxury, starved their tenants.

In eighteen hundred and fifty-four Spanish indignation had burst into blind rebellion. On September the twenty-second there was a stormy gathering of electors at the Orient Theater in Madrid. The chief men of Spain had spoken. The hour was late and the revolting mob was leaving the hall when Castelar, a stripling of twenty-two, arose from the audience and hastened to the platform. Now it is an easy matter to excite mobs by abstractions which they cannot comprehend. But to make the masses understand a measure is a difficult task. Castelar's plans were clean cut and clear. He advocated not only progress, but law and order too, that ground once gained might be gained forever. As he spoke the seething mass grew quiet. Now bursting into frenzied applause, now silent as the tomb, his audience as if enchanted was transfixed before him. That speech made Castelar immortal. From that time on he gave his life and his talents to

his country. Years of close study had placed the history of the world at his command. Before he was thirty Castelar was known as the most learned professor in the University of Madrid, the most brilliant journalist and the most effective orator in Spain. From the professor's chair, the press, and the rostrum he advocated the separation of church and state, freedom of the press, universal education, universal suffrage, and abolition of slavery in Cuba. With scathing eloquence he awed the priests into silence. The boldest Royalist dared not oppose him.

Such was his career until eighteen hundred and sixty-four when his doctrines cost him his professorship. Two years later he was sentenced to death on the charge of inciting rebellion, but escaped to France, from whence he filled the magazines of Europe with his republican principles. When the degenerate Isabel was expelled in eighteen sixty-eight, Castelar returned to Spain. Exile had deified him. From Barcelona to Madrid his march was grander than the triumph of a Roman conqueror. "Give place to Castelar" was the cry in every assembly. The people worshiped him. His word was law.

But his republic was not yet to be. The crown was given to Amadeo of Italy, whose reign was to be short and troubled. In his baptism of scorn the new monarch received the irreverent title "Macaroni I., Italian king of the Spaniards." The nobles called him the intruder king. He had no party to support him. He could not reign. So, shaking the dust of Spain from his feet, he returned to his possessions in Aosta. Then Castelar thought the hour for free government had come. His invincible eloquence silenced opposition. From a mass of ignorance, bigotry and anarchy, he built a republic. But Figueras, its first president, resigned after two months. And then, when no human agency could have saved the government, Castelar was made dictator.

Free government to the ignorant Spaniards meant nothing more than free bull fights. The army was disorganized, the treasury empty, fierce war was raging in Cuba, and the political parties were, not as we see them tolerant opponents, but mortal and historic enemies. When General Pavia closed the Cortas, the republic was at an end. But no dictatorship had ever been more pure or liberal. He had shed not a drop of blood. Fighting against fate, his every act was a master stroke and the gloom of disaster seemed but the artistic setting for his brilliancy of genius. The provisional government offered him a cabinet office, but he replied

"My Conscience and my honor forbid me to hold office in a state created by bayonets." Castelar vowed never to serve any but an absolutely republican government, and the great tribune has kept his oath.

Do you tell me that his republic was a failure? Was it a failure when it taught every Spaniard that within him lay an element, which if aroused, could drive a monarch from a throne, and which if tempered, could itself be monarch? Was it a failure when it sowed seeds of republicanism over all Europe? Was it a failure when, seventeen years later, its magic seeds borne on the Atlantic breezes to the new world fell on the shores of Brazil, and from that inspired dream of Castelar there sprang up a republic without a stain of blood upon its flag, leaving no kings but Nature's in the two Americas?

We Americans can find no praise sweet enough for Washington and Hamilton, for Adams and Jefferson, because they were the founders of the first American republic. But the blood of the Saxon, unpolluted by tyranny, flowed in the veins of our forefathers. Three thousand miles of ocean separated them from their oppressors. They were the most enlightened people on the face of the globe. Their soil was free from old institutions. The rugged life they were compelled to lead, the very freshness of the air they breathed inspired freedom. Their monarch as well as themselves had always boasted that liberty was the birthright of every Englishman. Yet the American patriots had to pass through one of the most bloody wars in history to secure that birthright. While in Spain absolutism was almost as old as the soil itself. The ignorant peasant thought the despot and the robbing grandee necessary to the life of the state. Having these conditions Castelar revolutionized his country without force of arms. With no tools but those he forged in flaming eloquence, he undermined the once proudest throne of Europe and has left Spain a republic all but in name.

Castelar's powers are as varied as genius itself. Like Swift he could rule his country by pamphlets. Like Mirabeau he could rouse his hearers to frenzy and like Webster overpower them with the majesty of his thought. Pitt could not delight listeners by figures from his budget and Burke talked to yawning Commons. Castelar, as learned as either, drew a charmed circle around all within a radius of his voice, and though he spoke for hours not a man wished to stir. Nature made Castelar an ideal orator. His

physique is grand. His god-like brow suggests Webster. His voice is perfect. His slightest whisper fills the largest hall and his blasts of invective, though they have the volume of Salvini's thunder, never grate upon the ear.

I know it is difficult to estimate justly a living man. He is surrounded by loves and hates. He often conceals his real intent for years are the test of statesmanship. Yet the permanency of Castelar's work is already evident. As we scan the history of Europe for the past thirty years, three figures stand pre-eminent, Gladstone, Bismarck, and Gambetta. But if success in life is to be measured by obstacles overcome, by what it achieves, Castelar is greater than Gladstone, greater than Bismarck, greater than Gambetta.

Gladstone's chief claim to a name in history is his work for Ireland. Following in the footsteps of Grattan he sought to relieve Ireland's woes by British legislation rather than by Irish education. The enlightened nation to which he appealed has left Ireland's wrongs still unrighted and Gladstone's work is to be finished in years yet to come.

Bismarck excluded Austria from the North German Confederation, placed Prussia at its head, with the best trained army in Europe whipped disorganized France and has since maintained German unity by questionable diplomacy and the suppression of constitutional liberty. He lashed rather than lead his people forward, and the great "Chancellor of Blood and Iron" has fallen—fallen as history must show because an impediment to justice?

Gambetta, using Louis Napoleon's mad career as the foil of his ambition, at a time when the French had suffered inglorious defeat from the hated Germans, with splendid eloquence pictured monarchy as the cause of French disasters. He re-established the French republic and upheld it. How? By skillful juggling of electoral systems.

Castelar's genius consisted far less in his ability to manipulate party machines. Gambetta looked merely to the present, Castelar to the future. Gambetta's audience was France, Castelar's the world. Gambetta roused to action by the terror of his personality, Castelar by the grandeur of his ideas.

Castelar found a people which either broke out into blind rebellion at oppression when it became unbearable or which thought by-gone glory a panacea for all present ills. The Spaniards' poverty stricken bosoms swelled with pride when they thought of the



JESSE ELMER ROBERTS

almost boundless empire of Charles II. The Spaniards can live on pride, so they submitted to the miseries of monarchy because they read in it the glories of the past. Castelar forsook all hopes of wealth or office. For years with untiring patience he strove to make the Spaniard think. "Change the idea," says Castelar, "and you change the institution, for where the idea is wanting, the institution cannot stand." And as the thousands thronged to hear him, he turned their eyes from the glories of the past to the possibilities of the future. He stripped from tyranny its gorgeous garb of tradition and laid bare its horrid form. He pointed to the many fields of bigotry and superstition on which the bones of the Spanish cavaliers were mouldering, and he changed the idea so that this same Spanish valor will one day serve Liberty with equal ardor.

If it be the mark of a statesman to sow seeds for the future; if it be a superb tribute to an orator's genius to have held undisputed sway for thirty years over a people whose proverbial fickleness deprives a minister all-powerful in one assembly of even a seat in the next; if it be the glory of a patriot to have restored his fallen country to her historic rank among nations; if it be the crowning triumph of a philanthropist to have set for advancing civilization the grandest example of a revolution without blood, then the greatest man of our day is that inspired tribune of Spain, Emilio Castelar.

Jesse Elmer Roberts.

Jesse Elmer Roberts was born at Rensaelaer, Ind., Nov. 3, 1865. Nothing occurred in his early youth to make his life any more eventful than that of the average farmer boy. He early developed a passion for history, and especially American history. In order to obtain an education he was obliged to rely in great measure on his own resources. At the age of nineteen he began teaching in a district school. Between terms he attended a business college at Indianapolis, from which he graduated in 1886. He afterwards attended the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso, but when within one year of graduation he was obliged to relinquish his studies on account of failing health, and sought the more genial climate of Southern California. During his three years' absence he was actively engaged in teaching; was one year

principal of the Grammar School at Banning, Cal. The next year he occupied a similar position at Old St. Bernardino. The last year of his residence in California he was a member of the Board of Education of San Bernardino County.

In the autumn of 1890 he returned East and entered the Law Department of the University of Michigan, pursuing at the same time special courses in the Literary Department in his favorite lines of History, Political Economy and Rhetoric. Although his study of Elocution was begun some years before at Valparaiso, Ind., he insisted upon taking the elementary courses offered in the Law School on this subject, and was not slow to profit by his instruction. His study of forensic oratory and orators was most painstaking, and in the classes in oral discussions few of his fellows could cope with him. He is earnest but calm and dignified in address, is possessed of a clear, strong, sympathetic voice, not so voluminous as penetrating, not so varied in melody as rhythmical and persuasive in tone.

In the second annual contest of the University Oratorical Association, Mr. Roberts was awarded the first honor on his oration on "American Materialism." This entitled him to represent the University in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League, where in the final decision he was awarded third place.

Mr. Roberts received the degree of L. L. B. from the University of Michigan with the class of '92, having been chosen by his classmates as valedictorian for their class-day exercises.

On completing his course he went immediately to the city of Chicago, where he secured a position in the office of Mr. Percival Steele, an experienced and prosperous attorney. So successful was he in arguing his cases in the Chicago courts that in less than two years he became a member of the firm of Steele & Roberts, for which he now does the major part of the court work.

AMERICAN MATERIALISM.

BY JESSE ELMER ROBERTS.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION 1892, marked first in Thought and Composition and second in Delivery; in the League contest it received third rank.]

Every nation has some characteristic peculiar to itself, a stamp as it were, which distinguishes it from all other nations. The indolence of the Spanish, the politeness of the French, and the determination of the British are all familiar national features

by which those people are known the world over. The American nation, though still young as compared with some of her older sisters, is not without those traits of character which mark the individuality of a people. The immense accumulation of wealth within two generations of men has made our people known in the civilized world by their materialism. So great is their material prosperity that the terms "bonanza" and "millionaire" have become household words. No nation, ancient or modern, has excelled the Americans in taming the energies of nature, in turning them aside from their ordinary course and commanding them to minister to the wants of the people and to promote their well being. So universal is the thrift of our people and with such ardor do they seek riches, that Europeans have supposed them to be entirely absorbed in the passion for wealth. That lofty genius, Thomas Carlyle, to whom the world of letters owes so much, said of his American cousins, "They have produced no great human soul, no great thought, or no great and noble thing that one can worship or loyally admire." There are, too, some Americans who often say that in the rush and hurry of our active business life we have laid aside the virtue of the Fathers. But does the possession of great quantities of corn, cotton, wheat, and money unfit us for fostering and enjoying that culture which as Europeans constantly say, is found only on their side of the waters; or does American enterprise and ingenuity so dull the moral sense that it may be truthfully said, we are rushing blindly on to destruction?

The silent and ever active force which has been at work in all American industry, preparing an abode for mankind where the "full tide of human existence" may be enjoyed, is too commonly overlooked. Then why this great overflow of wealth? Whence the spring from which flows this great material progress? The magic force which has produced this great miracle is Liberty. Unrestrained human action has here taken the same course that it ever has since Liberty first awoke in the sunny vales of Greece. Freedom of the human mind in society has everywhere been the mainspring of all art, all literature, and all great and enduring material prosperity. The political and intellectual freedom born of the rugged Teutonic character and the Protestant Reformation first awakened the industrial and commercial energies of conquered England and finally established her language, laws and literature in the uttermost parts of the Earth; and here in America, the most complete Liberty of all time is the source of our unparalleled

progress which is the glory of the Western World and the amazement of the Eastern.

Because of their freedom the Americans have transformed the knowledge of the ages into action. They have turned to practical use the philosophy of the Bacons, and Aristotles, and are thus increasing the productive power of mankind a thousand fold. The intellectual force which, in Europe, is fettered by a landed aristocracy and vast standing armies, is in America, liberated and utilized in the creation of colossal fortunes, in providing the comforts of life, and in diffusing intelligence. From the great reservoir of knowledge, filled by the pouring in of a thousand crystal streams, bearing wisdom from the fountains of learning of the past, they have made copious draughts, and have irrigated their broad country with intelligence, and as a result their harvests have excelled the returns of the Nile, and filled their granaries to overflowing.

The critics who denounce American institutions because of the unequal distribution of wealth, and the average European who represents us as disciples of Mammon lacking in the culture of Europe, have failed to divine the true American spirit. That there are conditions of society in America, which could be bettered none can deny, but those who find no good in our people have failed to see far enough beneath the surface to behold the firm foundation of the American character. They hear the din of a political campaign, and the clarion note of the demagogue; they see the iniquities of a few unscrupulous politicians, and conclude that the Republic is on the brink of ruin. But they never contemplate the condition of our society the next day after the elections, when the busy hum of the great industrial hive is again resumed; when her citizens receive their just dues at the bar of justice; when the eloquence of thousands of pulpits disseminates an elevated religious sentiment; when the halls of learning resound with the cheerful voices of millions of school children and ambitious students. All these are the marks of the true American character, and Henry George and Thomas Carlyle failed to give due credit to them when they criticised the American people and American institutions.

We cannot deny the imperfections of our society; we should not wish to; but we do demand that the truth, the whole truth, be told of us. If foreigners would study our institutions as they study art and science, and if some of our own pessimists would

observe the people as they observe the public servants, they would inevitably conclude that, with all our pride and self-esteem, with all the imperfections they can point out, American society has reached a high plane of life; that her great captains of science and ten thousand lieutenants have led the hosts out of the shadows of ignorance and discontent into the sunlight of intelligence and prosperity.

But we are told that the Republic is entering a state of degeneracy that characterized the decline of ancient civilization; that our prosperity is a menace to a higher civilization; that we are on the highway down which Greece and Rome plunged to ruin. That there is a course of humanity to run—a destiny for it to accomplish—that nations grow, flourish and decay, our best philosophers tell us is the true order of things, and while our nation may be destined to follow the inevitable law of the growth and decay of civilization, her materialism does not necessarily indicate decay. This giant has but begun to grow. The growing pains of its youth are still to be felt. The waste is great but the growth is greater. The day of mellow maturity is scarcely breaking over the hills of New England.

Besides there is a radical difference between ancient nations and our Republic. The Pyramids of Egypt and the temples of South America are the grave-stones of those ancient nations, but America has not yet begun her tomb. Those silent monitors mark the selfish dictates of hated monarchs, the toil of millions of unhappy people, and the wasted resources of the most fertile portions of the earth. They stand as perpetual memorials of the fate of civilizations builded upon tyranny and slavery. But such is not the American civilization. Its foundation is freedom. Freedom of every kind, political, religious, social and intellectual. The simple justice of Him who taught on the shores of Galilee is the central truth of all our Great Charters. Man is free to seek happiness in his own way, to worship his God under his own vine and fig tree, and to select those who shall govern him. No monarch prescribes his sphere or the duties of that sphere. American progress, therefore, is not that of Egypt, or Greece, or Rome. Their wealth and their learning were enjoyed only by the few. Their civilizations were narrow and selfish, but the American civilization is for the whole people. They have opened wide the door to all their great natural resources and have quickened the mind of every citizen.

If, in the great material development, the intellect of our country has been expanded and strengthened, no less has our morality been enlarged and perfected in the use of our wealth. The American character is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of humanity, that all the action here, consciously or unconsciously, tends toward the improvement of the whole people. In no way is the moral stability better seen than in the wise distribution of their great wealth. The people build no dazzling thrones for a Sultan or a Czar; they lavish no money in splendid courts; their life blood is not sapped to sustain a vast machinery of war, that the balance of power may remain undisturbed; but threading the country with electric wires and banding it with rails of iron they have united into one industrial and commercial brotherhood, the East with the West and the North with the South; they have dotted their vast territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with great cities, and have furnished their millions of inhabitants with every improvement that science and skill can devise for convenience and comfort. Men like Peter Cooper have founded innumerable hospitals and asylums for the sick and unfortunate; that pure Christianity untrammeled by any state or tribunal may be everywhere diffused, broad and liberal minded citizens, out of their own private munificence, have built temples of religion far surpassing in number those of any nation in Europe; with the great streams of revenue flowing into their public coffers they have erected a school house in every community, however remote, a high school in every town, and founded a University in every State.

Such is the distribution of our great wealth. The wealth of the two Americas which Columbus gave to Spain, making her for the time the richest and most powerful nation of the world, was forever destroyed on the battle grounds of Europe, and sunk beneath the waves with the great Armada; but the wealth which America and Freedom have given to Americans, flows in perennial streams among the people and enriches them with peace, happiness and contentment. Their energy and their enterprise in producing this great wealth have not been in vain, for they have used it in laying the foundation of a wide civilization which will stand, let us hope, like the Pyramids of Egypt, undaunted by the ages. They have used it in preparing for a wider and more complete life—a life for the enjoyment of those things which “eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard,” into which not only the favored few

shall enter, but the whole brotherhood of man. This is the fruit of American materialism.

THE GROWTH OF INTERNATIONALISM.

By NEWTON JASPAR MCGUIRE.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION 1892, marked sixth in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery.]

Internationalism is today an infant. It shall one day be a giant in whose arms will unite the strength of many nations.

Look the future squarely in the face; discard all theories and philosophies; confine yourselves to the humbler but safer bounds of political and social history and judge from past and present achievements. In the next quarter of a century there will be marked progress toward universal peace and international government. Such an advancement will be the simple and natural outcome of the present state of things. For the hoary head of history stands as a monument to the truth that great institutions do not spring full grown from the brain of heroic revolutionists; they have their real origin in almost hidden sources. The land-marks of history are not abrupt peaks; they are the summits of gradual elevations. Their foundations run deep into the soil of the past.

The growth of Internationalism is of two kinds—one, of arbitration; the other, of political, social and commercial unity and intercourse. One furls the flag of brute force; the other unfurls the banner of peaceful enterprise.

The development of the principles of Arbitration is attracting the attention of the entire civilized world. It will eventually lead all nations, as it has led the republics of the three Americas, to the establishment of a means by which all international difficulties may be settled without the intervention of arms, or even long, extended diplomacy. Men resort to arms only for want of a better expedient. When nations by means of international laws can settle international controversies by a body of disinterested arbitrators whose decisions are final, then I say, the world will have taken an important step toward human prosperity, that will make every patriot prouder of his country—prouder of her past record, her present achievements and prouder still of the inspiration given to her future.

Can we produce a logical argument against the establishment of an International Tribunal of Arbitration? Is there not an

established peaceful method of settling all other difficulties except those involving nations? Shall we say that it is an utter impossibility to set the great international heart, with all its arteries extending to the very capillaries of civilization, throbbing with the life blood of such a reasonable measure? The absurdity of such a position is shown by the course of the life current of the age, as it flows toward that time, when all men "shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Turn back in history, over the bloody arena of the past. From the time of Hannibal down to the Siege of Paris, the cruelties of war between nations have only blazed the way to arbitration, perhaps rude and one-sided in its early stages, and if not the prototype, at least the forerunner, conditioning and heralding the future consummation of a World's Tribunal. That tribunal will promote the supremacy of law as opposed to force, and the sovereignty of the people as opposed to the sovereignty of kings.

Behold the first good seed that brought forth good fruit—the first restriction on the severities of civilized warfare. Twenty-four years ago, at Geneva, Switzerland, a score of the most powerful nations on earth joined hands and formed the international "Society of the Red Cross." Their object was to improve the hospital service, and to care for wounded soldiers on the battle-field. Never, at first trial, was success so perfect as was that of these savers of human life in the Franco-Prussian War. Now, over armies and sovereigns, over people and states, over peace and war, floats and will forever float the first anti-war banner of hope, of humanity, of Christian civilization,—the banner of the Red Cross.

In the last half century a score or more of international disputes have been settled by arbitration. The United States, since her birth, has been a party to no less than sixteen such settlements. A plan of arbitration has been accepted for the settlement of the great Bering Sea difficulty. Such a settlement will establish a precedent that will go far toward destroying traditional animosities, and uniting with indissoluble ties of friendship the two great branches of the English-speaking people.

The formation of the "Triple Alliance" by Germany, Austria and Italy in 1879, is at present the surest guaranty of the peace of Europe. These three nations are each bound to support the

others if attacked. Their combined strength defies the single-handed attack of any other nation. While public sentiment, on account of old feuds and hereditary hatred, prevented Europe from leading off in the matter of arbitration, she has shown her willingness to follow where All-America recently led in that great Pan-American Congress. In the language of Gen. Sherman "The whole world turns to find the result of our experiment." Whittier says, "War is now made well nigh impossible in the Western Hemisphere, and the most important event in the history of all Christendom is marked." Its honored president, that great American statesman, in his parting words to the delegates, said, "Our action commands the attention of the world, to the deliberate, confident, solemn dedication of two great continents to peace, and to prosperity which has peace for its foundation; we hold up this new Magna Charta, which abolishes war and substitutes arbitration between the American Republics as the first great fruit of the International American Conference."

That congress called forth the plaudits of enlightened mankind, and owing to its transcendent character will in the future be considered the most brilliant triumph of civilization, giving birth to many other conferences, two of which, the Monetary and Pan-Republic are now under way, each in its turn winning, welding and banding the hearts of nations till they beat as one;

"Till the war-drum throbs no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world;
Till the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law."

New and clearer horizons open today to the free nations under the auspices of concord and peace. The time is long past when any great producing or commercial country can, oyster like, withdraw into its shell and thrive upon what comes to it. Hence along with the development of diplomacy and the supremacy of peace, the spirit of enterprise marches with irresistible impulse; the political, social and commercial unity and intercourse of nations assume colossal proportions and each division of time contributes to their international growth.

The art of printing and the harnessing of steam and electricity are the greatest physical agents tending to unite the nations of the world into one great family; promoting their mutual enterprises, and lubricating the wheels of national industry, till in a score of different channels there is an international demand for unity and

action. The numerous international bureaus, societies, conferences, and unions, mostly commercial, that have been formed, indicate clearly that nations are ripening to the opinion that their individual property can be better promoted under laws and reciprocal relations for the universal good, than by national celibacy. Unity of weights and measures, longitude and time, together with quarantine, patent and copyright laws, are being perfected. A universal language and a common coin standard are earnestly encouraged. The latter now exists, it is true under different names, yet equivalent and interchangeable with each other in five different countries of Europe, while America recently tried to solve the matter by a separate international conference.

The late Brussels and Berlin congresses, respectively aiming to suppress the African slave trade and promote the coronation of labor, the four quinquennial congresses of the Postal Union, which now includes nearly all of the civilized countries of the globe and which has reduced the one thousand and more different postal rates to a surprisingly small number, and the ten Atlantic cables, whose dispatches far outstrip the sun in his course, all these show the practical results of international unanimity of action.

The Suez Canal divided the Old World and opened a new and shorter pathway for commerce, and the Panama and Nicaragua will do likewise for the New. Then the positive and negative ends of the great commercial magnet will meet and adhere, the Orient will doff her hat to the Occident. Commercial enterprise will band the continents with lines of steel and girdle the Oceans with the argosies of every country and every clime. The spoken languages of the world still continue to be many but the International Code of Signals indicates that the unspoken language of the Sea must be one.

After glancing over the political, social and commercial unity and intercourse of nations, we find that the time is long past when Free America looks to European precedents as her guide; she comes forward with an assemblage of nations, to which have been submitted problems of more significance and complexity, than were ever before recorded in the annals of history. She establishes a commercial bureau. She recommends the establishment of a merchant marine and international banks and clearing houses. And among her greatest acts she recommends the construction of an intercontinental railway. This will put the extreme ends of the New World in direct communication. The iron horse will start



LINDLEY GRANT LONG

under the rays of the North Star, dart Southward, through the St. Clair Channel, across the States, down the backbone of Panama, over that proposed commercial highway, along the Pacific Shore and over the Andes, to the plains of the La Plata, into the regions of the Southern Cross, ten thousand miles away. With this great artery of commerce the march of empire will be southward and the march of internationalism will be onward.

In the coming great panorama of nations in the city of Chicago, Columbia will illustrate the phenomenal developments of the past, unfold the marvelous possibilities of the future and afford the most splendid opportunity in all history, for fusing the world's liberalizing and humanizing forces, for diffusing international intelligence, for inspiring the development of enlightened policies for the government of the earth. She will invite all nations to join with her in a Pan-Republic Congress. That congress will be composed of two houses. One, representing Republican Governments, the other, those countries standing for freedom and human progress irrespective of government. Both will have the common object of promoting the universal spread of free institutions and the reign of intelligence and moral purpose, over brute force. By the light of political and social history the "Growth of Internationalism" takes its inspiration from the Red Cross, the Triple Alliance, the increasing peaceful international settlements, and the late agreement of the United States with Latin America to silence the throbbing of the war drum and furl the battle flag; from the attempts of enlightened humanity to form a confederate world—to bind themselves together with every tie of common interest within the power of man to invent or of nature to unfold. Peace unites the hearts of nations. Canals wed the oceans. Cables join the continents. And internationalism strides onward toward—

“The one far off, divine event
To which the whole creation moves.”

Lindley Grant Long.

Lindley Grant Long was born near Quaker City, Ohio, July 17, 1868, of Anglo-German parentage. The first seventeen years of his life were spent on the farm. In 1886 he entered the Ohio Normal University, at Ada, where for one year he pursued studies preparatory to teaching. The following year he taught his home school, and as evidence of his success he was offered the same

place the next year. But having determined to secure a college education he refused the offer and in 1888 entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, where he remained three years, two of which were spent in the Preparatory department. Early in his course his ability as a speaker began to assert itself and when he entered the collegiate department the Freshman class chose him as their orator.

In the fall of 1891 Mr. Long entered the Sophomore class of the University of Michigan, two years later, while still pursuing studies in the Literary department, he registered in the Law school with the class of '95, and now expects to receive his degree from both departments at the same time.

During his college career Mr. Long has been active in various lines; in athletics, in politics and in oratory.

In politics he is a leader; was vice-president of his class and of the Oratorical Association; for three years he has been an active member of the University Republican Club, serving one year on the executive committee, and acting as one of its delegates to the Syracuse and Grand Rapids conventions, and in April, 1895, was selected delegate of the University of Michigan to the National Republican League convention, to be held in Cleveland, June 19, 1895. At home, in the summer of 1894, he was elected a delegate to his county convention and was chosen its presiding officer.

But it is in oratory that Mr. Long has achieved his greatest success. In 1893 he won first place in the annual contest of the University Oratorical Association, and in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League he received the rank of first place by five of the six judges and second by the remaining judge. In April, 1894, he was selected to give the principal oration before the convention of College Republican Clubs, at Syracuse, N. Y., on "The Scholar in Politics."

These successes gave him more than a local reputation, for the Supreme Executive Committee of the Kappa Sigma fraternity chose him as orator for their Eleventh Biennial Conclave, held at Richmond, Va., in Oct., 1894, where he spoke on "The Unity of Thought, the Fraternity of Action." In 1895 Mr. Long was honored with the "Faculty Appointment," as the member of the senior class best qualified to represent the University as orator at one of the celebrations given by the Union League Club, of Chicago, on Washington's Birthday. These celebrations, given

annually to foster patriotism, are addressed by student representatives of ten leading universities. Mr. Long's address on "The Heritage of the American Child," was delivered before a large audience at Englewood High School Hall.

In May, 1895, in a public contest for class orator of the Senior Law class, Mr. Long was awarded first place by the judges.

Mr. Long's success as a speaker has not been accidental, but is the result of the hardest kind of work. He has been a thorough and persistent student of Rhetoric, Elocution, and Oratory since he first entered college. In debate he has few equals among the students, he is rapid, terse, logical, and quick to discover weak points in an opponent's argument. His delivery is characterized by great physical earnestness; his voice is strong, agreeable, penetrating; his action graceful, appropriate and full of force, and while at the beginning of a speech he is not particularly engaging, yet he compels attention, and the interest is heightened to the end.

RELATION OF MODERN -ISMS TO PROGRESS.

BY LINDLEY GRANT LONG.

[**FIRST HONOR ORATION** in 1894 at the University of Michigan and in the Northern Oratorical League. In the former contest Mr. Long was ranked third in Thought and Composition, and first in Delivery; in the League contest he received first rank both in Thought and Composition, and in Delivery.]

Man ever aspires to rise above his present level. Consciously or unconsciously he moves onward and upward. With or without clearly defined methods, he labors to diminish human misery and increase human happiness. The past has seen his plans poorly developed. Present philosophy has a clearer conception of life's problems, and better theories for their solution. The present social discontent has produced various theories of social reconstruction. Prominent among these are Nihilism, Anarchism, Communism, and Socialism. These four are alike, in that they spring from a common cause and are means aimed at a common end.

To understand the relation of modern -isms to progress, it is necessary to know what constitutes progress now. The word progress is ambiguous: To crown a king may be progress to-day; to dethrone him may be progress to-morrow. To foster monopoly may have been progress yesterday; to muzzle monopoly may be

progress to-day. Hence, a clear conception of present social conditions is necessary to a perfect understanding of the relation of modern -isms to progress.

We live in the present, but for the future. To forecast the future, we must understand the present; to understand the present, we must know the past. Let us turn to history and learn her secret. She teaches us that man loves liberty, and hates oppression. Though hated, oppression has been the great fact in history. Its insidiousness catches man in the snare of his own instincts. Being religious, he is religiously oppressed. Being political, political burdens are heaped upon him. Being industrial, the chains of industrial slavery are forged.

Let us consider these three. Religion is the noblest instinct of the soul. It is the divine in man reaching out after God. It lifts the savage from savagery; it breaks the chains of slavery; it opens the prison cell. It calms the angry waves of passion that roll in the human breast. Religion is the beneficent mother of faith, hope, charity. Justice and mercy are her attributes, love her offspring, and God her father. Yet, man's noblest possession has been most basely abused. The crystal stream of religion has been polluted by the dregs of human corruption.

Planted in the virgin soil of a true religion, the Christian Church grew to enormous dimensions. Under the shadow of its branches slept an entire continent. Its first fruits were fruits of truth and righteousness. Its degenerate old age reaped a harvest of corruption. From stem and every branch breathed forth a foul contagion that poisoned the very air in which it lived. But behold, shivered by the thunderbolts of the Reformation, this giant Upas-tree withers and falls; and from its rotting stump spring the new branches, Protestant and new Catholic, which blossom and bear the fruits of a true religion. This marks the downfall of religious despotism.

Man lives not to himself alone. His social nature forbids it. Against individuality is opposed society. If society would realize its highest possibilities, it must be organized, directed; hence the state, the government. Without government society would be chaos. Government anchors society to a rational purpose. It supplies the conditions under which the social plant may germinate, flower, and fructify. It guides the latent energies of a nation into channels of highest good. Around each humble subject it throws the mantle of protection.

The essence of government is an undoubted good. The form has been the riddle of the ages. Monarchy, Aristocracy, Tyranny, Plutocracy, Despotism,—all have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Yet, government is indispensable. Whether government shall or shall not exist, the common sense of humanity has settled. The question is: Whence the power that propels the governmental machine? Is it from the throne or from the hearth-stone? History says it has been from the throne, shall be from the hearth-stone. Caesar is dead. Hapsburg and Bourbon have fallen. Their spirit still survives. Clad in imperial garb, it sits today on the Russian throne. Freedom bathed her hands in royal blood and stained the Bourbon lily. It remains for her to throttle the Russian bear. Political tyranny is not dead. Political freedom is but a half-truth.

Industry is the mainspring to civilization. War may batter down the barriers between petty states and weld them into a nation. Religion may proclaim the brotherhood of man, and teach that all men should live together in harmony. Industry brings men face to face, and binds them together with cords of mutual interest. Industry has its roots in human wants. These generate the power that drives the industrial machine. The waving harvest, the buzzing spindle, the flaming furnace, are but the servants of man's wants. The thundering train bearing its costly burden, the stately vessel plowing the mighty deep, are driven by the magnetic power of human wants.

We stand at the confluence of all the industrial forces of the past. This is an Augustan age of industry. Art, literature, philosophy, politics, religion, are secondary to the one all-pervading, all-consuming idea—industry. Science has lent a helping hand in rearing this colossal structure. Every great age boasts of its great products. What are the boasts of the present age?—millionaire, —tramp. The sixteenth century saw religious despotism. The eighteenth century saw political despotism. The nineteenth century sees industrial despotism. And today the sultan Capital sits on the industrial throne.

The many have ever been servants to the few. Since his first bondage, man has longed for freedom. Listen to the mummified millions buried in the sands of Egypt. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." Hearken to the sad notes of the Greek slave. Under the shadow of the loftiest mountain surges the deepest sea. Under the shadow of Plato's genius

surges the deepest misery. What can the Roman slave say of Roman splendor? "To be a Roman was greater than a king," but not to be a Roman was worse than a beast. Listen to the wail rising from the forgotten grave of the German serf. Princes, priests, and plutocrats have been the plunderers of the poor. Above the din of Industry hear the voice of Labor. "The paupers in the palace rob their toiling fellow-men."

Religious despotism is dead. Political despotism still lives. Industrial despotism is at its best. With crying humanity on one hand, and gloating despotism on the other, what, I would ask, is progress today? If it be not battering down the bulwarks of despotism, and setting prostrate humanity on its feet, what is it? If it be this, then the relation of modern -isms to progress can be expressed in one sentence: each is a thrust at modern tyranny.

Nihilism, Anarchism, Communism, and Socialism, have a single origin. They spring from the deep-seated discontent with present social conditions. They have swept the keys of the social gamut, and found nothing but discord. Touched by the magic fingers of this new philosophy, these jarring notes are to be transformed into strains of sweetest harmony. Shattered by one fell blow, the pillars of modern society must crumble, and be replaced by columns of a nobler form. The ideals of modern-isms may be a dream, but their existence illustrates an important fact. It proves that those who for centuries have been ground under the heel of tyranny are able to stand and strike. It is a good omen. It is the harbinger of a better day.

Nihilism is a shaft aimed at the breast of absolutism. Its philosophy is expressed in one word—destruction. What would it destroy? All is vanity: all must be destroyed. Whatever is, is wrong, and must perish. Friendship, love, family, state, church, God, are false, therefore must perish. Whence, you ask, is this dagger-pointed philosophy? It is a compound of despair and dread, the product of German pessimism and Russian tyranny.

Anarchism is the arch-enemy of government. Yet, much of the fear generated by the word is uncalled-for. Extract the nihilistic poison from Anarchy, and you have an example of faith in humanity unparalleled. Its philosophy soars on optimistic wings to heights where degraded humanity can never hope to climb. What is this little-understood, much-abused philosophy? Its major premise is: government is the root of all evil. Its minor: human nature is essentially good. From these premises the anar-

chist draws the conclusion, that government is unnecessary and that man, restrained by no law, save the law of his own being, will rise to the fullest realization of all the possibilities of his nature. This unbounded optimism of anarchy is its worst fault. It fails to treat humanity as it is.

Communism would cure social ills by applying religion. The communistic motto unlocks the entire system. "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." In communism the social unit is the group. Here everything is held in common. All labor, all share the product. Social equality, moral rigidity, industrial frugality, and passive obedience to the general will, are the main features of communism. Communism would destroy the family, crush personal liberty, strangle industry, and endanger nationality.

Nihilism and anarchism are essentially political. Communism is half-religious, half-industrial. Socialism is purely industrial. Socialism is the cold-blooded murderer of individualism. It is continental philosophy aiming the death blow at English philosophy; Karl Marx crossing swords with John Stuart Mill. Appalled by the wreck and ruin wrought by unbridled competition, socialism would overturn the entire competitive system. Socialists are not the enemies of rich men; but they despise an industrial system which builds mountains of wealth beside the hovels of abject poverty. What, then, is the socialistic programme? "The complete transformation of private and competing capitals into a united and collective capital." The strict logical sequence of this proposition is almost beyond conception. The present gigantic industrial fabric, built up by the brains of centuries, is to be swept away by the mountain-wave of socialism. How is this enormous revolution to be accomplished? By making the state complete owner and controller of all the means of production. Though making industry supreme, socialism destroys the strongest motive to industrial activity—self-interest. Striving to secure industrial liberty, it forges the chains of industrial slavery. To curb the excesses of an irresponsible individualism, it builds a paternal despotism.

As a model for there construction of society, modern -isms are a failure. As a force in the movement of progress, they are a success. The value of modern -isms lies in the fact that they are all extremes. Nihilism and anarchism are the opposite extremes of political despotism. Communism and socialism are the other

extreme of industrial individualism. Having these extremes, it is possible to strike the happy mean. The political mean is liberal, constitutional monarchy, or republican form of government. The industrial mean is a wise, and equitable adjustment of the relations between the individual and the state, in all means of industry. The state has its province, the individual his. What touches all, let the state control. What peculiarly concerns the individual, let him control. Along these lines the two great industrial problems of to-day must be solved,—Monopoly, Labor-problem. Monopoly is a tumor which pains all, and must be lanced by the instrument of all—government. The Labor-question is a question of liberty, and must be solved like all questions of liberty,—by those oppressed. Who wrung religious freedom from the hands of a tyrannical hierarchy? The religiously oppressed. Who buried the Bourbon throne under the ruins of a French empire? The politically oppressed. Who shall drag sable despotism from the industrial throne and set white-robed liberty there? The industrially oppressed. When religious, political, and industrial freedom shall be a truth; then will modern -isms have fulfilled their mission; then will the joyful tongues of untold millions welcome the rising sun of a new day; then will man stand up and say, Liberty is mine.

THE RELATION OF EDUCATION TO REFORM IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY JAMES BRANNAN, NELSON.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION 1893, marked first in Thought and Composition and second in Delivery.]

Every age, every nation, is confronted by problems peculiar to itself, and engendered by the conditions of its civilization. Different peoples, different periods may have effected their solution by different methods, but the medium through which every reform of history has been accomplished, has ever been the same. It has been through an awakened public sentiment. Whether aroused and inspired by the sublime faith and heroic courage of a Luther; whether incited by the violent eloquence of a Robespierre, or the iron will of a Napoleon; whether swayed by the persuasive logic of a Phillips, or stirred by the pathos of an Uncle Tom's cabin, public sentiment has been the invincible power back of every reform. Armies cannot subdue it, kings cannot destroy it.

It is the omnipotent power that enacts, enforces, enthrones, dethrones,—it is the absolute condition of lasting reform.

The great problems of to-day in the United States must and will be solved through it. No transient political party is ever to relieve society of the extinguishing tyranny, the blasting curse of rum; no one-ideaed association of men like the Knights of Labor, is ever to be entrusted with the political power to right the wrongs of their class; no aggregation of farmers, however active and untiring their efforts, are ever to become rich, through a grant of the political power which will enable them to place a government premium upon the growth of their fields or the avoirdupois of their swine. These reforms will come, not through third parties, but in spite of them. “To-day the sublimest forces of a Christian civilization are at work creating a public sentiment before which the evils must flee, as from the avenging angel of God.”

Through conflict and war, public sentiment has ever led men towards the goal of freedom. It bristled in every feature of the Renaissance; it inspired every motto of the Reformation; it directed and impelled every movement of the American and French Revolutions. It has manumitted slaves, elevated woman, overthrown despotism, written constitutions, swept away privileges and abolished caste. To-day it is bearing Europe onward to popular government.

Public sentiment, however, may be as powerful for evil as for good. It has not only effected all the beneficent reforms, the darkest crimes of history are also to its credit. But yesterday, and millions of Jews were driven from Russia into poverty and exile not by the edict of Alexander III; no, but by the Russian conscience that made that edict possible. Today the brutal lynching of innocent negroes of the South, on the bare suspicion of guilt; the recent diabolical torturing of the wretch in Texas in the presence of applauding thousands, is a blighting disgrace to the civilization in which it occurs. What is it that in all ages has burned, and shot, and hanged the world’s martyrs and reformers? Not brutal law or cowardly assassin, it has been frenzied or insane public sentiment. Public sentiment killed Socrates; public sentiment confined Galileo within prison walls, and consigned Savonarola to the flames; public sentiment dragged Garrison from Fanueil Hall; public sentiment hanged the hero of Harper’s Ferry; aye public sentiment crucified the lowly Nazarene.

The question of the present is, how shall this sentiment be lifted from the influence of distracted passion and made a positive power for good. In less than thirty years, two significant elements have come into our body politic. Millions of foreigners have been naturalized, millions of bondmen have been made citizens in a day. Ignorant of our laws; unequal to the requirements of republican government; unmindful of their rights and privileges under our constitution; made formidable by the ballot; domineered by politicians, these elements stand a menace to free institutions.

Even today there is a tendency towards centralization of power in the political boss, who being a tyrant without responsibility, is a more dangerous factor than the hereditary autocrat. Bosses and demagogues organizing constitute a political machinery, which is the weal or woe of pending issues. Its soulless mission is to advance private ends. To such an organization composed of such an element, issue is nothing; general welfare, nothing; power of moral principle, nothing. It makes individual suffrage a mockery, and converts the state into a mere trick. Consulting only its private and vicious purpose in one campaign it hails and exalts political principles, which in the next it repudiates and casts down. Today demagogues dictate the policies of our political parties, direct their conflicts and divide their spoils. The United States with such a centralization, is in principle, as undemocratic and un-American as Russia with her Czar. No transient fanaticism, no local temporary frenzy, is to better this condition. It can be accomplished only through an intelligent public sentiment, which shall come, not from a favored few, but from every one who enjoys the protection and privileges of our constitution.

An intelligent public sentiment can be brought about only through universal intelligence, and universal intelligence, only through universal education by the state. That universal education in schools by the state makes a people strong and free is no longer speculative or visionary. French statesmen declare it was the schools of Germany that conquered at Sedan, hence France has adopted a thorough and universal system of schools. England has reformed on a new basis her educational system, and today an efficient system of popular education is being founded in Italy and in Spain.

In an absolute monarchy the relation of education to citizenship is not a practical question; general intelligence is not necessary.

To be an inhabitant of a country, subject to some supreme person, the payer of arbitrary taxes, does not require intelligence. But in the case of a government by the people, where philosopher and artisan, poet and mechanic, laborer and statesman, are political factors of equal importance, general intelligence is indispensable to the security and permanency of its institutions. Power thus granted and exercised, without competent direction, is an uncertain and dangerous quantity. It will waste as well as make; sack and burn as well as build cities; blow up as well as protect parliaments: undermine as well as write constitutions. Here comes in the province of the state, to order as a matter of its own security, conditions of growth such as will purify, elevate, and direct sentiment. It is not a step into Socialism for the state to provide and enforce measures for individual development. It makes the state a practical agent in the evolution of individualism. Universal education alone is practicable. To limit or restrict the suffrage is cowardly; to allow a man to vote who can neither read his vote nor write his name, absurd; to trust to the educational quality of the ballot, deliberate folly. We must educate the masses, or endure the aberrations of designing demagogues, and the blunders of brainless politicians.

A common school education is an essential condition of American citizenship; necessary as a foundation upon which to build moral and patriotic sentiment. Every person should of moral and civil right receive, by compulsion, so much education. The state demands it; the preservation of society demands it; the philosophy of democratic institutions demands it.

We have given free education to our infant poor, we have closed our factory doors against them, why not gather them into the schools, not schools where any certain religious faith is taught; not schools anti-Americanized by foreign languages, customs, and ideas, but free public schools which, recognizing the separation forever in this country of church and state, are thoroughly secularized, thoroughly democratized; schools which will call forth the sleeping might of righteousness from souls of wretchedness and want; schools which will lift ignorant humanity above the plane of the politician to that of responsible manhood; schools wherein the English language is used as the medium of ideas, and where habits of thrift and sentiments of honor are instilled; schools wherein the mind of the American youth is permeated with the principles of American independence, and where his

heart is filled with the glory of the American constellation. Should classes and sects maintain other schools at additional cost, the government cannot object. Let private and parochial schools exist, but let them be American. Compel them to maintain the standard of the free schools. Beyond this government is powerless.

Without a common school education of patriotic character our free institutions are unsafe. The only condition which will give power to the press, which will lend significance to our campaigns, and from which the corrective sentiment of our times can spring, is education. The vast idea underlying and conditioning moral and civil progress, is education. Giving a general intelligence, and speaking through every press, appealing from every platform, thundering from every pulpit, will come a realization of the true philosophy of democracy. Before its onward course bossism and demagogery must disappear; the old institutions of wretchedness and crime will be battered down; the idols of ignorance and superstition trampled under foot.

Without a citizenship competent to master present conditions for the perpetuity of our government, vain the prayers of the Pilgrim Fathers; vain the heroism of Warren and Washington; vain the eloquence of Henry, Webster and Lincoln; vain the majestic music from the harps of Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell; aye, all in vain has sainted mother toiled, and patriot father died.

With an intelligent and patriotic people democratic government has within itself the power of realization, the power of self-preservation. There can be no partisan fury, no storms of bigotry and fanaticism, no earthquakes of rebellion to shake it down. Secure this to the United States, and the social evils and problems which today are compromising manhood, blighting hope and blasting virtue will be blotted out. The marshalled forces of industry will disarm, and capital will emerge from behind its bulwarks of gold. That gigantic institution of damnation, the whiskey-saloon, will be closed forever, and our municipal affairs will pass from the control of political loafers and public thieves.

Democracy presupposes the intelligence and patriotism of all its members, and these are secured through the common school. In its march of six thousand years the race has encircled the globe, and entered this, its last promised land, containing every condition of national greatness and perpetuity. Every nation has



FRANK PRATHER SADLER

sent hither its representatives. Every nation has poured into this country the product of its heart and brain. These heterogeneous elements, are to be formed into a homogeneous people in the common school, by the common school teacher. Gather the children of the republic into the free public school, which knows no difference between the child of the foreign born and the native citizen; between the child of the rich and the poor; of the white and the black; of the Democrat and the Republican; of the Catholic and the Protestant. The common school is the impartial mother of all these; equally tender of all; equally just to all. Seated side by side on the same forms; studying the same lesson expressed in the same language; learning the same history of their common country; subject to the same discipline; engaged in the same sports; the sons and daughters of fathers and mothers representing every tongue and coming from every clime, acquire a character deeper and truer than that expressed in the dogma of any sect; a patriotism broader than the platform of any political party. Perfect the free American common school, and subject each generation to its beneficent influences, and there shall exist on this continent for all time to come the state of which Plato dreamed, which the prophets of old saw, and which Jesus said was of "The Kingdom of God."

Frank P. Sadler.

Frank P. Sadler, the youngest of a family of seven children, was born in Springfield, Ill., June 10, 1872. In 1874 his father moved to a large farm near Grove City, Ill., and was for a number of years one of the largest stock breeders and buyers in Central Illinois. His parents now reside at Taylorville, Illinois. Young Sadler's early education was obtained at the village school, which he attended until he was 18 years of age. During this time he gained quite a local reputation by winning for three consecutive years the competitive examination open to all the students of the county. By virtue of these victories he held the Presidency of the County Pupils Association for three years. In 1890 he entered the Northern Indiana Normal School at Valparaiso, where he began the study of Elocution under Prof. Martin Bogarte. Having determined to take a thorough college course, the next year he entered Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, and

during his first year took part in the Freshman-Sophomore declamation contest. He continued the study of Elocution during the year and became well known in his classes, and in the debating societies as a forcible speaker.

Attracted by the prestige of Michigan University, in 1892 he entered the department of Literature, Science, and the Arts, as a member of the class of '96. From the first he showed great interest in the study of Oratory, and became an active member of the Oratorical Association and also of the Alpha Nu literary society.

His oration on "Mirabeau" which was first delivered in Prof. Trueblood's course in the "Study of Great Orators" produced so strong an impression that he was advised by his instructor to enter the Sophomore contest for the honor of representing that class in the final University contest. This honor he won, and was also awarded first honor in the annual University contest, and in May, 1894, won first place in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League.

In 1895 he entered the Inter-Society Debating contest, as a representative of the Alpha Nu Society, for the honor of being one of a trio to represent the University of Michigan in a debate with Northwestern University. In the final summary of the judges' grades it was found that Mr. Sadler led all others by several points, and although in the debate with Northwestern the decision was against the University of Michigan, he sustained himself with great credit.

In style he abounds in brief, clear sentences, with short and striking figures, if any. His manner is marked by great earnestness and directness; his voice though not heavy, is sympathetic and penetrating, his action energetic and full of meaning. In the most exciting debating contests he never loses his self-possession and is always skillful and courageous in rebuttal.

MIRABEAU.

BY FRANK PRATHER SADLER.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION in 1894 at the University of Michigan and also in the Northern Oratorical League. In the former contest Mr. Sadler tied in rank in Thought and Composition with Mr. Chamberlain whose oration appears on page —. Mr. Sadler ranked second in Delivery. In the League contest he received first in Thought and Composition and second in Delivery.]

Great characters are epoch makers. As we study the history of progress, we see men rise up and shape the destiny of nations,—

men who enter the arena of life equipped by nature with those weapons which the conditions of the coming fray demand,—men who fitly typify the age in which they live, and embody the principles for which that age is famous. America gave birth to a Washington, who personified her great love of liberty, who expressed her undying loyalty to the principles of self-government, and linked his name forever with the birth of our republic. She gave us a Lincoln, who, because he breathed forth her love for humanity, equality, and unity, will stand as the central figure of the nineteenth century. So, when heralding the approach of her great revolution in which reason dethroned kingly power, and set on high the emancipated mind of man, France gave to the world her towering genius, her powerful orator, Mirabeau,—the typical Frenchman of that age of revolution.

I. Comte de Mirabeau was born at Bignon, on the 9th of March, 1749. He was so ugly in face and disfigured in form as to merit the nickname, “The Nephew of Satan.” But sprung from a family distinguished for generations by a strong originality of character, Mirabeau inherited a physical and intellectual vigor far above the average.

He was born in a home where domestic tranquility was unknown, where parents, blind to their highest interests, displayed the greatest hatred for each other in the son’s presence. Especially was this injurious to a youth of his disposition, who, from injustice of every description, sought for reckless freedom through the avenues of pleasure. A tyrant father using harsh severity toward a strong-willed son, early caused a wound that never healed. The passion was augmented by stern authority; the strong will assailed by superior force, ripened into an ungovernable disposition. The time for reconciliation passed by, the ties of love were broken, and the open hostility of a father stifled every impulse for a righteous life. Restless and disorderly, the rash youth was sent to the army with the hope that military discipline might curb his violent temper. Evil companionships were formed. Ere long he was behind prison bars. Again and again he was thrust into the dungeon cell, and every time he came forth more lawless than before. Respect for self was gone, and throwing aside all restraint,—step by step, he trod the downward road of licentious pleasure, to find himself at last a fugitive from justice in a foreign land,—a man without a country and without friends.

II. The first climax in that dramatic life has been reached. We turn our eyes to his native land and behold a scene, the most

memorable in her history. It is the approaching conflict upon the same old battle-field where freedom's heroes have fought and died. The emancipated intellect and the sovereignty of the people are marshalling their hosts against the tyranny of despotism that has held them in its grasp for ages. The spirit of freedom which nerved the farmers at Lexington, and led the charge at Yorktown, was dawning on the minds of Frenchmen. "The human mind long soothed with opiates and nursed on cordials suddenly awoke from its stupor" and began to think for itself with such freedom and audacity that all Europe was amazed.

The low mutterings of the coming storm are borne to the ears of the outcast, Mirabeau. Ambition whispers of the tottering throne; Freedom murmurs of the evils done; Genius makes his vision clear; France is to be his field, revolution his life-work. A seat in that National Assembly upon which the eyes of the world were cast, was to be the stepping-stone from reproach, disgrace, dishonor, to that high pinnacle of power where kings must bow to the edict of his will.

Schooled in the injustice of oppression, thirsting for distinction, violent and impetuous, possessing great talents together with a logical acuteness in foreshadowing political movements, and endowed with a splendid gift of eloquence, he stepped into the arena fully equipped for the mortal fray. Startling were his words as he exhorted men to action. Burning were his appeals as he moved them to revolution. There was an awakening. "The flame kindled by the feudalism of the middle ages, fanned by the ruling sway of tyrants and made to glow as Bourbon rule sank lower and lower, burst out into that mighty conflagration" which made crowned heads tremble on their thrones.

The maddened senses of men with the ghastly specter of wrongs too long endured, rising up before them, were bearing them on to deeds of atrocious violence. Mirabeau sees in imagination the wild scenes that are to follow. Will he venture to face that mob and imperil all that life holds dear for the sake of bleeding France? Can human power stay that plunging current? Write his name high upon the scroll of honor, who dares risk his all and if need be die, that his country may live! The task was beyond human strength, but manfully, unflinchingly, Mirabeau stepped forward and used all the powers of his nature to check the violent passions which his words had done so much to arouse.

In vain his warning words to France that she had turned the helm from the safe port of liberty away toward the stormy sea, with the Scylla of popular anarchy upon one hand and the Charybdis of military despotism on the other. To no purpose did he implore to action that National Assembly, hesitating, and debating the rights of man and the theories of government, while the mob of Paris was howling for bread. His warning was prophetic, as the statesman rose above the politician, the patriot above selfish ambition, that the despotism of six hundred, styling themselves the National Assembly, was as much to be feared as the despotism of a king.

But he was not destined to behold the fulfillment of his prophecy. While battling with all the fire of his genius, while swaying assemblies and passing measures by his matchless eloquence, while at the zenith of his popularity, Death laid hold upon him. Earthly desire and sensual pleasure had blasted his years. Patriotic devotion, earnest endeavor, and noble action, could not atone for the sins of former days. That towering oak, long swayed by the storms of passion, long rocked by the tempests of revolution, shivered and fell. Mirabeau was no more. His life closed dark and sad,—sad at leaving his great designs unaccomplished, sad as he beheld the gathering gloom that was hovering over his native land. Mysterious life! Calamitous death! King and peasant follow in that great procession in honor of the dead, and amid the sobs and groans of a disheartened people the “Sovereign Man” is laid to rest in the Pantheon of his Fatherland.

III. (a) What shall we write above that tomb,—success, or failure? Let history say. His peculiar position between throne and people gave to the political juggler and the jealous colleague opportunity to brand him as an intriguer with the King. But be it ever to the honor of Mirabeau, that the so-called selfish actions of an ambitious man, reflected by the light of history, are the patriotic motives of a statesman.

He understood as did no other Frenchman of his time, the true significance of a revolution; that revolution and reformation must go hand in hand; that the process of tearing down in government is successful only in so far as there follows the work of rebuilding; that revolution without reformation breeds anarchy,—anarchy, bloodshed and desolation.

The theory of government ever calls for the profoundest intellects of mankind. The relations of the rulers to the governed is

a problem that has many answers. It is one that calls for the consideration of many questions, but none more vital than the inherent nature of the governed. Mirabeau recognized this, and used his eloquence to persuade his fellow-countrymen to reconstruct the government on lines suited to the French nature. He knew full well that republics are not born in a day, and that the theories proposed by the National Assembly were not the natural outgrowth of a people ruled by kingly power. His knowledge of human nature revealed to him that the Frenchman must have a strong centralized government, and that if the principles of self-government were adopted, France would become the prey of ambitious leaders,—a Napoleon Bonaparte would lead France to her Waterloo.

His words, “I want a free, but a monarchial government,” were hard to comprehend. But Bourbon rule followed by the Republic, Republic giving away to Directory; Directory followed hard upon by the Consulate; Consulate swept away by Empire, whose storm-tossed bark was to be rocked by revolution upon revolution and finally to seek but not find a reposeful haven in a Republic,—this history has made his words prophetic. “When I shall be no more, they will know what I was worth. All the calamities which I have arrested will break out upon France, and from all sides the criminal faction which trembles before me will have no rein.” Do not these words re-echo through that mad revel of anarchy which murdered a defenseless King,—in the clash of deadly strife that culminated in The Reign of Terror, in which Girondist, Hebertist, Dantonist, and Jacobinist, walked the way of death in close procession, and which only ended when the head of Robespierre fell before the guillotine?

(b) I have been speaking of his political foresight, but those who like his principles least cannot but acknowledge the power of his eloquence. It was not the stature of an Apollo or the brow of a Job that held the “ravished hearer.” He was ungainly in form and almost hideous in feature. Yet when he was moved by the thought of his nation’s peril, these features were forgotten, and as the repulsive countenance lighted up with the inspiration of some lofty conception, and his great form, swayed by the passion of his will, responded to the vigor of his language, homeliness gave way to radiance,—

“Confusion heard his voice
And wild uproar stood ruled.”

Nature revealed herself in her "Son of Earth." The intellect flashed, the throat thundered, and the shocked Assembly, mute and speechless, sat gazing at the play of nature's powers. His was not the studied eloquence of a Burke, but the sparks struck off by the heat of the moment. He did not strive at purity of diction, but aimed straight at the hearts of men. Freedom was his inspiration, patriotism his guide, sincerity his motive, reason, his ruling power. Kings feared him, assemblies voted at his will. Genius was his birthright, justice his living maxim, the French Revolution his monument.

Living in an age of hypocrisy, he stood forth as the champion of principles that will never die. With a vision too broad for party lines, he was grounded on the solid rock of equality and justice, where he bade defiance to the dazzling splendor of a court and the showy glitter of a nation's gold. Hold him not as the ideal man, for within was the low sensuous nature of the demon struggling for mastery over an intellect, divine in conception, resistless in reason, electrifying in power.

Morality will ever weep for the deeds of him who was a slave to passion but a master of kings. Eloquence will sing of him in her loftiest strain. Liberty will revere his memory as one who bore aloft her sacred banner and proudly planted it on the ramparts of tyranny. Genius will crown him as a seer whose vision alone could penetrate the dark night of revolution,—will crown him as her chosen son, whose anticipations have become realizations; whose counsels laws; whose words, maxims; whose theories, constitutions.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

BY BVRON LEE OLIVER.

SECOND HONOR ORATION, 1894, marked third in Thought and Composition, and first in Delivery.

There has been no time in history when the necessity for government did not exist. There has been no period in human affairs when government was unknown, for the relation of man to man necessitates government. The form has been rude at times, and undeveloped, yet always in harmony with the nature of man and his stage of advancement. In the remotest ages of the past, we find social groups numbering countless thousands. From the very beginning the political institutions of these social bodies have been

undergoing an evolution. This development has been due to slow and deliberate human effort, which has worked in accordance with existing circumstances, and within the limitations of human character. The progress of these bodies politic, being dependent upon human choice, has been fitful, and has varied according to the surroundings of the races which developed them. Yet when viewed in the light of the world's eventful progress, though disturbed by wars, affected by climate and shaped by the wide play of human thought, they have advanced in a remarkably orderly manner.

From the dawn of history, when men were formed into barbarous tribes subject to despotic rule, until this modern age of civilization when great nations stand forth free and self-governed, the law of our fathers, "In union there is strength," has suffered no serious breach. Governments are the living exponents of their social conditions; they are called into existence by an expression of the general will of the community, maintained by its consent and employed for its benefit. They are not spontaneous growths; they are created by conflicting ideas of social forces. Such institutions are the product of human effort, directed in the line of common welfare. They are not founded upon the theories of philosophers and lawgivers, though they owe much to the statesmen of different ages who propounded broad principles of civil government, and labored to enfranchise nations.

In primitive ages society, weak and irresolute, incapable of exerting a weighty influence in politics, submits to the arbitrary sway of despotic rule. But as society advances, it increases in power and influence, and governments are forced to change their forms in compliance with the thoughts and feelings of their subjects. Throughout the entire course of history there can be traced this connection between the progress of political institutions and the advancement of society. This growth of governmental systems, as a consequence of social, moral and intellectual development, must be accepted as a natural law.

Ours is a life of progression. Society is ever advancing and working out the destiny of nations. There are times when it seems to check its onward course, even to retrace its steps but in years succeeding it sweeps onward with re-invigorated speed. We calculate its progress not by years and decades, but by cycles and centuries. We measure its course not by individual action and exceptional occurrence, but by the aggregate compilation of history.

Men in all civilized lands, impelled by the same feeling of humanity, influenced by a common welfare, bound by a common sympathy of trial and danger, directed by a divine counsel, are gaining independence, extending the domain of private rights, harmonizing law and liberty, dictating the policies of governments, and advancing toward the practically perfect state. Ever since society emerged from the darkness of primitive ages, ever since it began to improve and the popular mind mind to stir, democratic opinion has advanced, and democratic institutions have been growing in favor. The more society advances, the more strength the principle of democracy gains. Since the rise of popular education in the last century, and its vast development in this, the advance of democratic opinion, and the spread of democratic institutions have been marked and significant.

A few generations ago the ruler was supposed to receive his authority from God; now, he receives it from the people. Then, the people served the ruler; now, the ruler is the servant of the people. Then, the sovereignty rested in the ruler; now, it rests in the people. The so-called "Divine Right of Kings" has been relegated to the past. Now nearly every nation in the civilized world recognizes the theory that governments arise out of the people, that all rulers hold their power by delegation from the people. Almost all pure forms of monarchy have been destroyed by introducing into them the imperative forces of popular thought, and the concrete institutions of representative legislation. In aristocratic and monarchical government the habit and spirit of deference is dying out. The superiority of the upper classes is no longer so great; the willingness of others to recognize that superiority is no longer so ready. The crumbling foundations of such governmental structures are being swept away by the ever swelling tide of public opinion. Throughout the enlightened world society, no longer enthralled by ignorance and superstition, is growing more capable of governing itself, a change which has been brought about by the natural and inevitable advance of man. This is an age of free and outspoken constitutional criticism. Never before was mankind in such a position to inquire into the advance of nations and consider the increasing happiness of man. No political question of the present day excites more profound interest than the advance of the theory of self-government. It affects the welfare of society and the destiny of nations.

History is replete with the rise and fall of mighty states. Republics, monarchies and aristocracies, around each of which were centered the fond hopes and aspirations of its people, have arisen, shone in glorious splendor, and passed forever below the horizon. Like the historic ephemeral flower that grew within their borders, the ancient republics live only in history and serve only that time may point out the defects of their system, the flaws of their fabric. At their best they were but broad aristocracies, with limited suffrage, with slaves and even freemen who could never obtain a voice in their own government. With them the state was the unit; the individual was an insignificant fraction. No individual rights were recognized; all were absorbed in the state. Government was founded upon an illogical distinction of caste, wherein wealth, honor and freedom were the heritages of the aristocratic few. Gaze for a moment at the pitiful ruins of Rome; mistress of the ancient world, yet a state wherein the citizen was absorbed and lost to sight; a state whose subjects were divided into classes devoid of individuality; a state wherein labor was dishonored; a state with no finance, no industry, but, like a vulture, subsisting upon the spoils of other nations; is it any wonder that these so-called republics are but monuments to the frailty of human law, the imperfections of human government? They are but mute witnesses of experiments in government, and serve to show that ancient man was as much of an experimentist as modern man.

Man is by nature speculative. While it is true, in a measure, that the conservative element is prone to suffer injuries and inconveniences rather than change the forms to which they are accustomed, still to be dissatisfied and to be continually desirous of a change seems to be born in human nature. Man is constantly living in dreams of what is to come, in ideals of what ought to be. Were this principle otherwise, humanity would still be groveling in the darkness of barbarism. But it is owing to this spirit of progress, these dreams of ideals, that we are enabled to live in the exhilarating atmosphere of civilization. The modern theory of democracy found its birth in the mind of the philosopher, in the dream of the oppressed. Since the overthrow of the ancient idea of state, society is no longer submissive; it has become progressive, directive. It has advanced from the centralization of the ancient state to the free, self-governed commonwealth of to-day. The once universal assumption that no republic could control vast

populations and extensive domain, that no strictly republican government could be stable has been refuted. The modern conception of politics,—the federal union, the separation of the executive, legislative and judicial functions of government, and that great motive power of enlightened government, the legislative assembly--have settled forever the problem of nations, self-constituted and self-controlled.

This modern democracy is a theory of human rights and social power far transcending anything that other ages ever knew. It has sprung up with the advance of society. It grows with the growth of knowledge. It strengthens with the strength of reason. It is beautified and embellished by everything that makes life happier, nobler and better. Its power and influence is advanced by every advance of man. Under it man feels that, beginning with his soul, everything should be free. When visited by its spirit, he is actuated by a nobler resolve; he kindles with a loftier aspiration; he acts with deeds more heroic; he speaks with an eloquence more triumphant, more sublime.

Democracy is founded, not upon traditions of remote ages, not upon usurpations, not upon conquests, but upon things older and firmer than these, the equality and brotherhood of man. In its institutions, in the privileges they confer, and in the responsibilities they repose, in the betterment of human welfare and the brightening of human hopes, we discern the logic of conditions which have been maturing for centuries. The star of democracy first appeared upon the horizon of the Western Hemisphere, but so dense was the fog of conservatism and doubt, that those living in eastern climes failed to receive its light or behold its glories. Now it has arisen above the mists, and its glories are reflected from English shores. It has tinted the sunny fields of Spain. It has shed its benign rays upon the landscape of France. Piercing to the south, its rays of light have penetrated the monarchial gloom and slavish ignorance of southern countries, and Brazil, Chili, and Mexico have thrown aside the cloak of royalty, and now worship at the shrine of democracy.

If the visions of hopeful seers are ever to be realized, if the ancient and mysterious lands of the orient which yet linger in the gloom of ignorance and superstition are to rise from the darkness of primitive ages, if their crystalized forms of civilization are to be destroyed, nations regenerated, and men disenslaved, to rejoice in the kindly spirit of free and enlightened government, it is only

with the advance of Christianity and the progress of democratic opinion. And when the genius of history reviews the volume of the great past, she will fondly linger over the pages devoted to the triumphs of democracy, then seized with inspiration, she will part the curtain that hides the future and gaze far into the depths of the ages yet to come; far down the corridors of time, she will see the unborn millions of posterity who are to profit by our mistakes, and succeed by our successes; then with a wise and patriotic foresight she will inscribe in letters of living light for the ages of the future, that grand policy of human rights, with its institutions of equality and freedom, as broad as humanity, as eternal as truth.

THE LIBERALIZING INFLUENCES OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

By FRANK EDGAR CHAMBERLAIN.

[In Thought and Composition this oration tied in rank with Mr. Sadler's. In Delivery, Mr. Chamberlain stood sixth.]

Four hundred years ago, religious propagandism supplied one of the motives of Columbus's great project. Queen Isabella was inspired with the hope that she might procure the means of prosecuting another crusade. Columbus promised to lay at her feet the riches of India. He proposed to open a new gateway of commerce with the East which should enrich the houses of Aragon and Castile. Then would they be enabled to wage a successful war against the Moslem, and wrest from infidel hands the Holy Sepulcher.

This throws a ray of light upon the religious ideas of the fifteenth century. The Parliament of Religions at Chicago was another and happier concentration of light flashed upon the occurrences of the Nineteenth Century, to reveal the spirit of these times. Today, instead of trying to gain possession of an empty tomb, the call is for broad-minded liberal men to meet together in harmony and fraternal kindness, and consider questions for the uplifting of humanity. The demand is for men who will reason together concerning the eternal truths of God, of divine Fatherhood, and human brotherhood. For, even in this age of material wonders, there is a spiritual root to all human progress; and the same sun which shone on Judea's Hill has shed its celestial light

on the dwellers in the Arabian deserts, by the Ganges and the Nile, and where the long wash of the wave kisses the shores of the Flowery Kingdom.

This Parliament of Religions has taught many men to cherish kind thoughts of all peoples, and humane views of all creeds. It has taught that he who would do most good in his own faith must seek for and acknowledge the truth in other faiths. Bigotry and fanaticism have filled the earth with violence, drenched it with human blood and obstructed civilization. We boast of the high state of modern society, and justly; but who dares affirm that it is not far beneath what it might be had not intolerance engendered strife and dissolution? But a better time has come, and this grand meeting of the religious faiths of the earth has heralded a brighter day, whose bells, ringing in peace and love and harmony, shall also sound the death knell of fanaticism, bigotry and persecution.

Grand and noble thoughts inspired the early martyrs to face punishment and death, but grander and nobler thoughts impel now the minds of religious reformers to convert the world to universal charity, and to build upon the ashes of intolerance the temple of love and concord. Within this temple, we may all stand upon the platform of mutual good will, and take by the hand our brother of whatever creed. All petty barriers of sectarian pride will thus be removed, and men will together press forward to the goal of God's eternal truth.

All religions and philosophies have fundamentally more or less truth which lives forever, and superficially more or less error which inevitably perishes. India, the cradle of nations, and the mother of religions, with her ancient civilization and profound philosophy—what is she? Wave after wave of adversity has rolled over her; her glory and greatness are gone; and a stranger and alien sits on her imperial throne. But that spark of unquenchable fire, born of eternal truth, has been fanned into new flame by the influence of modern civilization. It has revived the highest aspirations of her intellectual and spiritual nature, and like the fabled bird of old she is rising from her ashes. Egypt with her magnificent palaces, her beautiful obelisks, her massive pyramids, and her mysterious sphinx—where is she? Gone like a dream of the night. But her ruins have given up to the student of today information necessary for the correct understanding of much that enters into our modern thought and life. Ancient

Greece lavishes her splendid genius in building up a civilization that has passed away like the morning mist. But her art, her poetry, and her philosophy, have been left as a rich legacy to all succeeding generations. Mighty and majestic Rome, where are her noble monuments, her populous cities, her invincible legions? They have disappeared to be known no more forever. But the influence of her laws and institutions pervades all Christendom. Israel, God's chosen people, with her grand laws and glorious history, with her inspired prophets and sublime bards—where is she? A wanderer upon the face of the earth! Persecuted, banished, driven hither and thither. But the inspirations and high ideals of her sacred writings are the bed-rock of our Christian civilization. Thus has the past contributed to the present. Thus do all the golden grains of truth make for that righteousness whose end is universal peace and brotherhood.

Go back to the dawn of history and you find man divided into two classes; one to serve, the other to rule. Trace him to classic Greece, the scene of the highest of ancient civilizations, and you find him subject to the same false idea. The foreigner was not the equal of the Greek, but fit only to be enslaved and to do the work of the beast for the ruling race. Follow him on down the ages to within the memory of living man; the same Chinese wall of distrust and hatred has kept the races and religions apart. Prejudice is as old as man. Men of different races faced each other only for purposes of attack. Constant warfare prevented intercourse between the different peoples. The precepts of the Golden Rule are found in the writings of many great teachers of old, but they never inspired love outside of the tribe or nation. It was only when the philosopher and the ruler, the priest and the sage, found their power broken and their pride humbled to the dust, that man, amid the ruins of fallen empires, turned toward his brother for that sympathy and fellowship which have been steadily increasing till they culminated in the highest intellectual and moral achievement of the nineteenth century, the Columbian Exposition, and the World's Parliament of Religions; till they reached a point where high above the dreary mists of prejudice and discord shines the light of fraternity and peace between all the leading nations and religions of mankind.

What event in the religious development of the world has been so significant as this Parliament? What time in all the splendid development of spiritual forces ever witnessed a gathering so cos-

mopolitan? It is true there have been national and even international meetings of certain Christian sects, but their delegates represented only slight differences of opinion in one part of the religious world, while even large numbers of fellow-Christians were excluded. It has been left to the grander spirit of the present day to ignore all lines that separate sect from sect and religion from religion, to open wide the white portals of the spiritual kingdom and, in the name of God and humanity, welcome every sincere seeker after truth, whether "Christian or Confucian, Methodist or Moslem, Baptist or Brahmin, Presbyterian or Parsee."

The great meetings of the nations in connection with the world's fairs at Paris, Philadelphia, and London were devoid of any such features as a Parliament of Religions. Men sought to have the world's material interests as fully represented as possible, but no one dared to suggest any such bold plan as a gathering of representatives of the world's thought, much less of the world's religious faiths. Such a consummation was reached only in our own land and in our own decade, through the growing spirit of progress which is leading men steadily on to broader thought and higher ideals.

This Parliament was the natural outgrowth of the spirit which has ever prompted man to come into closer touch with the object of his veneration. The religious intent of humanity has ever been to establish closer and more helpful relations between itself and God. But at last men are beginning to see that in truly drawing nearer to God they must needs also draw nearer to each other. Worship would not divide; it would unite. True, the adherents of different faiths call God by different names; but by these different names do they not all mean the same Infinite Power and Wisdom? Why, then, should they not worship together and be brothers? Thus a growing number of men are recognizing an essential relation between the different faiths of the world. It was out of this growing recognition that the Parliament of Religions was born. But will the spirit which created the Parliament stop with that remarkable gathering? On the contrary, everything shows that the Parliament has given it such an impetus as nothing before has ever done. The thousands from all parts of the earth who attended the World's Congress of Religions will hereafter exert in their own lands an influence in breaking the chains of religious despotism, which binds their fellows and retards their ascent of the heights of religious freedom and toleration.

A deepening and broadening effect, not alone on Christianity, but on the entire religious world will be the outcome of this grandest of all Parliaments. Its influence will be both permanent and cumulative. A seed has been planted that will bear fruit a hundred fold as the years and centuries go on. A great and noble ideal like this of the brotherhood of the world's religions once lifted up clearly in the eyes of mankind can never be lost. It is a beacon light for the ages to come. More and more, as the result of this Parliament, will men try to live in concord with all honest seekers after truth, of whatever race or religion. As the result of it more and more clearly and boldly will they inscribe on their banners, "Practice not Theory, Deed not Creed, Love not Hate, Compassion not Revenge, Brotherhood not Strife."

This Congress was the greatest of the world's ecumenical councils, for it was really world wide, as no preceding council ever was. And it not only asked for spiritual liberty, but was itself a most striking manifestation of that liberty. It was the grandest theological seminary ever instituted, for it taught universal toleration. From it men shall learn that religions are not separated by impassable barriers, but by clouds of misunderstanding which dissolve and fade away before the morning sun of truth and love. From it has issued an army bearing upon its banners symbols not only of religion but of humanity and peace. From its lofty platform have been promulgated truths which shall be taught again from ten thousand other platforms, in many lands; truths which shall grow and spread till they reach the uttermost parts of the earth. Well nigh two thousand years have passed since the angels' song on Bethlehem's plain proclaimed "Peace on earth, good will toward men." As we look back over the past and see the bitter wars and strifes, many of the fiercest of them kindled by religion itself, that have filled the world with tears, and hate, and blood, we say alas! How slow has been this splendid prophecy in reaching a fulfillment! But who that understands the mighty significance of this Parliament will dare to question that in it we see at last the dawn of a more peaceful day for religion on the earth? Here in this most remarkable and prophetic gathering in the religious history of our race has been set flowing a stream of toleration, charity, and good will which shall refresh and gladden the noblest souls of all lands. May we not believe that it is a stream which shall flow on down the ages, an ever broadening and deepening river, until it shall at last mingle with the dark waters of the world's



JAMES HENRY MAYS

religious prejudice, hate, and strife, and calm them into peace forever?

James H. Mays.

The subject of this sketch was born June 29, 1868, in the mountains of East Tennessee. He attended school in winter at the old log school house of the neighborhood, and spent his summers on the farm where he says he served his time in "hoeing corn, cutting sprouts, and pulling fodder." While he was yet a boy the family removed to Galena, Kans., near the boundary line of Missouri. Much of his youth and early manhood was spent at work in the timber, and in the zinc and lead mines of that region. He had little or no opportunity to attend school during these years, but he spent his evenings in careful reading, and once a week took part in a neighborhood debating society.

In the spring of 1890 he entered the State Normal School at Emporia, Kans., where he spent nearly three years. He was twice elected president of his class, and once as delegate to the State Oratorical Association. During his whole course he took an active part in one of the literary societies, was twice elected to represent his society in an annual debating contest, an event of the greatest interest and importance to the students there. In the first contest he received second place, but in the last he was graded highest among the debaters.

After leaving the Normal he spent one winter in teaching a country school near Emporia. The following spring he went into the employ of the New York Life Insurance Company and traveled extensively over Kansas and Nebraska, his chief purpose being to raise money to send him through college. His summer's work was so successful that in October, 1893, he was able to enter the law department of the University of Michigan, where by continuing his work in insurance during vacations and at odd times he has been able to maintain himself with his class, with which he expects to graduate in June, 1895. In the summer of '94, on account of his marked success in the interests of his insurance company, he won the right to represent the State of Michigan in the New York and Boston conventions of life insurance men, which included all expenses on a trip via Niagara to the principal Eastern cities.

In the Inter-Society Debate of 1894, held for the purpose of selecting three men to represent the University of Michigan in the

first contest with Northwestern University, Mr. Mays was easily accorded first place, and, though the final contest was lost to Northwestern by the narrow margin of four points, he received the highest grades both in argument and delivery.

His great success in debate led his classmates to prevail on him to enter the Annual Oratorical contest of 1895. He not only led in his class contest, but also in the final University contest, and was the first to receive the new Chicago Alumni Medal. He thus became the accredited representative of the University in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League, held at Iowa City, May 3, where he also received the highest honor.

Nature has endowed Mr. Mays with unusual gifts as a public speaker, but he has been untiring in his efforts to develop those powers during his entire college course. His manner before an audience is highly prepossessing. He has an easy command of a noble physique; a voice of great range, of wonderful power and sweetness. His enunciation is clear, his action free and full of force. There is nothing of the spread-eagle about him; he is simple, modest, earnest, and whether in the heat of debate or in a set oration his utterance impresses one as the direct outflow of his own consciousness.

INTERNATIONALISM.

BY JAMES HENRY MAYS.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION 1895, marked second in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery; in the League contest, first in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery.]

The nation is composed of individuals, as the mass is composed of atoms. In the beautiful discovery of Newton, we learn that the same law which governs the smallest atom governs also the largest mass, even to the universe of planets and suns. Individuals bound in fellowship by one great rule of right, consent to have the fierceness of their nature restrained for the common welfare. They are constrained to live with common purposes, strive for common advancement, rejoice in common blessings, suffer common disasters; in common they glory in mutual happiness, and in the victories of peace, "no less renowned than war." So nations, after squandering their resources upon the art of destruction, after ages of dreadful warfare, are likewise coming to realize the awful folly of continual discord. They, too, are beginning to appre-

ciate the significance of moral laws; to beware lest they disregard the divine command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" to observe the same great rule of right that binds individuals in fellowship.

This growing spirit of mutual helpfulness we call Internationalism. What is the origin, the development, the mission of this bond of fellowship among the nations?

I. With our savage forefathers, the family was the nation. Apart from actual kinship, there was no brotherhood. Every man outside this petty circle was an enemy to be slain as the wild beast of the jungles. Beginning to realize the strength of united action, families formed into tribes under chiefs to wage more relentless warfare upon all other tribes. As the rays of civilization penetrated deeper into the gloom, these tribes, stirred by the same restless energy, united into larger communities, and settled upon fixed habitations. Land, instead of kinship, became the basis of society, and was occupied by petty lordships and communities, separate and distinct. At first, they professed no common interest, cultivated no friendly relations, recognized no rights claimed by members of other communities, and treated all men outside the narrow limits of their province as enemies. Each held it to be the great aim of life to carry on successful warfare, and zealously maintained, as do nations now, the right to make war on every other community. Their association was for mutual destruction. Every principality was intolerant, bigoted, selfish. Within their own border lines, the people were enjoined to recognize the brotherhood of man; outside these limits, they were licensed and encouraged to pilfer and murder without restraint. Within their borders, they lived in harmony; outside, they roamed the seas as pirates, ravaged the land as bandits, annihilated villages, gave no quarter, sparing not even women or children. It was one continuous story of dreadful warfare from the time

“ When man walked with beast,
Joint tenant of the shade.”

Gradually it dawned upon the minds of men that there was nothing in political lines to make them foes; they began to realize that they were men, who had much in common. They said one to another, “we will further unite for common defense and mutual advancement.” Just as the smaller bodies by degrees had been drawn into fellowship, these larger bodies were fused into nations

Primitive Rome was formed by the union of small communities. The countless principalities of Great Britain were gradually merged into seven kingdoms, and then united into one *great* kingdom under Egbert, the Saxon. In France we see Roman, Iberian, Teuton, and Celt, once stirred by angry passions, now blended into a powerful republic. Spain, a composite of numerous races of different religion and government, became a nation in the fifteenth century by the union of Castile and Aragon. Germany, once consisting of more than three hundred distinct principalities, each in bloody strife with the others, now presents a mighty empire, united at home and respected abroad. And on this side the seas, many great states, indifferent to the common weal, disposed to be independent sovereignties, united their interests, and today present a typical example of what brotherly spirit may do for the nations of the world. Thus, with the gradual association of tribes and communities, great nations were formed, each invoking the blessings of united, friendly action upon its numerous principalities. The torch of the incendiary was extinguished, the license of the robber revoked, the red hand of the assassin arrested, the mad fury of the mob restrained, and the once hostile factions were welded into great nations.

II. Such was the result of fellowship of communities. Consider the development of this spirit among nations. Internally, each rejoiced in the mutual friendship of its numerous provinces; but, strange to say, toward its neighbors, assumed a hostile front. This attitude of the nations caused Burke to declare that friendly international relations would afford a pleasing theme for the historian, but "alas! such history would not fill ten pages." These cordial relations between states of the modern world had their beginning in the Peace of Westphalia, which was confirmed by the principal nations of Europe. Permanent legations were then first securely established. Since then, says Emerson, "all history is the decline of war." Since then, says Sir Henry Maine, "a moral brotherhood in the whole human race has been steadily gaining ground." Twenty years ago, Gladstone declared that there had been reserved for England a great and honorable destiny in promoting internationalism. Since these words were spoken, thirty-eight powerful nations have united their moral forces, by the treaty of Geneva, as a safeguard against the excesses, miseries, and ferocities of war. They have bound themselves to use every means to relieve the suffering of sick and wounded soldiers; to dis-

courage war, as the best means of attaining that end; to encourage international good will; to mitigate international calamities in time of peace; and to place international concord on a more enduring basis.

This spirit of mutual fellowship is fast pervading all human society. From the family circle to the tribal community, from the village clan to the broader province, from jealous statehood to national commonwealth, the great rule of right is becoming broad enough and strong enough to embrace all mankind in the general harmony. In recognition of this unity of interest the Pan-American congress assembled at Washington with the highest motives that ever actuated international movements. Representatives of half the civilized world met, not to arouse bitter prejudices, but for better mutual understanding; not to obtain unfair advantages, but to promote the general welfare; not to cultivate the art and terrible amusement of war, but to form closer commercial relations; not to witness the parade of military forces, but to obviate all necessity for the maintenance of navies and great standing armies, such as are now crushing out the life of Europe. Let those who would sneer at the growing spirit of internationalism, remember that never before did there convene a congress of nations with the common purpose of agreeing, not upon military plans, not to incite their people to tumult and carnage, not to foster cruelty and superstition, not to do homage to the God of Battles, but to adopt the motto of peace and fellowship, and thus secure enduring prosperity in the western world.

III. Brief as has been the history of these great movements, certain principles and methods have been clearly defined. What, then, is the mission of internationalism? Though slow in development, its spirit has long been appealing to the better nature of the individual man, and is now beginning to pervade the councils of nations. What is there in boundary lines to convert a brotherman into a deadly foe? Ought the conduct of nation toward nation to be less humane than that of man toward man? Shall nations still retain barbarous methods of determining justice, while judicial tribunals by exercise of reason adjudicate the rights of individuals? "Shall we execute a man for committing a single murder, and glorify a nation for slaughtering its thousands? Is that voice of thunder, "Thou shalt not kill," prolonged and re-echoed throughout the earth by Christian churches, to have an awful meaning to individuals, and signify nothing to nations? By what

reasoning can the crime of the individual become the glory of the nation? Must man put forth every energy against pestilence and famine, while nations upon the slightest pretext "let slip the dogs of war?" Must he revere and cherish his religion, and yet allow the state to profane it? Must he continue to extol virtue to the skies, and yet permit nations to dethrone it? Must he strive for knowledge, while nations misapply and pervert it? Oh why must man continue to toil, and permit the product of his hand and brain to be squandered upon the means of destruction? If it has proved well for individuals, families, tribes, communities, and provinces to strive peaceably together, should not the larger masses of men profit by such example? It is the mission of internationalism to answer these questions, and to say to governments, into whose hands the welfare of mankind is placed,—

"Therefore take heed
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
In the name of God, take heed."

Man may yet be blinded by prejudice, nations may yet be lacerated by war; but of this we may be assured: that in the distresses which mankind must suffer, ignorance will never again be so potent a factor, for men are now heirs to the wisdom of the ages; difference in religion will never again so arouse the spirit of intolerance, for man must be left unfettered to obey the dictates of his conscience; difference in race and language will never again be so strong a barrier to friendly intercourse, for all nations are coming to recognize the brotherhood of man; distance will never again render international interests so vague and remote, for the messengers of intelligence and of commerce, like shuttles, are rushing to and fro over the earth, "weaving the nations into one." Stupendous political movements, which in times past, would have brought havoc and carnage, must in future be conducted through quiet deliberations. Questions, which a few years ago would have been sure heralds of war, must be determined before a supreme court of the nations. Already it is the law of nations to do in time of peace the most good and in time of war the least evil. Arbitration is the rule; and when war does occur, it is divested of its most atrocious cruelties. Nations begin to realize that disaster needs no aid or encouragement from the government; that humanity will suffer enough at best; that governments are the servants of men, and not their masters; that they are institutions for man's benefit, and not for his torture, that they are builders and not destroyers;

that they are means to an end, and that end the advancement of civilization.

This, then, is the mission of internationalism:—that the nations instead of imitating the fierceness of the tiger, shall render good offices one unto another; instead of rejoicing in the “pomp and circumstance of glorious war,” shall tender support in public distress; instead of invading, bombarding; and pillaging their neighbors, shall afford relief in general calamities; and that instead of the clang of arms and the canon’s roar, instead of the crash and jar of artillery, the tramp of the war horse, the glare of hungry flames, the pitiless scenes of death, decay, and famine, we may behold the nations of the earth, of every religion, language, and race, firmly bound by the threads of commerce and the stronger ties of brotherly feeling; behold them flourishing together in the arts of peace, striving with common impulses, combined in common enterprises, and tendering mutual returns of kindness and civility.

THE CLASSES OR THE COMMONERS.

FRED LEWIS INGRAHAM.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION, 1895, marked third in Thought and Composition and second in Delivery.]

When the traveller views the ocean for the first time his attention is attracted by the mighty waves. In regular succession they roll their huge bulk landward, each striving to the utmost to exalt itself above the level of its fellows. Their awful energy knows no control. “This,” the traveller exclaims, “is the great sea.” But presently he looks out upon the wider view before him. He beholds that majestic waste of waters, stretching away, fathomless, boundless, changeless, eternal. Calms come, and the waves disappear, but the sea endures forever. Primeval man, fresh from the hand of the Infinite, looked out in superstitious awe upon that selfsame ocean. “Now,” the traveller exclaims, “I behold the sea; not before have I comprehended its greatness.” So, when the historian first turns to the annals of his race, he sees there nothing but the deeds of those who, like the waves, are exalted above the common level; they found religions and kingdoms, they produce revolutions, they work reformations. This, for centuries, has been the verdict of history. But on deeper study historians are beginning to realize that, back of kings, generals, and prophets

are the people, the common people. It is there that historical cause and effect have their seat, the march of events its origin, the development of institutions its growth. The sea is greater, grander than its waves; the masses greater than the classes.

The history of a nation is chiefly determined by the characteristics of the masses of its people, characteristics which statesmen can neither destroy nor create. The spirituality of the Jew and the ideality of the Greek gleamed forth irrespective of the aid or opposition of leaders. The Englishman's love of personal liberty, inherited from the barbaric Saxon, rose superior to Norman, Tudor, and Stuart, and is still the safeguard of freedom in every English-speaking nation. Leaders lead; the people follow. But at any time there are many would-be leaders; each with a plan; and it is in choosing which plan to follow that the people exercise their supremacy. The leader is the means by which the people carry out the work they desire to accomplish.

Yet, there has always been a tendency for those elevated above the common level to combine into associations whose dominating principle is that the members shall consider themselves superior to the common people and treat them with contempt. The tendency in America toward such aristocratic combinations is becoming more and more evident. When villages first appeared on the prairies and among the forests of the West social relations were simple. No one because of broader acres considered himself superior to his fellows. Fear of the glance of scorn kept no man from greeting any other. High and low gathered for the worship of the Common Father in the same church. But now society is dividing into classes. We have Fifth avenue and the Bowery; the brown stone front and the tenement. In the East the aristocrats are withdrawing their children to private academies, leaving the public schools to the commoners. More than three-fifths of those who enter Yale and Harvard are prepared in private schools or by private tutors. Christians, professing to follow the Master whose message was the brotherhood of man, cannot now worship at the same altar. One class meets at Trinity Church, the other at Five Points Mission. This exclusive spirit is fast leavening all society. The butcher's wife scorns the servant girl, and is in turn looked down upon by the banker's wife, who sighs in vain to become one of the exclusive four hundred.

Men are, and must ever be, as unequal in intellect and ability as they are in stature. But no man was ever so great as to entitle

him to hold even the lowliest in contempt. Just and equal treatment is the right of every man, because of his humanity. In this right all men are equal. Little souls may shut themselves within a crust of exclusiveness, but great souls burst such selfish bounds and go out in sympathy to all mankind. Lafayette, a scion of the French nobility, crosses the ocean to risk his life for the liberties of democratic America. Jefferson, reared amid the proud surroundings of an ancient Virginian family, pens that immortal sentence, "All men are created equal." Wendell Phillips, a member of an aristocratic family of Boston, braves social ostracism and public scorn to plead freedom for the negro. Charles Sumner, heir to all that position and culture can give, scorning the threats of violent opponents, hurls the shafts of his brilliant eloquence full into the heart of brutal slavery. His great genius knows no rest until he has lifted the black man to a place by his side, his equal in law, a free citizen, a sovereign voter. The lives of these men reiterate in thunder tones "All men *are* equal."

Fame's greatest heroes are men who sprang from the common people. Their lives were lived for the people. The people's will was their will. Witness Moses, now the foundling in the rushes, now leading Israel from bondage; Luther, now singing in the streets for alms, now forging the thunderbolts of the Reformation; Washington, now the frontier surveyor, now rejecting a crown, but crowned a thousand times with the love of generations whom he blessed with a free government. But there is one whose story is even more striking. Born in poverty and wretchedness, he fought his way without family, without influence, without education to a fame that will never die. Sacred to principle, devoted to humanity; his life was like a benediction. As long as conscience moulds the lives of men, as long as love touches their hearts, so long will the world revere the name of the statesman, the liberator, the martyred hero, Abraham Lincoln. Like the greatest governments, the greatest men are "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Our national government, every republican government, rests upon absolute faith in the wisdom and virtue of the majority, and the majority must always be the common people. Lincoln once said, "God must love the common people or he wouldn't have made so many of them." And it is true that Christianity, too, has rested from the first, and must always rest, upon the heart and conscience of the masses. Jesus of Galilee, the carpenter born in a manger, did not address his sublime teachings to the aristocrats.

He knew that from them he would receive only scorn. But he prepared a feast of complete forgiveness to others, of perfect purity of heart; a feast of charity and brotherhood in man, of fatherhood and charity in God; then he invited those who plowed and sowed; who tended flocks, or fished the sea, the fallen woman, the beggar at the gate, to come and partake of that feast. That invitation was the greatest tribute ever paid to human nature. Only a humanity possessed of a divine nature could, of its own free will, accept a religion of divine forgiveness and duty,—a divine nature tempted and fallen, it may be, but divine still. He knew the people's heart; he invited, and the invitation was accepted. Yet we Americans, reared in the full light of Christianity and under the protection of the noblest republic of all history, are denying the fundamental principle of both, the principle of equality.

In the days of '61, when the news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon rang on the ears of the startled North, all realized that the Union was in danger. Thousands sprang to arms. They came from the forge, the work-bench, the counter, the plow,—an army of commoners. The nation placed in their hands the freedom of a race, the destinies of our Union, the successes of republican government. The world watched in breathless suspense to see howthese humble men would keep that awful trust. Up hillsides bathed in the blood of comrades they charged, to the very muzzles of roaring musketry and belching cannon, and planted the banner of equality on the ramparts of slavery. A hundred battle fields wreathed in glory; prison pens hallowed with a patriotism almost godlike; vast cemeteries where the brave sleep side by side, rank after rank,—the silent legions of the dead,—all tell more forcibly than any words what these men were ready to sacrifice rather than betray that trust. Greece, with her Marathon and Thermopylae, had no truer heroes than these; yet they were our commoners.

If, in the olden times of war and conquest, a nation's glory lay in its common people, much more is it true in this age, when a nation's supremacy is founded upon the ability of its laborers in argriculture, commerce, or manufactures. The Columbian Exposition at Chicago was a revelation. Memory loves to return to that beautiful spot on the shore of Lake Michigan. The eye wanders down a grand canal whose waters ripple in the clear sunlight. Long lines of pillars, massive facades, towering domes rise on either side, surmounted by sculptured figures, perfect in grace and beauty. At the farther end of the narrowing canal stands the majestic

Statue of the Republic, golden in the sunlight. The surface of the lake shimmers between the columns of the Peristyle beyond. And, when the sun sinks from sight, and the moon rises over the lake, casting her mellowing and holy light over snow-white dome and silent statue, the great crowd is hushed with awe. It is Venice in the time of Columbus; Athens in the days of Phidias. That scene of beauty, those massive piles, grand in symmetry, were the proudest monument ever erected,—a monument raised by labor, to labor. Every statue, every column, every line of beauty, spoke of labor. The sole story, the inspiration of it all, was the laborer; he who converts the wilderness into a garden; belts the earth in all directions with bands of steel, traversing plains, tunneling under rivers, climbing mountain sides, binding whole continents in unity and peace,—the laborer, who imprisons steara, or snatches from the clouds the bolts of Jove, and bids them whirl him away over sea or land. That great Fair was an index of the fact that the power of the world lies in the laboring masses. Greece ushered in the age of art and philosophy; Rome displayed the might of conquest and the majesty of law; Europe, in the Middle Ages, portrayed the power of monarchy and the poetry of chivalry; and the mission of America is to give to the world the lesson of labor and democracy. Labor is the rock upon which are founded all our wealth, all our civilization,—all our mastery over things material and things intellectual. All the power of the present, all prospects for the future, are bound up in the laboring masses, the common people. With them lies the hope of the world. This is not the age of chivalry; aristocratic traditions have no place here; this is the age of labor. Labor for mankind, labor of hand or head or heart,—this is the true test of nobility.

Voice of prophecy speak in inspiring tones of a new era, when no labor shall be a disgrace; when the glamour which the nodding plume the prancing charger, the flashing blade,—all the pomp and pageantry of feudalism, have thrown about aristocracy, shall be but a poetic dream of the past; and the common people, the source of wealth, the nurse of heroes, the foundation of true religion, the seat and bulwark of just government, shall be truly honored. Not position, not family, not culture, not wealth, but labor, shall ennoble. Then with truth shall it be said: Not in long drawn constitutions, nor in sounding declarations, but in living institutions, men are free and equal.

THE BANISHMENT OF THE MORMON PEOPLE.

BY JOSIAH EDWIN HICKMAN.

[This oration was ranked first in Thought and Composition, and third in Delivery in the University contest of 1895.]

My subject is a most unpopular one. It was chosen not to herald an unpopular faith, but to defend the cause of civil and religious liberty against unwarranted prejudice; not to advocate the tenets of any religion, but to defend the cause of virtue and order against the enemies of all divine and human laws. I keenly realize the disadvantage at which I am placed in defending this much misunderstood people. And I am not ignorant of the prejudice existing upon this subject. Therefore, I ask that you do not judge until their history is held up to the light of reason.

Though this people originated in New York, I will not speak of their history until we find them in the western part of Missouri, where they had gone and built themselves comfortable homes with the view of worshiping God according to the dictates of their conscience. But as their religion was different from the accepted belief of the day, they soon began to be ridiculed, then to be persecuted; finally organized mobs assembled, and burning their homes, tarred, feathered, and whipped many of their people. In their extreme suffering, they applied for protection to judge, priest, and governor, but received none. They even petitioned President Van Buren, who replied: "Your cause is just, but I can do nothing for you." Bancroft, the great American historian, says that banded mobs went from settlement to settlement of the Mormons, burning their homes, killing or driving the unoffending inhabitants into exile. In one place, they murdered every man, woman, and child. And among the number killed was an old Revolutionary veteran, who had fought for our independence. Says the historian, "Never in savage or other warfare was there an act more dastardly or brutal." The Missourians in order that they might have a mantle to cover their cruelty, drew up resolutions. They said that the Mormons believed in prophets, in revelations, and that they were superstitious; that, being mostly from the New England States, they believed in freeing the slaves; and finally, they were poor.

Poverty, superstition, unpopular doctrines—these were the crimes. For such crimes, fourteen thousand inhabitants were driven from their homes in mid-winter. In the Middle Ages? No;

in the nineteenth century. In Russia? No; in America, fourteen thousand inhabitants were driven from their homes in the dead of winter. The sick were torn from their beds, and thrust out into the midnight air, and compelled to seek safety in some bleak forest. There were shivering children, there were infants, homeless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast. In such distress, pursued by merciless oppressors, they left the tracks of their bleeding feet upon the snows of their pathway. Homeless, shivering, heart-broken, and plundered, they sought shelter in the uninhabited plains of Illinois."

In this bleak wilderness, far from the inhumanity of man, the fugitives did for a time find peace and rest. During the six years which they were permitted to remain in Illinois they built several villages, besides Nauvoo, a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. They established schools, founded a university, and built a magnificent temple. "It must be admitted," says Bancroft, "that the Mormons in Missouri and Illinois were a more honest, temperate, hard-working, self-denying and thrifty people than those by whom they were surrounded."

Whatever was the cause that led to their expulsion from Illinois, it was not due to any crime of theirs, unless it was an offence to profess a different creed and worship at a different shrine. But Governor Ford said that all manner of trumped-up charges were brought against them; and those charges were without foundation, for the Mormons had committed no such offences. On a pretended charge, Joseph Smith and others were arrested and taken to Carthage under the sworn protection of the Governor. It is said that Smith had a premonition of his terrible fate and said, "I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am as calm as a summer morning. I have a conscience void of offence towards God, and towards all men. I shall die innocent, and it yet will be said of me, 'He was murdered in cold blood.'" The next day after this prediction he and his brother were killed in Carthage jail. Again mob law reigned and men lost their reason. The Mormons were ordered from the state; their homes were robbed and laid in ashes. The scenes of Missouri were being repeated. Scarce had the lights of their burning homes died out, when, with scanty hoard, they crossed the Mississippi. On the first night of their exodus, February the 4th, 1844, nine wives became mothers. How those innocent babes, sick and delicate mothers, were cared for under such conditions is left for the imag-

ination of the sensitive hearer. Was it Russia, Tartary or Hindoostan, that people had to flee for opinion's sake? As those exiles departed, at the top of every hill they could be seen looking back like banished Moors on their abandoned homes, and their distant temple with its glittering spires.

Let me observe here that there were many honest souls in Missouri and Illinois who cried out against such injustice, but, as is too often the case, they were in the minority. After the death of Smith, Brigham Young, by right and choice of the people, organized and led them into the wilds of America. And while Missouri was dividing the property of fourteen thousand inhabitants whom she had recently expelled, while Illinois was trying to cover up the blood of the murdered prophets, while all the United States looked on with silent indifference, one of the most persecuted and down-trodden people that history records were marching westward beyond the pale of civilization.

And now comes an episode in the history of the Mormons which I should not dare to relate were it not a part of the official records of the government. Otherwise it would be incredible. While in the wilderness on their westward march for the Rocky Mountains, war was declared between our government and Mexico. Strange as it may seem, the President sent a messenger to Brigham Young to ask for five hundred volunteers to enter the army and march against Mexico. Remember that two states of the nation had thrust this people from their borders, had permitted mobs to plunder them, rob them of their homes, murder their prophets, and drive them into exile. Remember that their appeals in their sore afflictions, though made to governors, judges, and to the President, were invariably ignored or denied. Remember finally, that they were marching through a country unparalleled for dangers, that they were enduring hardships which, at times, threatened their very existence. Had they not sufficient cause for refusing to listen to the President's appeal? And yet it was their country calling; that country to which their pilgrim ancestors had fled; for which their patriot sires had fought and suffered; whose deeds of heroism were among their highest and noblest traditions. It was enough. Brigham Young said: "Colonel Allen, you shall have your men. If there are not enough young men, I will call upon the old men; and then, if not enough, I will call upon the women." When the call was made those sacrificing pilgrims forgot their wrongs, kissed the rod that smote them, and, with one

accord, answered their country's call. Ransack the records of history, ancient and modern, and match if you can, this example of patriotism!

Heroine mothers, while their husbands and sons were at the front, defending the country that had driven them into exile, drove their own teams twelve hundred miles over those trackless plains. Hundreds of them had neither wagons nor teams. Hand carts were made, and in them they placed their scanty hoard. Men and women pulled those carts across the desert wastes of America. Could not this destitute and exiled people receive aid? They were offered peace if they would relinquish their religion and all allegiance to their faith. But to relinquish their religion for peace, to them, it was treason. Such an act would have made a mockery of their high profession, which had been written in blood and tears. During that dreary march, hunger, sickness, and death followed in their wake. Many times death was a welcome visitor to those weary and foot-sore pilgrims. Many, lying down with their burdens for pillows, never awoke, and tonight rest in unmarked graves.

From the lips of aged veterans, I have been told that when they were exhausted and could go no farther, bare-headed, bare-footed and in their tattered clothing, they knelt upon those trackless plains and importuned their Father, my God and your God, for strength. Upon arising their weariness was gone. You may not believe in miracles, but it is true that even, as with the ancient Israelites in the wilderness, quails came by the thousands to feed those starving pilgrims. My own widowed mother, peace be to her memory, walked and carried her babe from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains. Picture, if you can, that banished people on those plains almost destitute of food and clothing; mothers stripping off their scanty clothing to protect their little ones from the cold winds that swept across the bleak prairies. In their extreme hunger, they were obliged to eat roots and thistles; yea more, they were forced to cook and eat old raw-hides. The history of the sufferings of that people, though often attempted is yet unwritten.

As the pioneers reached the heights of the Rockies, for the first time they saw their destined home. And as Moses stood on Pisgah's heights and viewed the promised land, so they, from those silent peaks, viewed their asylum of rest. Around them was silence and desolation—a desolation of centuries; rugged mountains

with huge spurs decorated with towers and pinnacles, raising their towering summits into the domain of the clouds, rich with the aspiring forms of Gothic type. Far below they saw the blue waters of the Dead Sea of America, glittering in the summer sunlight like a silver shield; and as far as the eye could reach stretched the arid desert, miles upon miles of sage-brush and snow-white alkali. Eternal desolation! yet, to them, it was home and at the sight of it, their hearts were glad. They descended into the valley to pitch their tents and rest in peace. There was now no fear of molestation from vandal hordes. How sweet must have been that sleep as upon the earth, parched and seared through untold centuries, they slumbered beneath the friendly skies, amidst eternal solitude! Though that country to which they had gone was then under Mexican rule, they unfurled the stars and stripes on Ensign Peak. And, in solemn assembly, they voted to revere the constitution and its principles as a divinely inspired document. They also decreed that this land should be a home for the oppressed; they forgave all men that had injured them, and lifted an ensign of peace to every nation under heaven.

My friends, I have couched in simple language the pathetic story of the exodus of this people. I have kept back striking events, pitiable sufferings and terrible wrongs. The words that I should speak burn within me and tremble on my lips. But I shall not utter them. It is enough. I am willing to leave the judgment to future generations. When the clouds of hatred and mistrust which hang like a pall over the genius of that people are dispelled, the history of their living martyrdom will make the heart of the nation ache with pity and remorse.



FRED LEWIS INGRAHAM

Fred Lewis Ingraham.

Fred Lewis Ingraham was born in Tontogany, Wood County, Ohio, February 13th, 1868. His parents are of Scotch-English descent. His father was for many years a prosperous lumberman and merchant in Ohio. In 1878 a disastrous fire swept away most of his property. Soon after he removed to Azalia, Monroe County, Michigan, and settled on a farm where he still resides. As a large portion of the new farm was covered with a dense forest, young Fred served his time in lumbering and logging, and in other ways assisting his father on the farm.

He attended district school from four to six months each year and in January, 1885, entered the Dundee High School where he graduated with the class of '87. He taught district school for one year, and then entered the State Normal at Ypsilanti where he was able to complete the course in two years. While at the Normal he took an active interest in the literary societies and became well known among his fellows, not only as a hard and earnest student but as a gifted speaker. This accounts for his having been chosen by the faculty from a large class as one of eight to speak on commencement day. On leaving the Normal he accepted the principalship of schools at Morrice, Michigan, a position which he held for three years.

Desirous of securing a university training, in the fall of '93 he entered the Literary Department of the University of Michigan as a candidate for the degree of B. L. The next year, while still pursuing his literary course he registered in the law school as a member of the class of '96. He was chosen vice-president of his class and in his Senior year was honored with the presidency. In the spring of '93 he was elected President of the University Republican Club and was one of its delegates to the annual convention of the American College League of Republican Clubs, held in Chicago in April, 1896.

In oratory he has been most active. As a Junior law student he won the right to represent his class in the annual University contest, in which he was awarded second honor, and thus became alternate to the contest of the Northern Oratorical League. His oration on "The Classes or the Commoners," may be found on page 55 of this volume.

As a Senior he re-entered the preliminary contests of 1896, won a position on the University contest, and in the final ranking

of the judges received first place. This honor brought with it the Chicago Alumni Medal, and the right to represent the university in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League. In the League contest held in Central Music Hall, Chicago, May 1, 1896, Mr. Ingraham was awarded first honor, being the fifth to gain this distinction for Michigan since the organization of the League.

His style of speaking is of the elevated conversational type, direct and earnest. Possessed of a voice of singular clearness and persuasiveness, a commanding physique, graceful and courteous bearing, felicity and compactness of thought, it is given to few students to so compel attention and impress audiences.

GETTYSBURG.

BY FRED LEWIS INGRAHAM.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION in 1896 at the University of Michigan and in the Northern Oratorical League. In the former contest Mr. Ingraham was ranked first in Thought and Composition, and sixth in Delivery; in the League, fourth in Thought and Composition, and first in Delivery.]

A century ago this world was a slave-holding world. Throughout the earth there was not, and never had been, and important nation where the crack of the slave-whip was not heard. To-day there is not a civilized nation on the globe where man can own his fellow-man. Not only has the toiler in all civilized lands been made free, but society is educating and uplifting the laborer, is recognizing more and more his worth, his rights, his dignity. This is a great revolution, one of untold meaning to humanity. It has cost years of violent political contest. In this cause martyrs have died, armies have striven in bloody conflict, and nations have been rent assunder. The turning-point of this revolution was reached in our Civil War, and the decisive hour of that war occurred when the Southern army struggled in mortal combat with the Union forces on the field of Gettysburg. What were the principles there at stake? what is the history of that battle? and what its influence.

I. The forces in conflict on that field were the product of ages. Slavery is older than history. Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome were all founded on slavery. And even when Christianity had assumed sway from Jerusalem to the farthest isles of Scotland, her sculptured saints looked down from the spires of a thousand cathedrals upon a population of abject slaves, crushed down by feudalism.

But among the Anglo-Saxons there appeared a force destined to be the mortal enemy of slavery. The Magna Charta was its first fruit, the destruction of feudalism, serfdom and absolute monarchy, its later results, and at last in America it proclaimed the freedom and equality of all men. The world listened and pondered. Gradually the thoughtful in all lands came to realize that by the same great principle of right which they invoked in support of their liberties the freedom of all men was established; that there was nothing in national, religious, or race differences to make one man the rightful subject of wrong and injustice from his fellow-man. This broadening spirit of democracy had proclaimed equality as its fundamental principle. Slavery asserted that men are not equal. A conflict was inevitable. In 1808 the United States and England began to oppose the slave-trade. In 1834 freedom was proclaimed throughout the British Empire. Ten years later the nine million bondmen of India were made free. Meanwhile other nations of Europe became interested in the cause of the slave, and combined effort almost drove the slave-ships from the sea. At the close of the first half of our century free labor was supreme over one-fifth of the world. Over the remainder slavery still held sway. Democracy had made great progress, but could she continue her advance?

In America the course of events was alarming. It was the winter of '60 and '61. The nation was crumbling into ruins. Every day brought news that another state had seceded. The Confederacy was formed, taking from the Union eleven populous States with a territory greater than that of Germany, Austria, France and Italy. Even at its birth the Confederacy was a great nation; but its future promised augmented power. Slavery was its corner-stone; accordingly its leaders declared that the slave-trade would be re-opened. They planned for the annexation of slaveholding Cuba, chafing under Spanish rule. Mexico, weak and torn with faction, might also be made a part of the new Empire. The slave states of South America might fall into her power, or follow her leadership in international difficulties. England and France forgot their debt to democracy, and stood ready to ally themselves with the South. Prospects were bright, and the result would be a splendid power, mighty as an example, tremendous in international affairs, extending the interests of slavery, opposing progressive democracy.

It was a critical moment in the history of freedom. Cast off by England, deserted by France, the Union prostrate, where should democracy look for aid? Were the splendid principles of the Declaration of Independence without a champion? Was self-government to become a mockery? From the pine forests of the North, where every breeze murmurs of liberty; from the rolling prairies of the West, dedicated to freedom since creation's dawn, from proud New England's rock-ribbed hills, where first was heard the roll of the Revolutionary drums, millions of voices rose in one grand battle-cry; The Union forever! Slavery must perish! On to Richmond!

The war was on. It was a struggle between slavery and free labor, aristocracy against democracy, caste against equality. The one would rule with slave-pens and whipping-posts; the other with school-houses and temples of worship. The one smothers lowly genius; the other nurtures it; opens the door of opportunity to the rail-splitter, and lo, there steps forth a Lincoln; makes way for the humble tanner, and history feels the iron grasp of a Grant. The future happiness of earth's toiling millions depended on that conflict. In breathless suspense the whole world awaited the outcome.

Months dragged on into years, and the North seemed no nearer to success than at first. The disasters of Bull Run, the Peninsular Campaign, and Manassas followed one upon the other, and the Confederate flags floated in triumph before the gates of the Capital. Antietam served to check the Southern advance, but the foe retired with the glory of a successful campaign. Then came defeat and slaughter at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; and the Confederate leader, flushed with his many victories, gathered a splendid army of eighty thousand veterans, and swept down the Shenandoah, across the Potomac, and through the fertile valleys of Pennsylvania. One victory there would give him Washington, Philadelphia or New York. Judging by the past, his triumph was certain.

II. Inspired with the courage born of repeated victories, the Southern army is at Gettysburg. After two days of hard fighting comes that eventful third of July. The Union cause has met with defeat. One-fourth of the army has been destroyed. The Federal troops have taken their last stand on Cemetery Ridge. Across the valley may be seen the Southern forces. Noon approaches,

and the sounds of battle die away. An ominous stillness broods over the valley. Suddenly from a point in the Confederate line there comes a puff of smoke—the loud report of a cannon breaks the Sabbath stillness and rolls echoing and re-echoing down the valley. Instantly the long line of Southern cannon bursts forth with flash and roar. The Union guns make answer, and the eternal hills tremble to their base. Three miles of Confederate batteries are aimed at the Union center. Here destruction unutterable reigns. Defeat stares the North in the face. One by one the Union batteries are silenced; sullenly the Federal troops withdraw to shelter.

Across the valley the Southern line of attack is forming,—a splendid column three miles long, their silken banners unfurled to the breeze, a bristling mass of bayonets glittering in the sunlight. With majestic movement the veteran army advances on the Union line. Their cannon cease firing. Instantly the deserted guns are manned. The whole line of Federal batteries pour shot and shell into the advancing ranks. Awful gaps are made, but quickly closed, and the long line comes swiftly on. The Union infantry have hurriedly reformed along the summit of the ridge. Up the slopes come the Southern ranks. Their lines of glistening steel sweep on like waves of death and destruction. They hurl back the Union advance. On they come toward the main line. A flash of smoky flame, a deafening roar, and twenty thousand Union guns pour forth a flood of leaden death. The Southern ranks go down under that awful fire like fields of grain swept by the tornado's blast. Flesh and blood cannot face such carnage. Whole companies rush into the Union lines and throw down their arms. The remnant of that splendid eighteen thousand hurries in full retreat back across the valley, shattered and broken. The Confederacy has reached its height! Slavery has fallen! Victory is with democracy!

III. The Confederate forces had suffered terrible loss. Pettigrew led into battle twenty-eight hundred men. Of those gallant heroes only eight hundred thirty-five returned. One-third of the army had been destroyed, and those splendid veterans could never be replaced. This victory broke the long succession of defeats, gave the North hope, and saved the Union cause from political defeat at home; it delivered the Northern forces from military disaster, turned back the tide of invasion, saved Wash-

ington, snatched the raider's torch from our great commercial centers, and ruined the Confederate army. Gettysburg was the decisive battle of the war.

The defeat of the Confederate army was the most fortunate event of the century. Do not misunderstand me. I have no slurs to cast at the Southern people. About their unworthy cause they drew the glorious mantle of a splendid patriotism. Who can doubt the honesty of such devotion? Who can doubt the motive of that magnanimous Southron, that gallant hero with heart as tender as woman's, courage as bold as the lion's; that valiant soldier; that prince of generals—Robert E. Lee. Before the memory of that noble man, malice is stricken dumb, and friend and foe alike bow the head to do him reverence. But we deal with principles not with men, and the verdict of history is unmistakable. The whole thinking world admits that the triumph of the Southern cause would have been a curse to the human race.

But the South lost, and Gettysburg spoke freedom to four million slaves, and forever dried the fountain of secession and sectional strife. It meant that the Union was saved; the Mississippi should gather its mighty commerce and sweep on to the Gulf, not under the muzzles of hostile guns, but forever free and untrammeled, America was not to become like Europe, an armed camp; the encroaching powers of the Old World should meet here not jealous intrigue and petty war, but one united and harmonious nation, devoted to the arts of peace, yet upholding with justice and dignity the rights of the whole Western Continent. More than this, Democracy was strengthened in other lands. Gettysburg proved that government by the people and for the people meant not anarchy but glorious strength, and all nations, encouraged by our success, are giving their poor and unfortunate greater freedom and higher rights. Gettysburg brought hope to the downtrodden everywhere. It meant that the slave-trade would not be re-opened, that slavery was not to have a powerful champion in international councils. On the contrary, the slave-ship was driven from the remotest seas. All Europe united to stop man-hunting in Africa, and that dark continent, for forty centuries the nursery of slaves, at last found relief. Emancipation progressed. Portugal liberated her slaves, Brazil and Cuba followed, and the whole civilized world was free.

Gettysburg raised millions of bondmen to the rank of free-

men. It replaced the thorns of disgrace on labor's brow with a garland of honor. It brought the whole human race nearer to that golden age when union shall prevail among the nations, as now among the States; when government shall be for the masses, not the classes; when priest and lord and despot king, already tottering on the seat of power, shall fall to rise no more. There it was proven to the world that the fires of patriotism can burn as bright in cottage as in castle. There breasts were bared to angry steel and hissing bullet that the God-given principles of the Declaration might not become a hollow mockery; there poor, weak man, lifted for one brief moment to the heights of the divine, gave up his life for the liberties of his fellow-man. Around that sacred spot will burn the altars of the centuries. Into the wreath of her glorious memories, along with Marathon and Salamis, Runnymede and Marston Moor, Yorktown and Bunker Hill, democracy will weave the name of Gettysburg.

THE ARMENIAN QUESTION.

BY WILLIAM MAURICE MERTZ.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION, 1896, marked sixth in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery.]

Present facts make living issues. Whenever in any vital sense they affect a considerable portion of human society, it becomes the province of government to act upon them. Then diplomacy is quickened with a sense of duty and becomes the champion of human welfare. Statesmen feel the throbbing of the pulse of humanity and yield to the sacred demands of their trust. At the bar of history and reason, justice and right, nations are made to prove their fitness to be free.

For us religious despotism and fanatical oppression have become sounds without much meaning, and we are almost convinced they are dead. But they have only shifted the scene. The story of Armenia is so strange, seems so much like a voice from ages past, that we can hardly believe its reality. We read it in our newspapers; English Blue Books record it; reports of our missionaries assure us of its terrible reality; travelers of every tongue repeat it; it is borne on every sighing wind; yet the nations have not awakened to the enormity of its meaning.

I. (a) For thirty centuries Armenia has been the theater of great contests; Armenians, the heroes struggling beneath devastat-

ing armies and transmigrating hordes. Beneath majestic Ararat that once over-shadowed Eden, where the Tigris and Euphrates flow, Mede and Persian clashed their swords and poured their life-blood into the virgin soil. Alexander levied her men for his conquests. Roman soldiers fed upon the products of Armenian toil from the days of Pompey to the Era of Martyrs. In the next thousand years her martyr roll grew with every century. Here was the fighting ground for Saracen and Ottoman until the Turk became the ardent apostle of the Koran, and fastening his bloody grip on Armenia and Jerusalem called forth the chivalry of Europe to deliver the Holy Sepulchre. At last when the Infidel had burst into Europe and two hundred and fifty thousand Turks surged round Constantinople, Armenia had revived under Persian rule, and formed the last bulwark of Christianity in the East.

You know the history of the past four centuries. Ever since the red hand of Mahomet II threw down the Cross and planted the Crescent on the Dome of St. Sophia, the Turk has proved himself unable either to rule or assimilate, only able to ravage and slay. You know how he laid Armenia waste and thrust himself against all Christendom; how the patriotic Poles under John Sobieski came to the rescue of Austria, sent the Infidel across the Danube and saved Christendom from ruin. We need not recount the revolting scenes of the Greek Revolution, when the battlements of Salonica were lined with Christian heads, and the women of Peloponnesus were sold into slavery. Since 1827 Turkish misrule has been marked by the horrors of the Crimean war and the frightful atrocities in the Balkan Peninsula. You know how all the events before and since the Treaty of Berlin have been a hollow mockery, and Turkish promises of reform an insolent challenge to Christendom.

(b) It is not strange that hordes have plundered and Turks have slain. Turkish brutality has ceased to be strange. The only strange thing is that today a single vestige of the Armenian race exists; an open wonder that but a year ago they could be regarded the hope of Asia,—a light in darkness. The Turk, dead to all nobler interests except as they stir his brutal desire to crush them, lounges idly in his harem, and secludes himself from all the world's progress. The Armenians were in the van in industry; schools sprang up; libraries grew; European newspapers, and native journalists with the thoughts and institutions of the fore-

most western nations, disseminated a genial culture among the masses. This the Turk confesses though he loathes the name Armenia. What greater proof of heroic energy and vitality, of qualities physical and spiritual on which the progress of mankind depends? And what makes this contrast? Armenia's progress and civilization is rooted in the same sacred soil whence our own and all the hallowed institutions of Europe have drawn their sustenance. In 410, while the Turk was a wild Tartar on the steppes of Asia, Armenian scholars were translating the Bible. The Armenians are Christians. That is the secret; that is their crime.

II. (a) In the nineteenth century they have found their Nero; in the last decade of the nineteenth century they find their Spanish Inquisition, and more. A year ago came the first frightful news: "Twenty-seven villages annihilated in Sassoun; six thousand men, women and children massacred by troops and Kurds",—and this only the beginning of a terrible tale of slaughter. Fifty thousand have perished by the sword or by inhuman torture. Half a million starving wretches have sought refuge in forest glades and rocky caves, or are left to die in the fetid vapors of reeking prison houses.

The meaning of these events is not left to doubt. A thousand facts come crowding up to prove that Armenia is under the secret ban of extermination. The massacres begin and close with signals from turkish guns. Every archfiend is rewarded at the hand of an appreciative sultan, at whose table sit the ministers of peace from Europe and America. The wires were still warm with the announcement that the nations might look for the May System of reform to take its beneficent effect, when there flashed the news of the horrible carnage at Trebizond. Turkish officials looked complacently on, as every habitation was razed to earth, and with brazen faces repeated the gruesome tale of charred remains and mangled bodies. With incarnate railery the sultan now reminds the pitiable remnant that for six hundred years they have enjoyed under Turkish government, acts of clemency unexampled in history; that the powers of Europe have forsaken them, and that a word of resistance will blot out the Armenian name. Already the cries of future victims pleading only for death, disturb the orgies of bestial Kurds. Their fate forebodes with terrible certainty that the doom of Armenia is sealed. Their only crime—they are Christians and have no other home than their native land.

(b) Who is their inquisitor? What holy cause does he pretend to champion? What people execute his judgment? Government is the product of experience, and its questions of public policy largely depend on the instincts of its people and on the moral basis of its prevailing religion. We must seek an answer in the moral basis of Islam, in the Tartar instincts of the Turk, and in centuries of conquest by the sword. The law of Islam declares, "War is permanently established till the judgment day. . . . Paradise will be found in the shadow of the crossing of swords". It makes woman a slave, eternally subject to her husband's will. Ten thousand students at the University of Cairo pray every day in solemn mass that the Infidel "may be destroyed; that your children be made orphans, and your abodes defiled; that your children, your wealth, your race be made booty to the Moslem." The sole judge of Islam is the Sultan, at once the Church and the State. In madness and despair he hurls his old challenge at Christendom: "My absolute . . . unchangeable, eternal answer is that the sublime Porte . . . will persist in its own will regarding its subjects, even to the last day of judgment." This crouching wretch thus flings defiance at the Powers and slinks away to keep in progress the most revolting tragedy of history; to crush the last hope of Asia's emancipation.

III. (a) But we are told there is no help for these people. Is there no help for them? Must Christendom suffer this outrage? The jealous powers sit restless in their hateful watch. Dangerous excitement exists over a morsel of land in South America, and a filibustering expedition in Southern Africa. They keep in progress the idle drill of three million soldiers; and why? To preserve in Europe the balance of power while the guardians of peace pursue their political games on the hidden field of diplomacy. They say political necessity demands this. On this ground Lord Salisbury in his latest speech denies all responsibility in the Armenian cause. For that reason and because tradition holds that our mission is confined to this hemisphere, intervention by the United States is held absurd and impossible. Because of political necessity Armenia must be left to her dreadful fate.

We cannot remain insensible to England's position. England liberated her slave. But when Russia in 1852 would have liberated the Christian subjects of Turkey, England through the imperious Canning carried the Sultan into war. In 1877, when

Alexander of Russia made overtures to England for a friendly understanding, England pledged her arms and the honor of her statesmen in the secret article of the Berlin Treaty, to keep Russia out of Turkey and to protect all Christian subjects. England has stood for the preservation of the Turkish Empire. To maintain that position her late administration has suppressed consular reports, and to stifle public opinion, the British Premier read in public the wily Sultan's promises of reform. When at last an ultimatum is sent forth and is hurled back at the Premier's feet, he avails himself of the last resort and denies the obligation imposed by treaty. The Earl of Beaconsfield returned from the Berlin Conference with the proud boast that he had gained both "Peace and Honor," but he covenanted for an immortality of disgrace.

(b) But no one is so blind as not to see the immediate demands of this issue; no one so stupid as to say that oppressed peoples grow insensible to their misery. But the blood of Toussaint L'Overture and a million slaves cries no! Thousands of Cuban patriots with swords drawn, and Armenian women with the touching eloquence of sobs and sighs cry no! We may be blind, stupid or base; but when there lies before us an Empire, the very embodiment of the powers of darkness, when as if by the wave of a magician's wand, there issue from the caves and forests of this haunted empire, hordes of blood-thirsty fiends who depopulate cities, slaughter manhood and profane womanhood, can we count it puerile to call for justice? Is it dishonorable to obtain it, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must? Is it unstatesmanlike to measure the claims of humanity against those of political necessity? Is it ignoble for two great and free countries like England and America to unite in a common cause sanctioned by justice and humanity?

My countrymen, when our fathers sought freedom on this side the sea, a great and mighty continent lay open for their reception. When their struggles ensued, Washington and Lafayette under the guiding hand of Providence led them until they were cradled in liberty and established forever under the banner of a free government. Have we forgotten the debt we owe them? The age of chivalry is past. But the time has come for a nobler work, when every statesman like a plumed knight should enter a crusade to rescue the Holy Sepulchre of Humanity forever.

Bayard Hoyt Ames.

Bayard Hoyt Ames was born in Niagara County, New York, in 1873. He attended the public schools there until he was fourteen years of age, when his parents moved to Denver, Col., which has since been his home. Here he entered the North Side High School, and in one of their annual oratorical contests he won first honor. Later he entered the East Side High School of the same city, from which he graduated in the spring of 1893. In the fall of the same year he entered the University of Michigan for the degree of A. B., and expects to graduate with his class in June, 1897. Since his residence at the University he has devoted himself chiefly to the classics, to English and to oratory. The law is his chosen profession, and before leaving college he intends to complete his course in the Law Department.

Mr. Ames has been an ardent student of oratory ever since he entered college, and has taken every opportunity to perfect his powers as a speaker. In 1896 he won the Junior class oratorical contest, which gave him a place in the annual University contest. In this contest of the several classes he won third place, but so favorable was the impression he made that he received the faculty appointment to represent the University as orator in the celebrations given in Chicago on Washington's Birthday under the auspices of the Union League Club.

In the fall of 1896 he was elected by the Senior class as class orator. He also re-entered the annual oratorical contest, and not only won first honor in his class but was awarded first place in the University contest. This honor brought with it the Chicago Alumni Medal and testimonial and the right to represent the University in the Northern League contest, held in Ann Arbor, May 7, 1897. In this final intercollegiate contest Mr. Ames proved himself a worthy successor to previous victors and with his oration on "Castelar" won another first honor for Michigan, the sixth that has come to the University in the seven years' history of the League.

Mr. Ames's style of speaking is that of the persuasive lawyer before his jury. He never for a moment gets away from or overreaches his audience, but compels attention by the warmth of his sincerity and by the vigor and directness of his manner. His voice is strong, resonant, penetrating; his physique powerful, his presence commanding.



BAYARD HOYT AMES



CASTELAR.

BY BAYARD HOYT AMES.

(FIRST HONOR ORATION in 1897 at the University of Michigan and in the Northern Oratorical League. In the former contest Mr. Ames was ranked first in Thought and Composition, and first in Delivery; in the League contest third in Thought and Composition, and first in Delivery.

I am to speak to you of a man who has wrested popular rights from tyrants, and, under the sceptre of absolute monarchy, has made Republicanism dominant; a foreigner, by birth, by race, and by allegiance, but an Anglo-Saxon and an American in his passionate devotion to popular rights—Emilio Castelar. Castelar has lived in one of the most troublous periods in the history of Spain. Since 1808 his country has experienced nearly every form of government known to man; absolute monarchy, constitutional monarchy, elective monarchy, republicanism, regency, civil dictatorship and military dictatorship. The royalty of France, Germany, Italy and Spain have worn the crown. Conspiracy, insurrection, rebellion, not lawful methods, have been roads to power. The bayonet has displaced the ballot; the army has superseded the cortes. At every political crisis has been heard the inquiry, “Which party has the cannon?”

The earlier of these disturbances, however violent, have been but the ravings of a troubled dreamer, sleeping in the darkness of mediæval night. Drugged by ignorance and superstition, enervated by clerical and royal leeches, Spain has slumbered in apathy. But within the last quarter of a century, at the call of Castelar, she has risen from her couch, and, shielding her eyes from the dazzling light of progress, comes halting and stumbling along the track of modern civilization.

The story of Castelar’s life is the history of the growth of popular liberties in Spain. In 1854 the indignation of the Spanish people, long accumulating under the careless injustice of Isabella and her licentious court, burst forth. Madrid was the hotbed of insurrection, the theatre of resistance. Suspicion spread its contagion far and wide. Through the streets charged riotous mobs

On the night of September 22, a public meeting of electors was held in the Oriental Theatre. Demagogic leaders poured out invectives against the existing government, and lashed the discontent of the people into a frenzy of rage, but presented no designs for organized, lawful efforts at amelioration. Wearied of words, the excited populace began to move out of the hall to possible

deeds of slaughter and rapine, when a university student, in whose dark eyes burned the enkindling fire of enthusiasm, pushed his way through the crowd and mounted the platform. The audience turned from him in disgust. But the stripling began with the voice of a master. A student of history, a political genius, his opinions were formed, his plans ready, his sentences incisive. Order, not anarchy, evolution not revolution, was the burden of his message. The audience paused, wavered, turned back to their seats, and surrendered themselves to the charm of his voice and manner. Every face reflected the sentiment of the speaker, and death-like silence alternated with deafening applause. On the morrow his speech was read in every hamlet of Spain. In one brief night he had leaped to fame. He was no longer Castelar, the unknown, the student, the recluse, but Castelar, the leader, the statesman, "the glory of the Castilian rostrum."

At this time began his career as a political reformer. Called in '57 to serve his *Alma Mater* in the chair of Philosophy and Literature, he soon afterwards founded a republican newspaper, "La Democracia." From platform, and class-room, and press, his voice rang out not only to ignorant, priest-ridden, royalty-cursed Spain, but to "debt-oppressed, conscience-enslaved, class-dominated Europe," calling for republicanism and the overthrow of monarchy, for abolition of slavery, for freedom of speech and of the press, for untrammeled schools, for liberty and equality in religion, for the separation of church and state. Before its awful thunder prince and grandee quailed; priest and pontiff stood mute. It pierced the licentious frivolity of the court, and stung the conscience of Isabella, seared and blackened with lust. But he paid for his aggression. Courtier and queen struck back, and Castelar was no longer the honored professor of Madrid.

His humiliation did not decrease his effort nor dampen his enthusiasm. Rostrum and press were still the engines of his genius. The leaven he scattered did its work. In '66 the soldiery of Madrid raised the standard of insurrection. Charged with complicity, Castelar fled to France, and for two years traveled over England and the continent, while the newspapers and magazines glowed with the heat of his phillipics. Down from the Pyrenees, rolled the molten torrent of his rhetoric, consuming the fabric of sophistry and hypocrisy woven by his opponents, and purging the mind of the Spanish people of the superstitious and hereditary reverence for pontiff and king. By the rebellion of '66, Isabella

became the exile; Castelar, the conquerer. Banishment had been his apotheosis. His return was a triumph. He lacked only captives to equal Roman pomp. Spoils he had in the fruits of his agitation, and among his firm supporters he had the whole of Republican Spain.

Entering the Cortes of the Provisional Government, he exerted all the forces of his heart and brain to amalgamate the scattered factions of the Republican Party against the Monarchists. In part he succeeded. Republican feeling ran high; the "Viva la Republica" of his followers met and rolled back the "Viva la Monarquia" of his opponents. But conservative Spain was not yet ready for Democracy. Castelar's eloquence might charm and thrill, but it could not convince the deputies of the practicability of a federal Republic. Under the proud title of Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, a son of Victor Emanual ascended the throne, only, after two years of confusion, misfortune and anarchy, to abdicate and leave Spain, known to the scornful hate of a recalcitrant people as "King Macaroni I."

Castelar's opportunity had now come. Constitutional monarchy, even under a mild and beneficent ruler, had failed to restore harmony and peace. Party strife had been increased. Family hates had been deepened. The national pride had been outraged by foreign insolence, and anarchy had reared its horrid front. "The great problem," said Castelar, "is to ally order with liberty." The result was the Spanish Republic of his dreams. Its birth was heralded by no clash of arms. It was the offspring of circumstances, the protege of peace.

Tranquil as has been its beginning, the course of the Republic is not to be smooth. Unforeseen difficulties arise. Hungry pensioners, snarling with disappointment, leap at the throat of the government. To the masses, the republic does not bring the expected Utopia. Figueras, the first president, remains in office four months, then leaves his country an exile; Margall and Salmeron resign after short tenures. National affairs are merging into chaos. The Republic is approaching dissolution. A leader is called for who can sway the minds of men. The mantle of dictatorship falls upon the shoulders of Castelar. Great are the difficulties that confront him; Priest and Carlist, Monarchist and Federalist, a serried array of opposition; the colonies writhing in revolt; a depleted treasury; jealousies and hates cleaving his own party into factions; the army, the instigator of sedition rather than

the guardian of order; a people so unschooled in popular government that they think of the suffrage as a decoration to be distributed by the Government at the bull-fights! No human power could have saved that Republic! But Castelar's struggle in the face of adverse fate was heroic. Against the lowering gloom of disaster the star of his genius gleamed even more resplendent, and when the Republic tottered to ruin before Pavia's guns, the sympathy and admiration of the world were with Castelar.

Declining to co-operate with demagogues, he departed, a voluntary exile, to France. The Republic was crushed. Constitutional monarchy succeeded. A scion of the degenerate Isabella mounted the throne. What must have been the grief of the illustrious exile to view the ruin of his hopes? Alas for his eloquence! How often had Spain trembled with its electric thrill! Yet, like the spirit in her ruddy wines, like the light in her maidens' eyes, it could only arouse and excite; it could not restrain and control!

Were his labors vain? Was it vain to inject into the withered body of Spanish civilization, deformed by superstition, benumbed by bigotry, dwarfed by ignorance, the quickening spirit of progress and reform? Was it vain, when anarchy had supplanted order, and license, moderation, to accomplish revolution without blood? Was it vain, in the face of bitterest opposition, with feeblest resources, with uncertain support, to preserve the freedom, the honor of his country, to leave it a Republic in essence, if not in name? The sympathy and admiration of every liberty-loving people on earth answers, "No!"

What Castelar has done, no other man in Spain could do. Why? Because a great man, the peer of statesmen, he is also the greatest orator of his age. His mental endowment and his physical conformation accord with the ideal equipment for eloquence. Of medium height and robust figure, his naturally erect carriage emphasizes the manly curve of his chest. A neck of taurine proportions, jaws square cut, great, dark eyes glowing with earnestness, the dome-like forehead of Shakespeare—this is Castelar. His voice ranges from the softest whisper to the fiercest thunder of rage. Clear, resonant, melodious, thrilling—it sweeps the gamut of human passion and draws within its thrall even those unacquainted with the Castilian tongue. His speech is sonorous and poetic, instinct with fervor and rhythm, majestic as Homer, musical as the splashing murmur of his native streams. To him, every age yields its secret. Before the eyes of his auditors, Rome

and Egypt, Palmyra and Carthage, live again. The policies and diplomacies, the histories and literatures of every European state, fused by the magic of his genius, are poured forth with inimitable fluency, in colors of fiery brilliancy, with an appalling outburst of passion.

Combining such gifts of eloquence, with preeminence in statesmanship, Castelar's genius is written in the glory of Spain *reformed, re-enfranchised, revivified*. 1808 saw a Bourbon and a Bonaparte wrangling over the Spanish throne; saw a divided people sunk in ignorance and superstition; saw Spain at the feet of France. 1888 saw the nine ministers, the president of Congress, every prominent man in the ascendent party and many in the opposition, sons of the people, and indebted for their eminence, not to royal favor, not to patrician birth, but to brilliant abilities, to democratic ideas of government, to a representative constitution. 1808 saw Spain in penury; 1888 saw her in prosperity. 1808 saw her barbarously fanatic; 1888 saw her liberally civilized. 1808 saw her enslaved; 1888 saw her free.

England boasts her Gladstone, but the great statesman could not wrest Irish autonomy from Britain's Parliament, the modern home of Civil Rights! Castelar planted the seeds of liberty in the heart of despotism and nursed them to successful fruition. France boasts her Gambetta, Germany her Bismarck, but Gambetta wreathed his country in mourning, and Bismarck bathed all Europe in blood. Castelar has given to the world the noble example of revolution free from the carnage of war.

A poet, every speech is an ode. A scholar, he is a marvel of versatility. An orator, he is the Demosthenes of the present age. A statesman, he has restored Spain to her ancient place among the nations, and made her a Republic in form. A patriot, he has dedicated his talents and his life to his country. A hero, he has survived and surmounted crushing defeat. A man, he wears no mark of avarice, no brand of crime, no stain of infamy, no stigma of sordid ambition. Rising far above the level of prejudice, of self-interest, of deception, he towers into the altitude of liberality, of philanthropy, and uncompromising truth. Sincerity, earnestness, manliness, courage—these are the foundations of his character. And when future ages shall gaze down the galleries of time, and pause before the statues of the illustrious dead, standing in the van of the nineteenth century, and holding in one hand the torch of liberty, in the other the olive of peace, will they see the colossal figure—Castelar.

JOHN BROWN.

BY CHARLES SIMONS.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION, 1897, marked third in Thought and Composition, and third in Delivery.]

Ideas are not temporal, they are eternal. They move onward through the ages shaping the destiny of worlds. Towering shafts and sculptured granite mark their course; the cross, the stake, and the gibbet are mile-stones in their progress. No Prophet of Nazareth now treads the shores of Galilee, the world no longer trembles at a Pope's decrees, and the clanking of the bondman's chains is heard no more: but the message of the cross dwells in the hearts of millions; a grateful world has sanctified the martyrs who, at the stake, delivered it from the bondage of fanaticism; and, in the age to come, the children of a liberated race will turn their gaze backward toward that gibbet which preaches to the world the brotherhood of man.

Every great movement has been consecrated by the blood of symbolic martyrs. So, in an age when men had wilfully shut their eyes to right and their ears to the reproving voice of conscience, then, breathing forth the spirit of Puritanism, exalting Justice above Law and Humanity above Patriotism, came a simple, brave old man, to throw himself against a continent for the sake of a principle and sanctify a gibbet by a death that was sublime. Who was this man who, in opposition to a nation, dared to be right? What was his life-work? And what his message?

1. It was at the dawn of a new century, that in the little village of Torrington, Connecticut, John Brown was born. A descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers and the grandson of a Puritan patriot who gave up his life in the Revolution for the cause of liberty, John Brown was by heritage destined to be a champion of freedom. His boyhood was passed in the backwoods of Ohio, where he became innured to the hardships of a pioneer life. He was of a naturally loving and sensitive disposition, and his mind early revolted at the thought of cruelty and suffering. When he was twelve years old, he saw a negro boy who had been kind to him, brutally whipped. All the compassion and resentment in his generous nature was aroused and, actuated by his sympathy for the negro, he swore, "Eternal war with Slavery," a vow which was to determine the course of a life and the fulfillment of a destiny. Youth ripened into manhood. Compelled to give up studying for

the ministry, Brown engaged in various occupations. But through all the vicissitudes of a restless career, one idea, one motive, one purpose, kept growing within him. Slavery was wrong—slavery must perish. It was opposed to his religion, his ancestral traditions, his worship for the Revolutionary heroes, his reverence for justice, and his love for his fellow-man. He felt that to oppose slavery was right, and for the right he stood ready to sacrifice his own life and the lives of those dear to him. Destiny had chosen him as a warrior for freedom. The conflict was inevitable. The sooner it came, the less disastrous its results and the more glorious its end.

11. Such was John Brown when, in 1854, the Kansas-Nebraska bill became a law. The struggle had begun. All eyes were turned toward Kansas. The South was determined to win the state for slavery. Slavery was the basic rock of its prosperity. Freedom was fanaticism. Armed bands from Missouri marched into Kansas, the polls were seized, a pro-slavery legislature elected, and the infamous Missouri statutes adopted. Free speech was made a crime. To assist a slave to escape meant death. Innumerable depredations were made under the guise of law. Men were brutally murdered. Towns were sacked. Whole families were driven from their homes, and soon throughout the the North rang the startled cries of "bleeding Kansas."

Those were the conditions when John Brown appeared upon the scene. The free-state men had found a leader, and the border ruffians were soon to learn that freedom had both heart and hand. The sun, rising over the banks of the Pottawatomie, revealed the dead bodies of five notorious border leaders. The pro-slavery ruffians were terrified and the whole state filled with horror. The deed was attributed to John Brown. Men whispered then that the act was murder, but posterity must judge differently. Consider that a state of actual warfare existed, that armed bands acting under authority from a usurping legislature had committed the most atrocious brutalities, and that the petitions of Kansas to the President and Congress had been slighted. Consider that these men had sworn to exterminate Brown and his sons, that justice was unheard of, and that the law afforded no protection. Consider, finally, that the act was necessary; that to secure to hundreds of free-state settlers the safety of their lives and property the border ruffians must be checked and taught to fear with their own weapons. Consider, and then judge whether this act of self-defense and vindication was murder. William Tell, killing Gessler

to protect his family, is a national hero. Oliver Cromwell, beheading a tyrant king to preserve the liberties of a people, receives the plaudits of posterity; and shall we deny a just verdict to the brave man who dared strike to defend himself and his sons, to save Kansas, and deal the first blow for the liberty of a fettered race?

That the act was necessary was shown by its results. The border ruffians were taught that outrage has its limits. Depredations ceased. Kansas became a fit habitation for free-men. Under the leadership of Brown, the pro-slavery men were defeated at Black Jack and Ossawatomie. Settlers flocked in from the North. The State was saved to freedom. The northward march of the slave-power was checked, and the first blow struck for the liberty of a down-trodden people.

But John Brown's work was not yet ended. Slavery remained. It was stretching its monstrous arms outward. It was reaching toward Cuba. Mexico was to come into its awful embrace. It sat enthroned at the capital, and from the bench of the Supreme Court, instituted to maintain justice and promote liberty, had gone forth the infamous decree, denying to four million Americans the rights of men. The slave trade had been revived, and from the dismal hold of the slave-ship went up the cries of wretched creatures, torn from their native soil and doomed to servitude in a foreign land.

But slavery had reached its zenith. Its triumphant advance was to be checked; the vow made in youth to be fulfilled. With the grim determination of a man of destiny and with a purpose hardened by a life-time of unflinching devotion to a great motive, John Brown steals forth, in the dead of night, hurls himself against slavery, against government, against law, and strikes the blow which is to mould the future of the nation and "shape the history of the world."

The news of Harper's Ferry flashes out upon the startled South. Virginia hurries her troops to the scene of action. The little band is shot down. John Brown, wounded and bleeding, is captured. Trembling for her safety, Virginia hurries the old man to his doom. Witness what monsters slavery can make of brave men. Dazed and weak from his scarcely-healed wounds, the old hero is carried to the court-room. There, lying on a pallet, unable to conduct his defense, he is tried, convicted, and sentenced. This not under the shadows of a despotic throne, but in the Commonwealth of Virginia! Listen to the simple eloquence of the old man as he

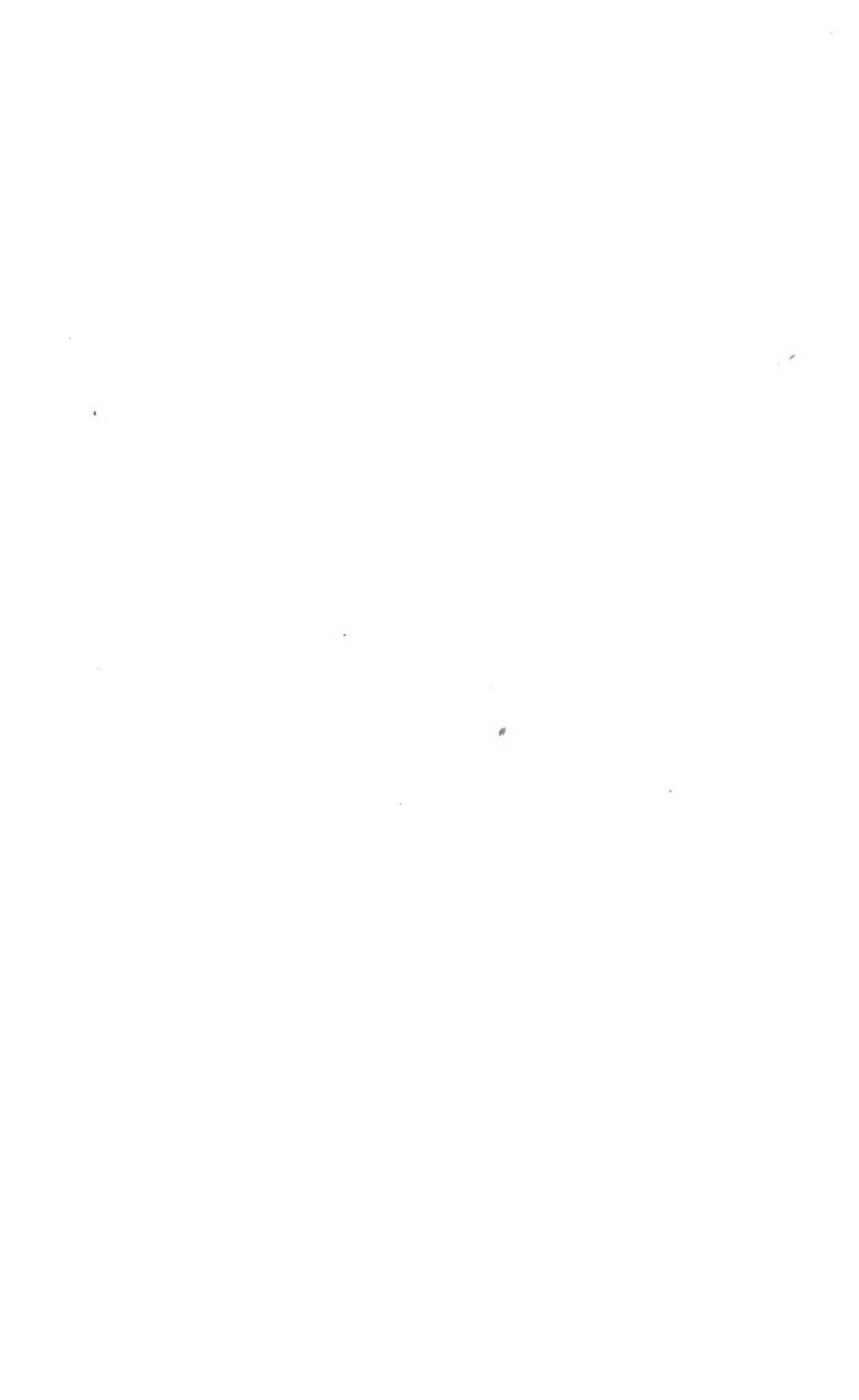
fies prostrate before the court, that eloquence which, showing to the world the motives for the deed, was to justify the doer. "I believe that to have interfered as I have done in behalf of God's despised poor was not wrong, but right. And now if it is necessary for me to mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave country, I submit."

Virginia, trembling with Jefferson at the thought of God's justice, surrounds the scaffold with her martial array. Upon that scaffold, stands John Brown, calm and erect. He has opposed the enactments of the State and must suffer death; but he has obeyed a higher law and his conscience is clear as that of a child. His plans have failed, but he knows what his death means to the cause of fettered millions, and is content. Virginia gives the signal, and the man who at Harper's Ferry was a madman, fanatic, traitor, becomes a martyred saint, consecrating a glorious cause.

III. Such is the story of John Brown's Raid and the vengeance which Virginia wreaked on him who had threatened her institutions. What was the message which this man gave to the world from Harper's Ferry and the scaffold? He taught the South that a new era had begun, that not by persuasion, threat, or rant, but by force was slavery to be exterminated. He showed to the North the weakness of slavery. An old man had thrown himself against it, and the whole structure had trembled to its base. He tore aside the deluding veil of compromise and revealed the spreading ulcer which was destroying the Union. He made the whole North blush and hide its head for shame at the picture of an old, gray-headed man, yielding his life without a murmur for the uplifting of a down-trodden race. He taught the world that man is the equal of his fellow-man. He fanned the latent fires of conscience, smouldering in a million breasts, and they were soon to burst into a mighty conflagration. Slavery would be consumed. The Nation would be purged. The States would be welded together in the white heat of civil war. Then should Freedom be more than a name, and Union no longer a mockery.

To the mournful music of tolling bells the body of John Brown was conveyed to its resting place in the heart of the Adirondacks. Wendell Phillips pronounced the funeral oration. Whittier sang his praises. Emerson and Thoreau exalted his motives, and all men, North and South, bore witness to the firmness of his purpose and the simple nobility of his character.

The South had slain the man, but the spirit which animated him was beyond the reach of earthly power. The body of John Brown lay mouldering in its mountain grave and mingling its dust with that of the eternal hills, but his spirit went marching on. It swept from ocean to ocean. It mingled its breath with the whispers of every breeze, with the surge of the Atlantic as it beat against Plymouth Rock, and the mountain echoes as they reverberated through a thousand caverns. It joined its voice to the sound of the woodman's ax, to the clang of anvils in the armories, and the ring of hammers in the gun-shops. It recruited armies. It blazed from the hot throats of the Union cannon. It stormed Vicksburg, it hovered over the field of Gettysburg, it swept up Lookout Mountain and over Missionary Ridge, and went with Sherman to the sea, and when at Appomattox it had fulfilled its mission and taken its flight heavenward, the lowering clouds of slavery and oppression parted, and forth in radiant glory burst the clear sun of EMANCIPATION.





CHARLES SIMONS

Charles Simons.

Charles Simons, the subject of this sketch, was born in the City of Detroit May 21, 1876. He was educated in the public schools of that city and was graduated from the High School in January, 1895. He entered by diploma to the University of Michigan in February of the same year and will graduate with the Senior Class in June, 1898. He is also pursuing studies in the Law School and expects to receive his degree from that department in 1900.

Mr. Simons has been actively interested in literary work ever since he entered the High School. For two years he was on the staff of *The Argus*, a well edited paper published in the Detroit High School. He became actively interested in the work of literary societies and organized the Detroit High School Congress. For two years he was chosen leader of the Senate debating team in their public discussions with representatives from the Lower House.

Nor has his interest abated since his entrance to the University. He has taken all the courses offered in public speaking and has embraced every opportunity to enter the oratorical contests. During his Sophomore year he won his class contest with an oration on "The Russian Autocracy" and secured fourth place in the University contest. The next year with an oration on "John Brown" he won the Junior contest, was awarded second honor in the final, and represented the University as alternate in the Northern League contest. In March, 1898, with the same oration he won first honor in the University, was awarded the Chicago Alumni Medal and the honor of representing Michigan in the contest of the Northern League.

In the League contest held at Evanston May 6, 1898, Mr. Simons was awarded first honor and the Peck testimonial of \$100, the seventh to win this distinction for Michigan since the League's organization in 1890.

Mr. Simons also holds the dual distinction of Class Orator of the Senior Class, and representative of his class on the Executive Committee of the Oratorical Association.

On the platform Mr. Simons, though under the medium height, is commanding and full of energy. He is possessed of an excellent voice and a strong physique. A tinge of the dramatic lends interest to his delivery; but he feels none the less deeply

what he is saying and his audience catch the same spirit. Full of his subject he allows nothing to interrupt the course of his thought, but urges his point directly and with all the energy at his command.

JOHN BROWN.

BY CHARLES SIMONS.

(See page 82).

[First Honor Oration in 1898 at the University of Michigan and in the Northern Oratorical League. In the former contest Mr. Simons was ranked third in Thought and Composition and second in Delivery; in the League contest, second in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery.]

POLARITY OF GOVERNMENT.

BY MONTIE LYONS WIERS.

[Second Honor Oration 1898, marked second in Thought and Composition and fourth in Delivery.]

Whether taken as fact or symbol the story of Noah embodies wonderful thought. As he and his sons stepped forth upon desolate Ararat they stood in a unique position. Noah could bequeath to each of those sons a continent, not by law, for there was no law, not under an emperor or a king, for there was none but God, but absolutely his own to rule as he saw fit. They were free, but as soon as other men appeared their freedom was hedged about and from that time to this man has been engaged in a ceaseless struggle for individual and social freedom.

Standing at the threshold of the twentieth century, it is but natural that we should look back and attempt to determine the main lines that this struggle has followed and thus attempt an answer to the questions, Whence come we? And in what direction is our face?

Two great principles have been involved; two courses of action, divergent at first, have been followed; the former in the direction of the development and freedom of the individual, the latter in the direction of the development of social organization or government. These two principles seem mutually exclusive, but the ideal state must include them both; it must be composed of individuals enjoying perfect freedom and yet in perfect harmony with each other.

The older nations aimed at the one or the other of these attainments exclusively. Greece cultivated the physical and intel-

lectual powers of the individual at the expense of social organization; while Rome sought for organization and law, but lost sight of the individual. In the annals of Greece, we find the names of great citizens, while in the annals of Rome, we find the names of great rulers. Look at these two countries and consider the result of their policies, as they each attempt with but a single oar to row up the stream of time. Glorious are their careers at first in their achievements for mankind.

Look at Greece, and remember her Marathon and Salamis where by her bravery she decided forever that not the despotism of the East but the freedom of the West was to shape and control the institutions of the future. Remember that Greece gave to the world, in her ecclesia, the first great model of democratic government, where every citizen had not only the right to speak but to vote on all questions. Remember also that Greece furnished the first line of great statesmen and orators, and crowned with myrtle, they ascended her bema and, trumpet-tongued, sent their clarion voices ringing down the ages.

Thus Greece lighted the beacon of individual freedom which was to shine out and bless many and distant shores, but in her ardor she kindled a flame destined to envelop her own institutions in conflagration and ruin. The convulsive struggles of party, the intrigues of factious association, the immoderate and unbridled liberty of all ranks exerted a crushing influence upon freedom. It caused the ostracism of Aristides and Themistocles; it compelled Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock and drove Demosthenes to suicide. It led to all the tragedy of Grecian history, for over every crumbling altar and column and over every tottering institution of Greece howled the demons of disunion. And the career of Greece shows nothing more plainly than that individual freedom unrestrained is not freedom and leads only to political disintegration.

Now look at Rome as she follows the opposite extreme. Her genius for law develops great national strength and creates vast organization. In her desire to rule she reaches out to Sicily and then toward Africa. Finally, her disciplined and resistless legions sweep round and completely encircle the Mediterranean and convert it into a Roman lake with its shores dotted by dependent cities and fortresses and swept in every direction by her war galleys.

As we watch this grand development we are thrilled with

admiration and we wonder how high and how far away the Roman eagles will gleam in their career of conquest. But even while wondering, we are startled by the wail of a hundred and fifty thousand of Rome's best citizens as they sink in the maelstrom of civil war between Marius and Sulla. A moment's silence and a hundred thousand more go down in the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey. The time had come when the desire for vast empire and broad sway had crowded out the consideration of the rights and the value of the citizen. As a result, the citizen became degraded, vice sprang up, society fell to the foulest depths of corruption; and as Rome sank in the darkness of the Middle Ages she had demonstrated to the world that great government cannot stand on the foundation of debased and neglected citizenship.

Greece tried in vain, though with splendid effort, to insure her existence by giving her citizens unrestricted freedom; Rome fell after creating a government in which individual interest was ignored and the citizen lost in the state. Thus the principle of individualism, unrestricted, had wrought ruin, while the principle of nationalism had proved equally destructive. But the darkness that was settling over the earth was not without a ray of hope. A light was springing up that was to blend these two conflicting principles. For during this period, a star appeared "in the East" and to the eyes of "wise men" as it moved across the sky it wrote the motto, "Love thy neighbor". This star seemed trivial then, but its light has grown, and by its aid we can now look not only across the narrow boundaries of states but across the seas and find in men not foes but brothers. It rendered possible the solution of the question of social organization, for through it these two principles, formerly so antagonistic, could be combined in a commonwealth where the freedom of the individual and the freedom of the state should develop together. It is the great foundation principle of all free government for it enabled men to see in government that all comprehensive law of the universe, the law of "unity in diversity."

When man had learned this true theory of government, Nature furnished him with a new and untouched country, in which to establish it, in her last and best gift to man, the gift of America. And here in the wilderness, in the heart of Nature, but separated from civilization by the rolling Atlantic, Americans worked out and introduced to the world that great discovery in political science, a representative republican system. And soon we see inscribed

on the banners that floated out over those thirteen young republics the device, "United we stand, divided we fall." This spirit and practice of union together with representative government marks an epoch in human affairs, a discovery in the great science of social life, compared with which every other advance sinks into insignificance. It was the divine inspiration under which our fathers began the great work which is still in progress and still must be continued to discharge the duty America owes the world in furnishing the example of a free commonwealth.

Trace for a moment the development of these two principles in our late history. At the end of the Revolution the tendency was toward nationalism. The attention of all was called to questions of organization. Men began to appreciate that a government had not sprung up full grown amid the scenes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown, but that only a beginning had been made and much must be accomplished to start along right lines of development.

Quite different the state of affairs just before the Civil War. Then the tide was running strong towards sectionalism. The union was in jeopardy. From the two great sections of our country men rushed together in battle. The heavens shook with the thunder of war. The lightning of God's wrath flashed across the storm-swept sky and melted the shackles from the slave, and a shout of joy raised by four million freedmen reached the very dome of heaven. The agitation of the slavery question was the very essence of the principle of individualism, while the right of secession was as vitally a question of nationalism. And although we look back upon the great Rebellion and tremble as we think of its possible results, yet in the light of today, we know that our country was advancing by great strides along the lines of both national and individual freedom.

Since the war there has been a marked tendency toward centralization of government. Along with this has come the centralization of capital and industries and population. But while this great centralizing movement has been going on, the individual has not been forgotten. And the crowning glory of our position at the close of the nineteenth century is that the same causes are favorable to the development both of individual and national freedom. By the aid of steam and electricity and under the harmonizing effects of Christianity America has forged ahead of all other nations in working out the co-ordination of these two great

principles of government. And with just pride we point to her as embodying the largest liberty, the purest Christianity, the highest civilization, and the greatest physical basis for empire.

Standing thus at the dawn of the twentieth century, we hear whisperings of a new era in which individual and social demands shall be realized in a free commonwealth. Not that America will not have many and serious questions to settle in the twentieth century. But these questions will be decided in battles fought and won by an enlightened public sentiment. They will be fought around the hearthstone, in the street, in the legislature, in the halls of Congress, every where that this spirit of individuality and brotherhood is springing up.

Imagine a battle line. On one side put Cromwell and his "Ironsides", reinforce them with Leonidas and the three hundred Spartans and Xerxes and the "Ten Thousand Immortals"; on the right put the old Swiss guard who stood like the granite of their Alps and reinforce them with the old guard of Napoleon who knew how to die but not how to surrender; then on the left put all the other famous armies of history reinforced by all those brave troops whose valor is unknown, and their united and colossal strength would prove but weakness in face of the splendid triumphs to be won by this new spirit in society. "An invasion of armies", says Victor Hugo, "can be resisted but not so an invasion of ideas."

As the supreme factor of brotherhood alone could make possible the development of individualism in nationalism, so now above every other law and in glowing letters that shall burn themselves into the very soul of her last citizen, America will write the motto, "Love thy neighbor". Under this grand impulse her citizens will rise above self and above parties and politics in a noble effort to lift up their sinking fellowmen and "promote the general welfare." No vain imagination this, but a great fact now beginning to be realized and which future history will record as the beginning of a great epoch. As surely as that summer flowers shall bloom where snows have lately drifted a new era will dawn upon society; an era in which the poorest citizen shall have in his social rights an heritage infinitely greater than the lone men who looked out from Mt. Ararat upon possessions bounded only by the oceans.

The co-ordination of individualism and nationalism is coming. The stars in their courses are making silent appeals for it. Nature with her million voices is eloquently pleading for it. The whispers of the dawning century answer the demands of the present with

promises of it; and America is swinging slowly, yet with resistless momentum towards it, for it has received its impetus from the hand and will of God. And we hail the day when the peoples and classes of our great commonwealth shall stand united and free in the full glory of that era which Christ heralded to the world nineteen centuries ago.

SECTIONALISM.

BY FREDERICK EUGENE RHEINFRANK.

[This oration received first rank in Thought and Composition but sixth in Delivery.]

Self-interest is a chief factor in shaping man's actions. Its history is the history of the world. In the political sphere, the national self-interest is opposed to the local. There is a tendency to supersede national interests by those of local character, to sacrifice the welfare of the nation to the less momentous objects of the locality. This tendency we call Sectionalism.

Sectionalism has operated as a distinct and gigantic force since the birth of political organization. It has infused itself as a disintegrating element into the fabric of all governments. Switzerland had been for decades the arena of public turmoil. When, in the fifteenth century, disputes arose as to the admission of new cantons, sectional impulse was dominant. The strife waxed hot. The Forest Cantons were ready to do battle with their municipal sisters. Civil war was about to burst forth, when suddenly there was a lull in the excitement. Reason became master of passion. Arbitration was resorted to, and the Swiss Confederacy was snatched from the brink of dissolution.

Not so in the case of Poland. This once powerful nation whose pulse bounded with the thrill of patriotism, could not check the accursed disease that finally took possession of her every fibre. When local interests were made supreme, when all general legislation ceased, the barriers that obstructed the path of the invader were thrown down; Russia, Prussia, and Austria marched in over the ruins; they found only the shadow of a monarchy; a people disunited, discordant, and exhausted. Poland had already fallen; her neighbors had only to appropriate the spoils.

Yet Poland was not the first example of a country's suicide! Rome and Greece had centuries before been victims of self-destruction. What was it that overthrew the Roman Republic at

Phillippi? What was it that undermined the power of Greece and stifled that common cause which had turned the Persian hosts at Marathon and Thermopylae? I ask, was it the strength of the Macedonian phalanx or was it the weakness and dissension in the republican army that lost the day at Chaeronea, and sounded the knell of Grecian liberty and Grecian greatness?

Thus did sectionalism seal the doom of the two greatest governments of the ancient world. It did more than this. It stunned for centuries the sacred principles of republicanism. Experience had branded popular sovereignty a failure, and despotism came forth triumphant as the only practical form of government.

But finally when the haze of an older civilization cleared away; when education became more widely diffused; when the lower classes began to groan under the yoke of tyranny; when the horrors of persecution were pushed to their utmost limit, republicanism slowly revived from its stupor, and the rights of the common people of Rome and Greece again asserted themselves. The Magna Charta; the House of Commons; the General Assemblies of Europe, restricting the control of monarchy more and more; the spread of the new learning; the downfall of feudalism; the growth of the free Italian cities; the severance of persecuted dependencies from their oppressors,—these are but marks of that gradual restoration of the principles that grant equal rights to all and special privileges to none.

When our own republic took her place among the nations, the blessings of liberty were guaranteed to all. But were these blessings unalloyed? No, the germs of the disease that had gnawed into the vitals of Rome and Greece had taken root in the body politic of America. The Old World had transmitted her affliction to the New. Sectionalism existed among our forefathers long before there was any thought of a Union. Most favorable were the conditions for its development. The continent was colonized by competing nations; it became the very home of diversity of social, religious, and industrial pursuits. At first, each settlement was a world in itself; each settler confined his ideas, his efforts, and his sympathies to his immediate environment. The resources of one section were totally different from those of another. How natural was it, then, that a feeling of jealousy and rivalry should be aroused when the different types of people were brought face to face! How powerful must have been the tendency toward Sectionalism when the colonies were incorporated under the federal

constitution! How enormous its influence upon the history of our institutions!

Whence came that resistance to the Articles of Confederation at a time when combined effort was of such vital importance? Whence that struggle for the Constitution? What demon was it that inflamed the members of the Hartford and Nashville conventions? What was it that aroused the framers of the Nullification Ordinance of South Carolina? What was the deeper meaning of that bitter slavery controversy, of that stupendous civil war which ravaged our country from lake to gulf and shook the throne of liberty to its very foundations? I answer that all these baneful results, these failures to crush out the selfish interests incompatible with the weal of the nation were the products of sectional fanaticism.

There is another force in the political world, whose career has been grander, nobler than that of Sectionalism. Out of the gloom of the mediæval period, out of the chaos of feudal society, there emerged a new unit, the nation. Reorganization had set in. People began to combine on the basis of common religion, common language, common hopes and fears. No longer were the masses of Europe in a degrading state of serfdom; no longer did the right of property belong exclusively to the nobility. Under the new system, men engaged in war, not at the caprice of a feudal superior, not as slaves, but in defense of their homes, their families, their liberties, their nation. The chords of a national consciousness were put in vibration. The fire of patriotism was kindled; it spread through every land, through every clime. The welfare, the glory, the honor of the nation became the sacred heritage of each succeeding generation. The spirit of nationalism had ascended to the pinnacle of power. It gave us our constitution; it was the battle-cry of the Federalists; it was the trumpet-call that summoned thousands to defend the Union and to liberate the negro from his loathsome bondage; it was the spirit that hovered over the battle-field of Gettysburg; that turned the tide of the war from reverse to victory; that came forth after five years of fearful uncertainty the annihilator of the greatest sectional issue of the age.

Nationalism appreciates the purposes of organization; Sectionalism confines its efforts to the immediate surroundings: the one is constant, and enters as a factor into the consideration of all political questions; the other permits us to think of a common

country only when there is impending danger from without: the one concentrates, builds up, protects; the other divides, tears down, demolishes: the one promotes civilization, teaches man to live for his fellowmen; the other consumes the higher faculties of the mind in furthering the ends of localism and selfishness.

Contemplate with me the conditions under which we live; the comparative isolation of our continent from the contaminating evils of the old world; the vastness and intricacy of our industrial system; the marvellous productivity of our soil; the efficiency of our transportation agencies, of our means of communication; the distribution of our public schools; the broad diffusion of knowledge; and all else that tends to develop a community of interests; and then consider the antagonism toward sectional influence that should exist among a people so closely connected and so mutually dependent.

Today we have a democracy constantly growing in strength and magnitude; today we have a republic not rivalling, but surpassing kindred governments of ancient times; today, the watch-word is hope, the keynote of our happiness is prosperity, and the outlook for a glorious future is inseparably connected with conservatism of parties and the rule of the whole people. Tomorrow, all may be changed. Tomorrow, our passions may leap the bounds of conservatism—they did once, they may do so again; tomorrow, the term “Our Country” and the emotions and impulses to which it gives rise may be grossly interpreted to mean our immediate circle. Little thought Poland that her Liberum Veto was paving the way to her downfall. Little cared Greece that the Peloponnesian war was sapping her life’s blood and undermining her power of resistance to foreign nations. Little did a Marius, a Sulla, a Cæsar, or a Pompey think of a beloved country when goaded by ambition to become the leader of a faction!

What then is the responsibility devolving upon our citizenship? Is it to retain and give prominence to those old geographical lines that rouse a feeling of antagonism between the different sections; or is it to obliterate those lines, and promote a unity of purpose and action? Is it to support legislation which tends to develop the few to the detriment of the many; or is it to condemn those measures that do not conform to the general good? Is it to send men to the federal Congress representing primarily a particular section or locality; or is it to give them their commission first of all as Americans? Is it to stimulate and propagate that perni-

cious tendency toward Sectionalism, or is it to instill into hearts and minds the sublime spirit of Nationalism?

You have already made reply. The pillars that bear up American nationality are the pillars that sustain American liberty. The principles that have guided our state through the storms of a century, are the principles that must guide it forever. Ours is the sacred obligation to watch over, to preserve, to defend them. May we not betray this trust. May we leave as a monument to our efforts a country, no longer torn by sectional strife, no longer impeded by a lack of unanimity of interests, but one whose flag will be the emblem for all future generations of a united, prosperous, and progressive republic.

Martin Henry Carmody.

Martin Henry Carmody is of Irish parentage and was born on a farm near Grand Rapids, Michigan, January 23, 1872. He attended district school rather irregularly until he was fourteen years of age, and for the next six years helped his father on the farm.

In the fall of 1892 he entered the Northern Indiana Normal School where he remained three years in preparation for college. While at Valparaiso he became much interested in debating and oratory, receiving there his first systematic instruction in elocution. As soon as he entered the Normal he became an active member of the Crescent Literary society, and in the spring of 1895 was chosen orator for their anniversary program. During the same year he was selected by the citizens of Valparaiso to deliver an address on Washington's Birthday.

In the autumn of 1895 he entered the Freshmen class of the University of Michigan, and expects to graduate in June, 1899, with the degree of Ph. B. He is also a member of the Law Department in the combined Literary and Law courses and expects to receive his Law degree in two years.

Mr. Carmody has been equally active in oratory since he entered the University. Besides a two years' course in the elements of elocution and the study of great orators and their sources of power, he has been a leading member and once was president of the Alpha Nu Literary Society. He represented his society in the debates leading to the inter-collegiate contests, and from the one hundred contestants who sought to represent the University in the Pennsylvania-Michigan debate he was chosen as one of the three who should sustain the honor of their Alma Mater, and shared equal honor with his colleagues in the defeat of the strong debaters from the University of Pennsylvania.

In February, 1899, Mr. Carmody entered the preliminary contests leading to the Northern Oratorical League. He won his class contest and in the annual University contest won First Honor which carries with it the Chicago Alumni medal and testimonial of seventy-five dollars, and the right to represent the University in the final contest of the Northern Oratorical League.

His style of speaking is essentially persuasive. Powerful in physique, commanding in presence, graceful in gesture, possessed



MARTIN HENRY CARMODY

of a strong sympathetic voice there is little left to wish for from the physical standpoint. His diction is clear and well-chosen, his sentences rhythmic and incisive, his climaxes well-balanced and strong. Full of energy that comes of conviction and with a directness that springs from personal interest in his audience he arouses genuine enthusiasm in his hearers.

PATRICK HENRY.

BY MARTIN HENRY CARMODY.

[First Honor Oration, 1899, marked Second in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery in the University contest; and sixth in Thought and Composition and fourth in Delivery in the Northern Oratorical League Contest].

Revolutions are the mile-stones that mark the pathway of progress. The ideals of one age become the realities of the next. Every change has left behind evidences of a death-struggle between old systems and new ideas; but truth has always conquered, and from age to age great moral heroes have arisen, who standing alone, undaunted by axe or gibbet, have denounced the evil, falsehood, and injustice a past age had imposed.

The last half of the eighteenth century was a period of revolution. Throughout the world the belief was struggling for expression that freedom was man's heritage, not his privilege; that kingship was not a divine right granted to make slaves of men; that the humblest toiler of the earth should be as free as the haughtiest prince upon the throne. The belief was universal, it was the out-growth of the philosophy of the age. In Europe it threatened destruction^{*} to every king and court; royalty trembled at its advance; the peasant rising from the drudgery of his toil, looked hopefully into the face of his fellow-laborer, and believed himself a man.

To secure freedom men had left home and country. The shackles of despotism followed them. The winds that brought the Mayflower to Plymouth Rock brought later the decrees of George III. America with its undiscovered lands could give to oppressed manhood no refuge from the exactions of degraded royalty. A crisis had come. A people stood hesitating where the ways parted. A leader was needed who dared step forth for right and justice and oppose the mandates of a king. In reverence I approach this period of our history. I know that this is sacred

ground, and hesitate lest my acts be sacrilegious. What a galaxy of great men! What a cause they championed! The Hancocks, the Adamses, the Franklins, the Lees, and towering over all, the calm, serene Washington. But I leave these giants to speak to you of one who stands apart from all others—the tribune of the people, the orator of the revolution, the genius of the age,—Patrick Henry.

The story of Henry's life is simple. His speeches have made us familiar with the woods and streams around his humble Virginia home. We know his mother, intellectual, pious, loving; his father, earnest, thoughtful, patriotic. We follow him through a life that changed as duty or necessity called him,—from the idle hunter and dreamer to the unsuccessful shop-keeper, from the farm to the bar, from the legislative assembly to the camp, and from the executive of the Old Commonwealth to the councils of the newborn Nation.

Henry first came before the people in the “Parsons' Cause.” Here was an opportunity to express the deep truths which filled his heart. Was the tithe system, so baneful in the Old World, to be fastened on the New? King and Church said “Yes.” Henry dared say “No.” He denounced the exorbitant dues the church imposed, and the king's veto by which they were continued. He proclaimed in that rude court-room, before hardy and uncultured planters, the broadest principles of Republicanism. He wove no subtle fabric from the inconsistencies of law, no sophistries to mislead the mind, but on the basic rock of Right he rested every claim, and there relied for justice. He pleaded with his countrymen to strike down the tyrant wherever found, and above life to cherish liberty. Better no church, no state than that men should bow beneath the oppressor's yoke. Henry looked beyond the present issue. He recalled the follies of the past, the blood-stained fields, the block, the gibbet and the stake; he heard the wail of anguish, the cry of despair, the sob of speechless woe; he saw the blight and ruin oppression had wrought, and with a candor that knew no compromise crushed the tyranny of church and state, which for centuries had held back the progress of the world.

The people of Virginia now chose Henry to fight their battles in the Assembly. Parliament, prompted by a stubborn king, was determined to crush the colonies. In Boston mutterings of dis-

content were heard. No one yet spoke of independence, but the embers of revolution smouldering in the hearts of thousands were soon to burst into a mighty conflagration. The Stamp-act was passed. British subjects, whose birthright entitled them to all the privileges of Magna Charta and English Common Law, were compelled to place upon their every act the mark of serfdom and slavery. But men cannot suffer thus. The Anglo-Saxon race may submit to cruel laws, but Anglo-Saxon blood can never be enslaved. Would Virginia permit this usurpation of her rights? Would the Assembly see liberty destroyed? It was the day before the close of the session. Henry could wait no longer. The Assembly must not adjourn without action. He hastily drew up a set of resolutions and placed them before the members. They were opposed by a large majority. Many thought to pass them would be treason. Henry was undaunted. Opposition lead by the most learned and conservative men could not awe the young patriot. Believing that the honor and liberty of a continent hung upon those resolutions, he rose to defend them. He spoke what his heart prompted, what his high sense of justice and liberty taught him, and in eloquent tones pleaded for English rights, for liberty, for home and country. The resolutions were passed. A peasant had sprung from obscurity to guide the sages, awe the aristocracy, and hurry the colonies to an unlooked-for and un hoped-for emancipation.

With a mind schooled amid the teachings of nature, a language majestic in its simplicity, a voice that ran the gamut of human passion, and whose every tone thrilled the heart, Henry stood before the mute Assembly a creature of loftiest sentiment, a genius inspired of God. Fearless and undaunted he stood while about him rang the cry of "Treason, treason"; fearless and undaunted he hurled back upon proud Britain and her monarch the perfidious acts of a century, and upon all Europe the empty forms and shams which had so long enslaved the race. Fearless and undaunted he stood alone, the courage of a martyr in his blood, the wisdom of a prophet on his lips; freedom was his theme, justice his motto, truth his guide, and God his trust.

Such was Henry's speech before the Assembly. What were its results? A continent heard and was enraptured. His words rang forth from the plantations of Virginia and were echoed back from New England's hill. They called together conventions and

congresses, and inspired the Declaration. On the battlefields of the Revolution they were heard above the roar of musketry and canon, they cheered the soldiers in the hour of gloom, they filled with devotion every patriotic heart, they revived anew a nation's hope, until, worn and weary, men at last laid down their arms, not conquered, but unconquerable — no longer subjects, but Americans.

But the spirit of liberty was not local, it was universal. Europe groaning under the burdens of monarch, priest, and noble had awakened from its long stupor, and now by word and act proclaimed its beliefs. French patriots witnessed the freedom of the American colonies, and bursting all bonds declared that "Reason, not Royalty, must rule; that all men should be equal, and no man should be king." Alas for Reason! Too long imprisoned it had turned to madness. The hot breath of revolution swept over the continent. Old systems were shaken to their foundations, but not destroyed. Royalty was again enthroned. Yet these struggles were not in vain. The fire of liberty, kindled by a spark of American patriotism, was not to be extinguished. It has burned on, brighter and ever brighter. It made possible constitutional government throughout the German states, it organized a liberal party in England, it established Republicanism in France. It united the people of Italy, liberated the colonies of Spain, freed the serfs of Russia, enfranchised the slaves of America, and to the down-trodden of every race it gives hope for the future.

Looking back upon the achievements of a century, dare we place to the honor of one man all the conquests liberty has won? Are the names of Washington, Lincoln, Gambetta, and L'Overture to be forgotten? The voice of freedom from every nation and every clime answers, "No." Let poets in tenderest odes sing their praises: let towering shafts of whitest marble perpetuate their memory; let all nations where freedom reigns and liberty is dear pay reverence to the illustrious dead. Their names have glorified the history of our age; but standing in the gray light of a past century is the figure of that sublime man who made this history possible. We look upon a river's rushing current and forget the source that gave it birth; so in watching the onward course of liberty we may sometimes forget the man who one day stood alone and dared to speak the truth; dared to speak what men believed,

but no one yet had spoken; dared to look into the future, and despite its deepening gloom, speak

"One new word of that grand *credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned."

Humanity owes to Henry a debt it can never repay. His fearlessness accomplished what subtle state-craft could not do. The world is little moved for good or evil by the sober second-thought of the cloister, but sparks struck off from an intellect glowing with the heat of its own activity light the way into the future, and direct the course of after thought. Cæsar, plunging into the Rubicon, exclaimed, "The die is cast," and the Roman world knew it had a leader; Luther, burning the papal bull before the gates of Wittenberg, inflamed the minds of Europe, and a new era was begun; Patrick Henry, standing before the Virginia Assembly, made definite the issue between Great Britain and the Colonies, and from that moment a nation dates its birth.

*Centered in this inspired man were all the powers and possibilities of orator, statesmen, patriot, and prophet. We see him unawed and active where others hesitate; hopeful when to hope is vain; confident, yet always modest; combining with the genius of his nature the better qualities of common sense; a leader in a period when great leaders must be led; swaying men's minds with a matchless eloquence, in which are pictured all the lights and shadows of human passion, the hopes, fears, loves and ambitions of the soul. He was a man given to the world in God's own time. He came from obscurity, a divine message on his lips, accomplished his mission and passed away, leaving to the world a memory half mortal and half myth, a memory that shall endure as long as the liberty he proclaimed. Monuments raised to mark great deeds crumble and decay, nations pass away and the songs of their people are forgotten, but within the hearts of every freedom-loving race will live the memory of this humble peasant, this untutored child of nature, this earnest, broad-minded, God-loving, God-inspired man—PATRICK HENRY.

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY FRANK DWIGHT EAMAN.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION, 1899, marked first in Thought and Composition and second in Delivery.]

To be unpopular is often to be great. We go to martyrs' graves to find those forces which move the world and shape man's destiny. Persecution and torture and the prison cell, with all their horrors, have proven instruments of human blessing. Blindly to follow the dictates of a conceited age is no mark of greatness. To him who boldly faces the opposition of a generation, who counts his life worth living only as it enables him to stand for truth and principle; who scorns persecution; who courts disfavor; who mutely bears ridicule and insult, violence and death to defend a cause of right; to him alone is due the title—great. These men in any age or generation we number on the fingers of one hand. And who may they be? They, indeed, who march ahead of the world's mighty army and direct its course; they who make ideas; they whose vision penetrates the future; the founders of nations, the leaders of men, the martyrs of principle, the kings among thousands.

Such a man was Charles Sumner. Alone, he battled for the right. Alone he struggled, suffered, died. But melancholy as the story of his life-work reads, the cause for which he stood was broad as human freedom. To him was sent that greatest gift of God to man—opportunity. Opportunity not to win the plaudits of the multitude; not to put forth his efforts to satisfy the public clamor; his was the opportunity to defend a weak, despised, rejected cause, the emancipation of the slave.

1. It was in the year 1845 that Charles Sumner, a struggling attorney in the city of Boston, took his stand as an enemy of slavery. As he advanced towards the battle, already the forlorn hope of freedom had made its brave charge. Lovejoy was dead. The Alton mob had silenced the freedom of the press. To speak one's thoughts, if those thoughts were against slavery, was to endanger life itself. Already, liberty-loving Boston had seen a broadcloth mob surge down her streets, sworn to silence a liberator's press and hang the editor. The appeals of the South were growing strong; "Annex Texas! Maintain the national honor! Forward, to the

Rio Grande!" Blinded by patriotism, the North did not see the subtle wiles of slavery. A war with Mexico was assured. Its clouds were lowering. Amid these conditions, Sumner was asked by the people of Boston to speak to them on Independence day. He was known as a conservative and a scholar, but his past was to be forgotten. For he had seen that war with Mexico meant the extension of slavery's dominion. The time had come when a blow must be struck for freedom. Ostracism, opposition, failure, martyrdom awaited him, but he could not falter when a consciousness of the wrongs of four million suffering beings said he was right.

Before a multitude of Boston's citizens assembled for the one purpose of urging on war with Mexico, Sumner spoke these words: "The true honor of a nation lies in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In our age there is no peace that is not honorable, there is no war that is not dishonorable." Those words, hurled forth in the face of jeers and hisses, against slavery, in defiance of the public sentiment of the North, told the world that that day a man was born, that freedom had won a champion.

Sumner realized that the triumphs of freedom had to be accomplished, if at all, through the medium of political organization. For years he labored hard to have the old Whig party incorporate the principle of opposition to slavery. But never while the friends of slavery decided every move of Congress; never while the friends of slavery dictated the decisions of the Supreme Court; never while slavery itself dominated morality and religion; never while Webster, the idol of the Whig party, was opposed to it, could freedom become incorporated in the platform of the Whigs. A new party must be formed willing to uphold right for right's sake.

At the instance of Sumner, a few 'conscience' Whigs met together and the Free Soil party was born. Its platform was simple: "Free soil, free speech, free thought, free men." Its beginnings were most humble. Its few supporters were branded agitators, revolutionists, demagogues. But little did the men of Massachusetts dream that soon that infant organization would take on man's strength. Little did they realize that in four short years Charles Sumner would follow Webster to the Senate on the open platform of abolition, pledged to no policy but that dictated by his own convictions. Little did they realize that the few lost votes would double and treble and multiply until New England and the solid

North stood forever bound to the eternal principles of that humble party. Little did they realize that already in the West a man was fast developing into maturity who was to become its standard bearer and by its sanction and the sanction of the North to declare the slave forever free.

But such is the progress of ideas. They gather slowly on the world's horizon like the few scattered clouds at noonday. At first they are only visible to the few. The world moves on unconscious of their coming. But soon with irresistible force they sweep across a continent, conquering, terrifying, revolutionizing, liberating, with the awful grandeur of the tropic storm.

II. When Sumner entered the Senate, a new policy of aggression was ushered in. Heretofore compromise had dominated every move of Congress. But the day for compromise was past. No longer was slavery content with its narrow limits. Texas, that vast expanse of conquered territory, had only made one state. California was free. Slavery was prohibited in the District of Columbia. The Omnibus Bill, reluctantly accepted by all sides, had availed nothing. The South seemed already to hear the knell of slavery. No theory was too radical, no threat too strong, no measure too severe for it to advance. Months passed by with Sumner silent in his chair. The South thinking opposition crushed, made haste to pass a new fugitive slave law, more sweeping in its declaration than any act of Congress yet adopted. But Summer had been waiting to meet the issue face to face. Then all the passion of his nature, which during these months of silence had been slumbering in his breast, burst forth. Never yet had such a speech been heard within the walls of Congress. Men had opposed slavery on the grounds of policy and the constitution, but never had a man appeared who dared to oppose slavery simply and solely because it was wrong. Week in, week out; month in, month out; year in, year out Summer fought the monster slavery. Whether struggling for hours to gain recognition from the chair or opposing every measure calculated to extend slavery's dominion; whether urging on hesitating friends or beating back insulting enemies, he struck with all his might. And into each blow went the conscious force of a man sworn to the abolition of human slavery.

But fate had signaled him to be a martyr, to pour forth blood as well as words. Douglas, blinded to everything but the presidential chair, had introduced his famous measure offering to the

South, as an expedient, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, opening all the northwest to slavery. Eagerly was it seized by every Southern leader. It seemed as if the South must triumph so plausible were the theories, so alluring the promises of "squatter sovereignty." Even enemies of slavery trembled at the threat, that if the measure were not passed, the South would secede.

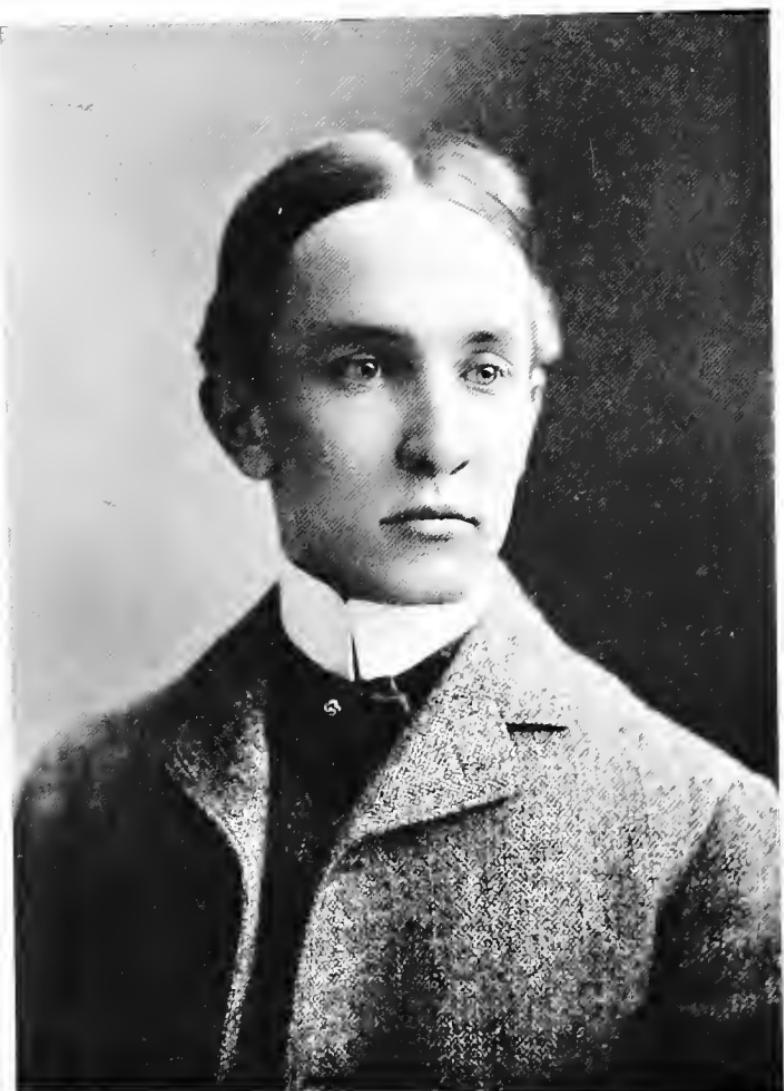
The crisis had come. Over the questions now assuming form, the fate of the Union was to hang. Were sectional interests greater than those of the nation? Could a state by a mere declaration withdraw itself from the Union? The South confidently answered yes! The Northwest must be opened to slavery or the Union must break! Trembling with the responsibility of his position; angered by the atrocities of the South; fired by the insults heaped upon him, Sumner arose to contribute his greatest effort to the cause of freedom. He heard the moans of "bleeding Kansas" He saw the ruffian bands, who, under the guise of law were perpetrating unheard of wrongs. He saw how in a few short years slavery would extend to that territory consecrated by the North to freedom. He saw the madness, the blindness, the inhumanity of Southern leaders. He saw the time approaching when slavery would be no longer sectional but national. With all the energy of his giant's strength, he placed himself in opposition to the bill. The South then heard the greatest arraignment of its crimes yet urged before the congressional bar. It heard the condemnation of its wrongs. It felt a burning sense of guilt and shame; but might made right, the Kansas-Nebraska bill became a law.

III. And Sumner, because he dared to oppose expediency, wherein was embodied a principle that was wrong, became a martyr. Words could not silence him. For twelve years the South had directed their shafts towards him and he had remained impregnable. But the great oak cannot always stand. Though it may survive the winter's storms, at last it falls before the woodman's axe. So Sumner, invincible in all the strife of honorable warfare, at last succumbed to a ruffian's blows.

But it was not Sumner alone, who was thus struck down. Massachusetts felt the blow that felled him to the Senate floor. Every friend of freedom felt its sting. And from the chair for three years vacant went forth a mute eloquence more powerful

than words, that told what crimes the men supporting slavery could commit. Thenceforth men saw that might alone, not words, could keep the union safe. The vision of fraternal strife was awful, but it was inevitable, for worse than civil war was slavery.

Sumner has been called a man of one idea. Men charge him with obstinacy and conceit. But what can be more noble than to tune one's life to the keynote of freedom? What had the cause of freedom lost were there no Sumner, firm, unyielding, self-conscious, moving not for any wave of anger, listening to no seductive whispers of compromise? Where are the Sumners of our day? Where the men willing to fight for needed reforms, though compelled to look in blackest night to see the dawn? Where the men who in the face of the materialism and arrogance of our age dare to renounce self-interest for the cause of humanity? Where the men glad to be unpopular when to be unpopular is right? Where the men who see degradation wherever there is servility, and slavery wherever there is a subject people ruled by force? Where the men to put principle above trade and honor above soil? Let us hope that the forces which control our destiny have given to this age and generation a few who dare to be unpopular, who dare to defy public sentiment, and stand with Charles Sumner, towering contributions to the timeless principle that greater than might or wealth, or power or fame is RIGHT.



GEORGE WENDELL MAXEY

George Wendell Maxey.

George Wendell Maxey is a native of Forest City, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1878. He was educated in the public schools of that city, and later entered the Mansfield, Pennsylvania, State Normal School to prepare for college.

While at the Normal Mr. Maxey took great interest in public speaking, and became prominent in affairs of school enterprise. He won first honor in oratory, and was chosen to the presidency of the Students' Lecture Association of the school. At the graduation exercises in his senior year he was the class orator.

In the fall of 1898 Mr. Maxey entered the University of Michigan as a candidate for the degree of B. L., and at once identified himself with the work in oratory and debating. In the spring of his freshman year he won his place as leader of the Adelphi debating team, which represented the Literary Department in the annual Inter-department Cup Debate. The next year, as a sophomore, Mr. Maxey entered the preliminary oratorical contests with an oration on "Webster's Reply to Hayne." He secured first place in his class contest and represented his class in the annual University contest, held in University Hall on the evening of March 23, 1900. Here the high order of his thought and the excellence of his composition enabled him to triumph over his more seasoned opponents, and he was awarded First Honor and the Chicago Alumni Medal and Testimonial, it being the second time in the history of the University contests that such award has been made to a sophomore.

By virtue of this victory Mr. Maxey represented Michigan in the tenth annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League, held at Madison, Wis., May 4, 1900. At this contest he was given third rank and was marked highest of all the contestants in delivery.

Mr. Maxey's method of speaking is most pleasing. His style is clear, compact, pointed, and vigorous, abounding in antithesis and epigram. Possessed of a rich deep voice, commanding graceful action, and an earnestness that comes of conviction, he at once wins favor with an audience and holds their attention to the end of his speech.

WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

BY GEORGE WENDELL MAXEY.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION IN 1900 in the University of Michigan contest, receiving first place in Thought and Composition, and second in Delivery. In the League contest it received third rank; being marked first in Delivery and sixth in Thought and Composition.]

The decisive battles of the world have not all been conflicts of arms. I am to speak to you of a battle decisive of a nation's fate in which intellects clashed and argument grappled with argument.

Through all the early years of the Republic one question was paramount: Should the states be dissevered or did they constitute an indestructible union? At home and abroad disseverance was generally anticipated and the right of secession seldom disputed. For decades the Constitution was not understood by the people, and the nation was scarce conscious of itself. Even by the time of our second war with Great Britain secession was not solely a Southern doctrine. Upon the authority of the legislature of Massachusetts the Hartford Convention was called. There assembled representatives of New England with the object of withholding their men and money from the service of the government and effecting changes that meant dissolution of the Union. Fifty years later New Englanders were the first to die to maintain the indivisibility of the Republic. Ideas had changed.

In Jackson's administration a new type of American was in the White House and new leaders were at the Capitol. The great triumvirate had appeared. Henry Clay in the midst of warring elements devoted his genius to pacification. The uncompromising Calhoun ruled Southern thought like a king, but the Vice-President could not speak on the floor of the Senate. His mantle fell on a young man from his own State, of great ability and unquestioned leadership—Robert Y. Hayne. Massachusetts had just sent to the Senate the foremost man of the North—Daniel Webster.

Hayne and Webster were opposites, reared on different soil, nurtured on different thought. One had passed his youth in the gardens of South Carolina, where life was jocund and free and the restraints of government were oftentimes impatiently borne. He imbibed his political principles from the early Republicans. The other had grown up among the bold, massive mountains of New Hampshire, which had symbolized to the dreamy, black-eyed boy

the strength and majesty of his country. He had drunk deep from the fountains of Federal teaching. In these men Jefferson and Hamilton met. One believed that government was only a bargain to which a member might object; and from which withdraw. The other believed in a strong national life and sober respect for authority. One dwelt on rights; the other, on obligations. One emphasized liberty; the other, law. One saw in a strong Union a menace to safety and happiness; the other, their only guaranty. To one the Constitution was a convenient compact; to the other, something almost divine.

Ideas so opposite in such men portend battle. A trifling incident precipitated the clash, and on January 21, 1830, Senator Hayne proclaimed his principles and defied dispute. It was a surpassing speech. The audience was captive, and Calhoun content. The South rejoiced; doubt and fear fell upon the friends of the Union.

But their champion was ready. His whole life had been a preparation for that debate. He had studied the Constitution from childhood. For a quarter of a century he had lived within sight of Lexington and Bunker Hill. Amid those sacred scenes he had pondered over problems of State. His father had stood shoulder to shoulder with John Stark at Bennington and had been the friend and soldier of Washington. From that father's lips he had heard the story of the Union's birth; he loved the Union and from boyhood had been eager to battle for it.

On January 26, 1830, the long-dreamed-of hour had come. The Senate was silent. Routine business was suspended. Webster arose,

“ And in his rising seemed
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sate, and public care;
Sage he stood, with Atlantean shoulders
Fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies.”

Rarely in all the world have “the man, the subject, and the occasion” so well met. Domed brow, large luminous black eyes, leonine face, voice like the pounding, deep-heaving sea, stature of a titan, attitude of a king—such, the man; his subject, The Constitution and the Union. Never was there a more inspiring occasion. Fixed on the speaker were eyes that spoke hostility, and eyes that told of confidence and love. Fronting him in the gallery were sons of Massachusetts, awaiting with hope and fear the issue of the

day. There were representatives from every State and nearly every country. Ministers from great kings and young republics mingled with those from crumbling dynasties where eloquence once lived but lived no more. The House of Representatives was deserted. Human streams flowed to the Senate. Chamber, gallery, and lobby were thronged, while multitudes without strained to listen like anxious soldiers harkening to distant canonade.

The "Great Speech" is a classic; it needs no review. As an oration, it marks the full flood of Anglo-Saxon eloquence. The orator marshalled his facts as the Macedonian his phalanxes into invincible columns. Statements were massed into metaphor; truths into epigram. His arguments were jewelled with the gems of literature. They were bright with the lights of humor. They were held in steady line by the chains of logic. Now and anon sounded bugle-bursts of feeling; while ever "full high advanced," the colossal captain bore "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic."

Webster rose above mere eloquence—he reached the plane of prophecy. He saw the past and it charged him with a message. He delivered it to the living millions and to their children. Conflict kindled his soul; the labyrinths of memory were illumined, and there glittered the facts, thoughts, and dreams garnered by forty years. Out of them his intellect forged thunderbolts of constitutional doctrine and welded bonds to bind forever the States. Webster diffused his love for the Union. He set forth the principles, showed the necessity of Union, and so gave to the feelings of those fated to bear the shock of war a rock-ribbed base of intelligent conviction.

His exposition of the Constitution has guided statesmen and jurists. Its immortality is assured. None claim that all its ideas were original. Webster always avowed his discipleship to Hamilton and John Marshall. But the ideas of political philosophers often find lodgment only in libraries, not in the hearts and minds of the masses. The disciple of those teachers became the apostle to the people. Webster expounded and defended the Constitution before the tribunal of public opinion. Before the world he vindicated American institutions. His words winged their way to the New England farm-house and the frontier cabin. They mingled with the din of mine and factory. They were discussed in country school-house and village store. They were read again and again from the steps of old taverns and the rostra of universities.

Webster appealed to all Americans; State lines could not limit his interests. His love of country was a shoreless sea. The Reply stirred President Jackson. That very night at the White House the great soldier saluted and paid tribute to the great orator; and soon there came from the hero of New Orleans the boldest declaration since that of Independence: "The Union must and shall be preserved."

The effect of Webster's speech on his adversaries is not so important as its effect on those who looked to him for leadership. Exponents of opposing ideas seldom argue each other down. Finally they must fight it out, as did Cornwell and the king at Marston Moor and Naseby. But victorious fighters must be men of firm faith and staunch spirits. The North had had little faith; its ideas had been vague; its spirit, vacillating. Public sentiment had not been formed. Webster formed, aroused, and unified it. He took a bold stand on the heights of nationality and bade his countrymen rally round him.

Thirty years later legions throbbed with Webster's thought. They marched to the music of the Union. From hustings and pulpit the words of Webster resounded. To him editors and orators turned for argument. Old men heard once more his clarion tones. Their sons were as eager to enforce his teachings as the Islamite his Prophet's. From Webster's constitutional expositions Lincoln quarried the foundations of his First Inaugural Address. When secession opened fire, the echoes of the old appeal for the Union called Grant from the tanner's bench, Logan from the bar, Sherman from the teacher's chair, volunteers from hillside and prairie. They were men of feelings and convictions. Defeat could not conquer their spirits. Disaster could not shake their faith. Through four years of fire and blood they battled to victory—victory that made the Union forever secure. Such was the verdict on the Great Debate.

Do you ask the lessons of that life-epic of which the Reply was the supreme episode? One lesson is that the great orator is he who has a great cause—a cause dearer to his heart than life or station. It was so with Chatham, with O'Connell, with Phillips. In his zeal for his cause Webster sunk his ambition. Not that he was not ambitious; divine in his faculties, he was human in his passions, and coveted the place for which nature had seemingly fashioned him. But in his zeal for the Union he would compromise with slavery, and so alienated friends; while Phillips, on the

contrary, to wreck slavery would wreck the Union. Each had a mission. Together they created the sentiment which made it possible for Lincoln to realize their differing dreams.

Webster like Columbus died ignorant of the wonders he had wrought. Baffled in his ambitions and discerning the clouds of civil war, he died a broken-hearted old man. The greatest lesson of his life is that earthly immortality comes not from high office, not from any title or position that kings or people can bestow, but from a man's ideas. Webster will live when oblivion broods over presidents, because he stood for an idea. A great and true idea never dies. The stake cannot stifle it, bastiles cannot contain it; it scorns persecution, and like the eagle in the storm revels in battle. The man may die repudiated and wretched; the idea seizes the souls of millions and becomes the slogan of conquering armies.

When Webster lay down to die at Marshfield knowing well that civil war was not afar, he felt that his life-work had been in vain. Yet as the present faded from him he may have been granted a glimpse of the future. Just before death sealed his eloquent lips he murmured, "I still live." That was prophecy. Though clouds presaging storm darkened the sunset of his life; that life illumined the clouds. The storm broke—night fell—but light and fire still lingered: there shone a thousand guiding stars, a million souls were afame.

The wand of history waves: we are in the days of secession and strife. Everywhere armed men rise up, with faces grim and grand. They flaunt their flags; they shout, "Liberty and Union;" proudly they march to die. The battle joins, the lines waver, but they are made of men fighting for a conviction—men whose spirits are martialized with the Peroration proclaimed in school-boy days:—again the once-wavering hosts move steady, steady onward. The same Homeric thoughts fire Farragut as he sweeps the crimsoned waters of the Mississippi and Mobile Bay. They urge Grant on to Richmond; and when the battle-clouds clear away, we see the old flag floating in the Southern sunlight as Webster had prayed to behold it ever "without a stripe erased or polluted or a single star obscured."

It is day—day of national triumph; secession and sectionalism fleet like spectres into memories; Webster and his idea still live; and under serene and auspicious skies the Blue and the Gray clasp hands and mutually pledge the future of the Union.

LEON GAMBETTA.

BY ABRAM J. HOLLAND.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION in 1900, marked first in Delivery and third in Thought and Composition.]

The world measures a statesman by the power of his constructive genius and by the permanency of his achievements. He who would perpetuate his name as a national leader must first be a national builder. For it is universal that people cherish the memory of great men by titles denoting their creative not their destructive power. We reverence the name of Washington not as the Conqueror of the British, but as the Father of his Country. We treasure the memory of Lincoln not as the Destroyer of the Southern Confederacy, but as the Emancipator of the Slaves. So in the French Republic, we find her greatest statesmen not among destroyers, but among builders. France claims as her greatest son, not the leader in the destruction of the Bastile and in the overthrow of established institutions, but the statesman who laid the foundations of the Republic and made dominant the spirit of democracy and the principles of Anglo-Saxon justice,—Leon Gambetta, the devoted French patriot, the founder of the French Constitution, and the Father of the French Republic.

I. From the beginning of the first Republic until the time of Gambetta, the history of France is a story of revolution. Under the leadership of such visionary and unanointed prophets as Mirabeau and Robespierre, France has passed in feverish haste from Bourbon rule to Republic, and from Republic to Directory; then, amid the gloom of civil war, Directory gave way to Consulate, and Consulate to Empire. The people had given up the hope of free institutions. It seemed that for France republicanism could mean only anarchy. Then Gambetta appeared and with the skill of a political genius, turned the current of revolution into the channel of reformation. He planted the seeds of democracy by establishing organization and union throughout France. Then he boldly took up the Cause of Republicanism and began his life work,—the creation of a constitutional democracy free from the spirit of sectionalism.

When Gambetta began his political career he found Louis Napoleon on the throne of France. Under Napoleon's sway,

freedom of speech and of the press was forbidden; schools were trammelled; ignorance, superstition, and poverty abounded. The State was rent asunder by sectional and political strife; the court was a hot-bed of intrigue; Paris was filled with revolutionists; the Communes were on the point of revolt. In field and village, the peasantry were muttering, the brows of the Bourgeoisie were dark and lowering, the nobles were insolent and oppressive. From Alps to Pyrenees the country was one mass of quarelling factions seething with insurrection.

II. Such were the conditions out of which France was to be recreated. The task demanded a Hercules in body and intellect and he appeared in the powerful figure and gigantic genius of Leon Gambetta. Gambetta had already laid the foundation principles of the policy by which he was to establish the Republic on the solid rock of constitutional government. Without rebellion or bloodshed he sought to change the Empire into a Republic. It was his purpose to wrest popular liberties, one by one, from the grasp of the emperor; and ultimately, transform the imperial throne into a presidential chair, the sceptre of monarchy into the gavel of democracy, and the royal, "I the emperor of France," into the republican "We the people of France."

The year 1868 marks the first step in the execution of this policy. In that year the republicans of France called upon French patriotism to erect a monument in memory of one of her sons who, for her sake, had offered up his life on the ramparts of Paris. This young republican had perished when Louis Napoleon destroyed the Republic of '48. Gambetta resolved that his monument should be erected that it might teach France the universal principles of democracy with all the divine power and force that springs from a martyr's grave. This popular wish was voiced by a republican newspaper whose editor was forthwith summoned to appear before the royal courts, because, forsooth, he dared to express the will of the people. Here Gambetta struck his first decisive blow for democracy. He espoused the cause of the press, and hurled himself against the whole glittering phalanx of emperor, priesthood, and aristocracy. All France awaited with anxiety the outcome of the struggle. When the day of trial came, the emperor's minions at bench and bar stood mute and motionless as Gambetta arose, and with indomitable courage poured forth a stream of fiery eloquence, denunciation, and argument against the Empire and its oppression. Prince

and prelate trembled as his voice rang out for freedom of speech and of the press, for separation of Church and State, and proclaimed the divine principles that opened the gates of Yorktown and freed the slaves at Gettysburg. In vain the emperor ordered his speech suppressed. Within a week it was read by the people and electors of every city and village in France. Gambetta's name was on every tongue. The spirit of republicanism kindled anew in every breast.

From that time forth, Gambetta labored as a peerless leader, shaping ideas, transforming institutions, and establishing republican principles that were slowly but surely pushing the Empire from French soil. Everywhere he aided and encouraged his followers, aroused the people to lawful progress, and silenced royal opposition by his integrity and the grandeur of his character.

III. Such was his career until 1870, when the confederated hosts of Germany descended upon France. In the disasters that followed Louis Napoleon was deposed. Gambetta was forthwith chosen as one of the Committee of National Defense and appointed Minister of the Interior. In the darkness of night, with Germany's iron hand thundering at the gates, he escaped from Paris in a war-balloon, reached Tours in safety, fortified the interior cities, and put in operation every agent at his disposal to drive back the invader. In the face of appalling difficulties he showed a fertility of resource measured only by the multiplicity of emergencies,—now he negotiated loans and named generals, now recruited armies and at the head of his troops quelled insurrection. In every part of France was heard his voice never sounding retreat but always inciting resistance. All that genius and military skill could do, was done by Gambetta; but despite his efforts, the treachery of traitors and the superior might of the enemy prevailed.

When the war was over, France presented the awful spectacle of a nation without a national government. Gambetta saw the State about to be surrendered to the bitterest enemies of republican institutions. The question of the hour seemed not whether monarchy should be reclaimed, but what head should wear the crown. At this crisis we behold Gambetta's consummate skill as a statesman. The fate of the nation hung upon the result of the coming struggle. The nobles stood solid for the monarchy, while the republicans were divided. Gambetta's rivals sought to alienate the trust and confidence of the National Assembly. Political leaders who de-

manded everything or nothing, challenged his policy of moderation. The Communes, lashed to fury by revolutionary leaders, and restrained only by Gambetta's hand, were on the point of precipitating another Reign of Terror. Gambetta knew that unless the Republic were established, he could no longer control them. He saw the blindness, the madness, of Royalist and Radicalist. Conscious of the awful responsibility of his position, with all the energy of a giant's strength he placed himself in opposition to the hateful monarchy. Now he arraigned the crimes and oppressions of Bourbon and Bonapartist, and stripped tyranny of its glittering garb of tradition. Now with transcendent genius, courage and resolution, he dispelled the spirit of rivalry and rekindled the hopes of his followers. Then, for the first time, France saw all her democratic forces combined into an overwhelming mass, whose voice, firm and irresistible, defeated the nobility, carried the National Assembly, and won victory for the Republic.

For the hour Gambetta was all-powerful. Assemblies voted at his will, imperial Europe courted his favor. He might have satisfied the wildest cravings of selfish ambition. But unmoved, amid the influences of position, wealth and power, in simple grandeur towered the statesman and patriot.

In drawing up the Constitution, he manifested the intellect of a Hamilton. With profound knowledge of the nature of his countrymen, he advocated a centralized Republic as the only form of government compatible with the growth of France. "We must show to the French people," he declared, "that republicanism does not mean chronic revolution." The motto of the first two republics had been Liberty first and Union afterwards. But on the corner-stone of the republic Gambetta established, were to be written the immortal words of Webster, "*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.*"

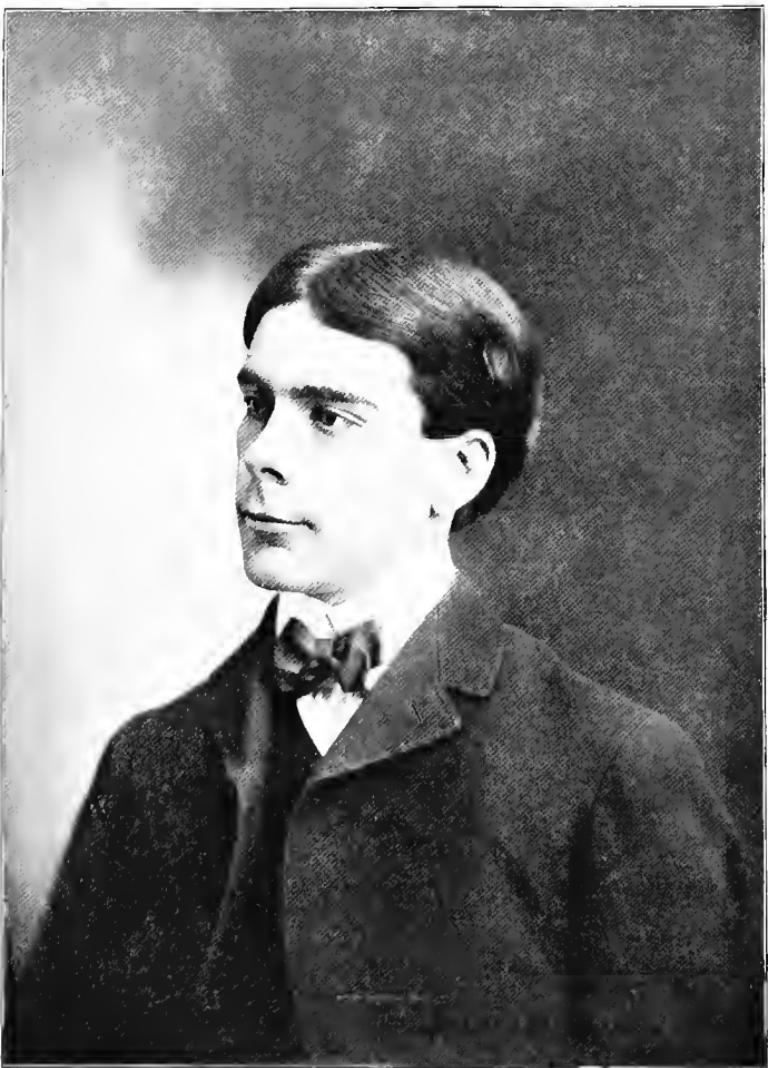
IV. Already Gambetta had done much for his country, but there was yet much to do before the Republic could be secure. He no longer feared the angry billows of royal opposition. He discerned that the danger lay in the encroaching waves of sectionalism. It was against this tendency,—to supersede national by local interests, to sacrifice the welfare of the nation to the selfish objects of the locality,—that the closing battle of his life was waged. He saw that France had no national parties; that each deputy had his own interests, each district its own political creed. In the midst

of these conditions, Gambetta, with the master hand of a political genius, touched the chords of national consciousness and infused into the warring factions a spirit of nationalism. He called to the people that democracy was neither party, sect, nor church, but France herself. To give voice to the aspirations of the masses, he advocated universal suffrage, a national system of election and a ministerial responsibility that would depend both on the Senate and on the Assembly. These were the last measures of that National policy which has been called the "work of a master mind looking far into the future." Had these measures been accepted by the Assembly, they would have freed the deputies from local trammels, prevented the ever recurring and dangerous ministerial crisis, and placed the supremacy of the people forever beyond the shadow of doubt or peril.

But the great statesman was never to see the consummation of his work. Like Washington and Lincoln, the deeper he grew in the love and affection of the common people, the darker grew the clouds of political enmity and bitterness. When, as minister of France, he laid these measures before the assembled deputies, local selfishness and political jealousy gained a passing victory. The bills he presented failed to become law, and Gambetta fell from power. All France felt the sting of his defeat. But every heart throbbed with grief and sorrow at the news of his succeeding death. For in him, humanity had lost her greatest champion, and France her most cherished son. He had hardly reached the noon-tide of his public career, yet in that short life he had sown the seeds of democracy, had seen them bud and blossom into free institutions. His death was equally triumphant; for around his tomb princes and people were made one in their love and sorrow for the mighty dead.

Gambetta has been called a dictator. Some have said he was inconsistent. Royalist and Radicalist have charged him with being ambitious. Was he a dictator, who for the sake of liberty and humanity, hurled himself against the ranks of feudalism and wrested from their iron grasp popular rights and civil liberties? Was he a dictator, who by the power of his genius, erected upon the ruins of Empire the enduring fabric of Constitutional Democracy? Was he a dictator, who by the fervency and fire of his passionate eloquence, melted the shackles of sectionalism and welded into one those forces that bind nations in eternal brotherhood? Was he inconsistent, who amid the wealth of a nation's gold, kept his hands

unstained from plunder? Was he ambitious, who spent his life for his country's cause; and who by the power of statesmanship, put the grandest political theories into practical execution? If so, then to dictatorship, to inconsistency, and to ambition, does civilization owe her crown of progress and liberty her laurel wreath. The world will ever bow in homage before such dictators, who rule by the power of genius and manhood, who marshal the mighty forces of Justice and Humanity, and who hold Principle above Policy, Truth above Diplomacy, and Right above Consistency.



CARROLL LAWRENCE STOREY

Carroll Lawrence Storey.

Carroll Lawrence Storey was born in 1877 at Castalia, Ohio. He prepared for college in the graded schools of that place and in the preparatory department of Oberlin College.

After three years in the collegiate department of Oberlin, in the fall of 1900, he entered the University of Michigan from which he expects to receive the degree of A. B., with the class of 1901. He is at the same time pursuing work in the Medical Department in the six year Literary-Medical course.

Mr. Storey has been interested in public speaking from the time he entered preparatory school. In the annual debate between societies of the Oberlin Preparatory Department he was on the team that won a debate for the Cadmean Society. He was class orator of the Sophomore class, and in his Junior year he won second honor in the annual college contest entitling him to the position of alternate for Oberlin in the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League.

In the class preliminaries of the University of Michigan, in February, 1901, he won the right to represent the Senior Class in the University contest, and in the final, in March, 1901, he was awarded first honor, the Chicago Alumni Medal and seventy-five dollars, and the distinction of representing Michigan in the eleventh annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League.

In the contest of the Northern Oratorical League held May 3, 1901, under the auspices of the State University of Iowa, Mr. Storey was awarded first honor and the Frank O. Lowden testimonial of one hundred dollars.

His style of speaking is animated, direct, convincing; vigorous in thought and expression. He is possessed of a rich, well-modulated voice, and in his use of it there is a touch of the dramatic that engages the listener. In action he is quiet, in manner reposeful, and he commands by reserve as well as by aggressiveness.

"THE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY."

BY CARROLL LAWRENCE STORY.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION in 1901 at the University of Michigan and in the Northern Oratorical League. In the former contest Mr. Storey was ranked second in Thought and Composition and second in Delivery; in the League contest, second in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery.]

Two years of our civil war had passed and the cause of the Union seemed to have lost ground. Defeat had followed defeat in quick succession. Bull Run, Cedar Mountain, and Fredericksburg were the steps by which the Confederacy was rising to recognition among the powers. Louis Napoleon, taking advantage of our weakness, was busily preparing his scheme of Mexican colonization. The memory of the Trent affair still rankled in the bosoms of Englishmen. Many blockade runners were building in foreign ports. Everywhere hostility to the North was growing. That continued union was impossible, that the North was sure to be defeated, were current beliefs. From the beginning of the struggle the South was accorded belligerent rights, and now France, Germany and England were about to recognize its independence.

But the Continental governments dared not risk the responsibility of initiative. When Great Britain, the dominant force in Europe should declare the independence of the Confederacy, the intriguing concert of the powers stood ready to rush America to her doom. England, however, hesitated. Her interests were divided. On one side stood the aristocracy, the press, and Parliament, which openly sympathized with the South and clamored for its recognition. Lord Russel, Lord Palmerston, even Mr. Gladstone upheld the Southern cause. On the other side was arrayed the non-voting but powerful laboring class, which from the opening of hostilities in America had steadfastly supported the North. The upper classes were becoming radical. The masses had remained conservative. The voice of the toiler and the artisan was raised in protest against official recognition of the seceded states, and as long as that voice asserted itself Great Britain dared not ignore its warning. The populace dominated England, and dominating England, it determined the policy of the Continent on which hung the fate of three million slaves.

But conditions were rapidly changing. With the establishment of a blockade of southern ports, importation of cotton

ceased. Factories were closed; wages fell. The protest against slavery was supplanted by a cry for bread. Misery and want prevailed. Discontent was growing, the ranks of the workingman began to waver, and the only barrier to positive, hostile legislation was about to be swept aside. With the ruling class already in favor of secession, a change in the views of the masses would have been disastrous to the maintenance of the Union. The fatality of increasing the power of the radicals was clearly foreseen. But how was this to be prevented. The time so critical demanded one who should recall England from her unnatural course. All eyes turned to Henry Ward Beecher, then sojourning on the Continent. Of all the great orators of the North, he seemed best fitted to reveal to Englishmen the cancerous system of American slavery.

When Beecher arrived in England he found that his fame had preceded him. His "Star Papers" were known the world over. The reports of his utterances in America, clothed in the phraseology of the *London Times*, had created in England an animosity against him which knew no bounds. When it was known that this intrepid speaker was to appear in Great Britain in defense of the negro and the North, excitement became intense. Southern sympathizers availed themselves of every opportunity to thwart this threatened exposition of Northern views. Placards bearing hostile and venomous statements were scattered everywhere. A Liverpool poster read: "Henry Ward Beecher is the man who said that the best blood of England must flow for the outrage England had perpetrated on America. He proposes to address the people of Liverpool. Let Englishmen see that he gets the welcome he deserves." Another read: "Men of Manchester! What reception can you give this wretch, save unmitigated disgust and contempt?"

Such were the conditions. Beecher's heart sank within him, but, urged on by his convictions, he determined to face these conditions. A champion of the North, he appeared, not as the official representative of his country, but as a humble citizen of the United States, come to plead with the poor and humble of a foreign land in behalf of liberty and outraged humanity. Unacquainted with English audiences or their temper, he yet realized that to fail might ruin the cause of freedom and Union. He felt that he stood between a hostile nation and his own, and with him his country must rise or fall.

At Manchester, as he gazed at the struggling, tumultuous throng of six thousand people, he thought to himself, "I will control you. I have come here for victory and I will have it by the help of God." When the mob seemed utterly uncontrollable, he exclaimed, with a show of pluck which Englishmen admire: "Gentlemen, you may break me down now, but I have registered a vow that I will never return home until I have been heard in every principal town in this Kingdom. My country shall be vindicated." He appealed to their respect for fair play, and what man of Anglo-Saxon lineage could resist the appeal? The vulnerable spot in the Englishman was discovered, and against it was directed all the power of which the orator was capable.

But wild and turbulent as was the Manchester mob, stormier times were yet to come. At Liverpool, Beecher sees within the hall anarchistic placards in blood-red letters scattered about to lash the people into frenzy and insanity. Four or five storm centers are boiling at once. Thieves and cut-throats, hired for the purpose, are everywhere present, armed with clubs, brick-bats and knives, and only await an opportunity to change the scene into one of lawlessness and murder. We tremble for the personal safety of the speaker. Will he not abandon his perilous course? How dare he oppose this mad, raging, desperate crowd? He is attempting to force back a Niagara! Can any man face that mob and live? I answer, "none but Henry Ward Beecher!" Had it been Sumner, his hot temper, his rash impatience, would have met with failure, disaster. He would have goaded the turbulent mass beyond the limits of self-control, and who knows what would have been the consequences? But Beecher is ever patient. By artful compliments to Great Britain and her citizens he wins a hearing. He speaks to them from an English point of view, discusses the disadvantages of slavery to the English workingman, shows the interest England has in freedom from a manufacturing and commercial standpoint, and proves to them that Southern sympathizers are foes of British prosperity.

Soothed and placated by these appeals to its selfish interests, the vast mob becomes attentive, respectful. Beecher sees signs of victory. If at first he seemed to ride the storm, he now faces it. He takes advantage of his position, and in the full height of his giant power utters such invectives against the attitude and policy of Great Britain that we marvel at the daring of the man. As

Holmes, says, "When the lance has pricked him deep enough, when the red flag has flashed in his face often enough, then his intellectual sparkle becomes a steady glow and his nimble sentences change their form, and become long drawn, stately periods." Amidst a thunder of cheers and hisses he declares that every man who forges the iron for Southern ships is forging a manacle for the slave. "Every free workingman who is laboring to rear up iron ships for the south is laboring to establish on sea and on land the doctrine that capital has a right to own labor." He denounces the British horror of American war as hypocritical and inconsistent, when in all the vast domain of peopled lands, in the wilds of Africa, the jungles of India, the islands of the sea, everywhere, the native heart stops beating at the sound of martial music leading British soldiery to new conquests. He rebukes that nation which posing as the disciple of peace, at the seizure of two Confederate envoys had dropped its work, rushed to arms and called for vengeance. To the charge that the North is insincere in this conflict he exclaims: "Has the love of country run so low in Great Britain that the rising of a nation to defend its territory, its government, its flag, is a theme for cold aversion in the pulpit and sneers in the pew? Is generosity so dead in England that she will not admire in her children the very qualities which have made her children proud of the memories of their common English ancestors?"

These are the blows which make the English recoil as from a thunderbolt. The thug has dropped his weapons. The murderer has forgotten his mission. The mob is transformed, electrified. Cheers have long since replaced hisses. Hear him assert that the same love of liberty that impelled heroic men to sacrifice their all at Naseby and Marston Moor, still rules wherever beat Anglo-Saxon hearts. Hear him affirm that the spirit of Runnymede still lives. And in the name of those heroic men and the principles for which they died, in the name of popular liberty, the inheritance of the past, he declares that the North is determined "to fight this war through at all hazards and at every cost." Anglo-Saxon America, entangled in the meshes of slavery, will be free or perish.

Thus grandly, eloquently, Beecher pleaded for his country. Through him the misconceptions concerning the north cleared away like April clouds. The union cause became the cause of human-

ity. The sympathetic heart of England's noblest poor was won.

If oratory is to be judged by its results, the English language can boast no greater effort than this. Burke's masterpieces were delivered to empty seats. Pitt's magnetic voice rarely changed the vote of the house. Patrick Henry spoke to sympathizing audiences. Webster, Sumner, Phillips were eloquent, but their influence was the result of years of labor. But here was a man who was known to Englishmen as "The Avenger of the Trent," "The Clown Preacher," "The Arch Insurrectionist," whose sermons and speeches as reported by the English Press had proved him to be the greatest of heretics and criminals, but who, in spite of overwhelming odds, by five speeches reversed the whole trend of English sympathy; who captured the guns prepared for his own destruction and turned them against the enemy; who in the hour of his country's peril beat back the oncoming tide of European Recognition. While the royal courts of Europe were heaping upon us their contempt; while the magnates of industry plotted against us and the English laborers were told that their poverty was our fault, at the call of Beecher the united voice of the lowly arose in its grandeur and proclaimed to the government, "Thou shalt not." Parliament heard that voice and quailed at its power. Napoleon heard, and his wild dream of western empire faded into nothingness. That voice echoed across the Atlantic, carrying to Southern camps consternation and despair. It inspired Union leaders to greater efforts and nobler deeds. It rejuvenated the hopes of Northern armies. It dispelled the expectations of rebellion and secession. It spoke to Lincoln in the president's chair, Sherman and Grant in the field, stirred the soul of the volunteer, gave to the slave a glimpse of freedom, and revealed to the world the future of a reunited people.

THE TRUE PATRIOT.

BY BRYANT SCOFIELD CROMER.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION in 1901, marked fifth in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery.]

Love of country and love of God are twin virtues. Man's inspiration from the beginning, they have become the fundamental principle of civil and religious liberty. Out of these two ideas all history has evolved, toward these two ideals all national life has struggled. That individual who has best exemplified these principles has represented the highest type of manhood. That country which has most fully embodied them in her national life, has best fulfilled its destiny.

Countless millions of earth have fallen out of the race for national supremacy and others have stood still, since America has emerged out of her barbarism. The roots of the primeval forests have scarcely rotted in the ground, before an empire sphinx like, has sprung up in this western wilderness challenging the world in every element of greatness. Broad as a continent, free as the air, restless in her activities as the sea, progressive as civilization itself, solid in her institutions as her mountains, magnanimous and independent in spirit, America has forged ahead of all other nations and it is with just pride that we point to Columbia as the home of the greatest liberty, the purest Christianity, and the highest civilization that the world has ever known.

But the spirit of prophecy is strangely at variance with the spirit of history. Warning spectres come up out of the past somewhat obscuring the brightness of our sun of promise. We read the record of other nations, whose boasted civilization and freedom have long since passed away. We are made sad by a continuous fate which has followed national greatness. All eyes are turned towards Africa which we have thought the symbol of darkness. And yet it was in Africa that Thebes was founded, outshining the metropolitan splendor of the world. The Illiad speaks of her fabulous treasures and her hundred gates. Herodotus mentions her miles of magnificent temples, surpassing in grandeur and beauty all the cities of earth. For more than five hundred years her supremacy was unchallenged. But Thebes is no more.

We read of Syria with her hundred cities, every city a nation and every nation an empire's might. But Syria is no more. And who has not been thrilled at the greatness of Nineveh and her

colossal statutes, Babylon and her wonderful walls and gardens, Jerusalem and her matchless temple, Tyre and her white-winged fleets, all of which though so great and wonderful are no more.

Nor are we forgetful of that republic whose origin is as mysterious as that of her own Homer. Small in territory, but free and patriotic, she preserved her life through all the vicissitudes of the world's formative period, and by her letters and philosophy led the world of intellect. Yet Greece the model republic is no more.

And no sadder record of fallen greatness has ever been entered upon the pages of history than that of the downfall of proud, arrogant, all-inclusive Rome. From insignificance she arose to unparalleled greatness. Under the generalship of her Cæsars she became the "mistress of the world" and sitting upon her seven hills she ruled it with an iron hand. But proud Rome is no more.

And yet we speak of our republic and of our free institutions in terms of most positive assurance. History it seems has raised in vain these monumental testimonies to the frailty of human greatness. We have made ourselves believe that human nature has at last struck the key-note of national supremacy and that by a plain direction of Providence this good-fortune has come to us. But nations, now buried beneath their own ruins, have been equally confident of their destiny. Let not the foul disease that gnawed into the vitals of Greece and Rome, take root in the body of stalwart young America!

The true patriot dare not stubbornly close his eyes to the lessons of the past, and console himself with the fact that we are living in a new age and under new conditions. We may be happier, more advanced in physical knowledge, more skilled in government, more firmly established in our trade and international relations. We may feel that we have come to the day of our coronation as a republic, because in the short space of a century and a quarter, we have grown from a dependent colony to a nation, the envy of the world. But even the past with all its dread record of national decay has not been destitute of virtue. And though corruption overran the race like a mighty deluge, burying man's grandest works, yet virtue has had her place, and patriotism her exemplification, even in the past. If the prophecies of our greatness are to be fulfilled, we dare not close our eyes to the virtues of the past or to the vices of the present.

Two evils are to be guarded against in our day—the commercial spirit, which would turn everything both of patriotism and of religion to its own account, and political corruption which can mean in the end only the overthrow of both church and state. We have grown in the extent of our domain, in our influence upon the high seas, and in our influence as a counsel among the nations of the earth. We have grown in wealth and material power. For all this we are proud and thankful. But we must not give ourselves up to self-congratulation. How much are we given to admiring the grand old ship of state, now become so ample, and which has proved her sea-worthiness in so many voyages, gaining new and world-renowned victories. Our hearts swell with loyal pride, as we run the flag to the mast-head and cheer the greatness of our beloved country. But the true patriot-statesman will examine every rivet and plate in her weather-beaten hull and every part of her complex machinery before pronouncing her sea-worthy.

Greatness and prosperity, alas, too often, breed careless content. Our thronging cities, our broad harvest-laden fields, our shops of whirling spindles, our schools and universities, and our broad spirit of philanthropy, ever receiving and nursing the oppressed of earth and lending a strong arm to the defence of the down-trodden—all these are our glory. Our only plea is for the permanence of these institutions. We have been able to incorporate almost everything of worth in the past, and these best things of human production seek to live in and through us. It is ours to make them immortal.

We can only thank God that “the golden thread of freedom” has not yet been lost upon the earth. But freedom is not its own security. The North American Indian roamed the land we now possess with a freedom greater than which none can boast. But the Mohawks are gone and their brother tribes are fast fading into extinction. It is the weakness of greatness that it cannot insure itself.

But there is no occasion for despair, for we still have unbounded faith in the future of our civilization. But this faith is contingent upon the principles which have, as yet, never been fully exemplified. I would not seem merely to moralize when I refer to the fundamental principles laid down in the Ten Commandments for the sure and eternal preservation of human society. There is little that is new in civil liberty or in mere

religious liberty. These terms fell glibly from the tongues of those who constituted heathen republics. But there is something new in the true idea and meaning of these terms. They have never measured up to the requirements of the two tables of the law, which themselves were never understood until interpreted by the Divine Teacher.

It may offend the worldly vanity of some to be asked to consider the highest principle of religion as a requisite element of true patriotism. But this is the only principle not yet fully tested in human affairs. Although uttered two thousand years ago, it has not yet occurred to any country, that in these divine statements lies the guaranty of our free institutions. Unless we have hope here, then we may read our future in the fate of Thebes and Babylon and Greece and Rome. We can look forward only to some monumental sepulchre to tell the story of our departed greatness.

Love God with soul and might,
And neighbor as one's self.

These are the two "pillars of Hercules" upon which the permanent church and state must be built. They are neither dogma nor creed, but the essence of both. A creedal religion is no better than a partisan patriotism. The baptism of a king cannot make christians of his subjects; nor can the indorsement of a political party make patriots of its followers. There is much fanaticism of creed and fury of patriotism. Both a true religion and a true patriotism demand a true relation between man and man.

To be a true patriot is not merely to love,

"The woods and hills,
The rocks and rills,"

of one's country. Nor yet is it to idolize the flag. It is to love her laws, her principles, her free institutions and her people.

Our thought is not reform either of creed or party. But it is the true exemplification of both a true religion and a true patriotism in our conduct toward our fellow-countrymen. Peter may have established the Church, Paul may have banished intolerance and fanaticism, but John has yet much to do. Both church and state await the happy consummation of the labors of this Apostle of Love. I may not be able to detect the difference

in my emotions when I worship my God, and when I shout for my flag. But I have not risen to a true ideal of either unless I truly love my brother.

We are free, but others have been free; we are prosperous, but others have been prosperous; we are patriotic, but others have been patriotic; and we are religious, but others have been religious. And all these others have perished from the earth. Our only hope of permanence is in immortal love. The Star of Bethlehem, as it moved across the eastern sky, traced in letters of shining gold, "Love thy Neighbor." This simple motto should be burned into the heart of every loyal American. The true patriot will love his country, not only because it is his home, but because it is the home of his neighbor, and he will love his neighbor not only because he is his brother, but because he is a part of his country. Under these conditions there will be no clash of classes, no social schisms, no oppression of labor, no envy of wealth, no breach in public trusts, no hypocrisy in religion, no corruption in politics, but one people, one country, one flag and one God.

THE MISSION OF CHATHAM.

By CLYDE McGEE.

[This oration received first rank in Thought and Composition and sixth in Delivery.]

The impartial verdict of history ranks the Earl of Chatham the first orator and the greatest statesman of the eighteenth century. He was called the saviour of England, the friend of America, "the great commoner." England loved his name, France feared it, while it fell from the lips of the colonists in America with deepest reverence and affection. His popularity, his eloquence, his character command attention and admiration. Born to bring his race a message he spoke like a prophet of God. Resolute of purpose, pure of heart, the nobility of his character will shine with a splendor undimmed when even his eloquence will have become a doubtful tale. But I pass by these to study him as an exponent of Saxon supremacy and a leader of democracy; to study his mastery of those forces that made England the first power in Europe and the English race the stalwart champion of liberty and order among the races of mankind.

The eighteenth century was a witness of one of the most momentous struggles in history, the duel between France and England. It began a contest for supremacy in Europe; it ended a struggle for empire in India and America. What of the participants in this mighty struggle?

France, weakened by her private impurities and her corruption in public life, in a half delirium over the dying glories of Louis XIV. and guided by the genius of Dupliex and Montcalm, girded on new strength and determined to realize her dream of empire across the seas.

English life was grossly immoral, irreligious and corrupt. Private impurities as in France had resulted in public depravity. The natural reaction from party strife had left political life at its lowest ebb. Parties had become quarreling factions, expedients had taken the place of principles. Bribery was an art, corruption a creed; the people were sluggish. England was no longer a nation. Disaster abounded in every quarter of the globe. Minorca was lost. Calcutta captured, Braddock defeated, France needed only to threaten invasion and England was paralyzed with fear.

Meanwhile this world problem was forming. It was a question of race leadership, a mighty contest for ideals. France stood for the despotic principles of Louis XIV; England, for civil and religious liberty. Which idea would triumph? Which race would direct the future of mankind?

The decisive moment came and with it came William Pitt, —a man of faith, eloquence, energy and wisdom. A man of faith, he believed his country had a mission and that its people had the capacity to fulfill that mission. A man of eloquence, he touched the English conscience and quickened it into life. A man of energy, his glowing soul set all the moral forces of the nation on fire. A man of wisdom he organized and directed successful campaigns in two worlds. England arose from her stupor, tore off her rags of corruption, clothed herself in the robes of purity, and filled with new life, throbbing with new energies, marched forth to conquer France and by her victories to open up new worlds to English institutions.

Through the guidance of Pitt English influences reached the Orient. Behold the result! The "Eastern mummy" now throbs with life. The darkness of ignorance has been dispelled by the

torch of learning, order enthroned where anarchy reigned, plague throttled, disease stayed, industries organized, until today, India is emerging from the darkness and anarchy of heathendom into the order of English rule and the light of Christian civilization.

A still vaster conflict was being waged in the Western world. In America the French were rapidly pushing from victory to victory. The American revolution has made us forget that the future of a continent was in that earlier struggle; that that struggle hastened the day of independence, that it was the forerunner of the revolution. The prophetic eye of Pitt read the future and from despairing troops his practical wisdom "created a new and victorious soldiery." On a dark and starless night Wolfe and his little band climbed up the rugged heights of Abraham. Pitt's spirit was over them. Their's was a courage and a daring that could not be defeated. Quebec fell. A new nation was born across the sea. The dream of French empire in America was shattered.

The planting of the English flag upon the heights of Quebec gave to the Saxon the heritage of the new world. It meant that our country's destiny was to be moulded by the Teuton, not the Latin; by ideas of civil and religious liberty, not by the tyranny of church and state. Such is the debt we owe to Pitt. Principles of English freedom made sacred by sacrifice on a thousand battle fields are part of us and our heritage, because this man of clear vision, of exalted patriotism, of unfaltering faith, by his resistless energy and god-like eloquence lifted England from her corrupt and sordid life and made her not only the first power in Europe, but the greatest civilizing force in all the world.

But Pitt was no more an exponent of Saxon supremacy than a champion of democracy. The English government was in an unsettled condition. In 1760 a new monarch ascended the throne, determined to be king in fact as well as in name. Both houses of parliament were autocratic and corrupt. Even the commons did not represent the people. Success abroad had brought new and perplexing problems to the government at home. The king aimed at absolutism, and a selfish ministry sought gain through a grasping colonial policy. It was a trying hour for English liberties. Had George III succeeded, the tide of progress would have been turned backward for more than fifty years. Then began the struggle between kingly prerogative and popular government,—Pitts' splendid battle, "to restore, to save, to confirm the constitution."

The Colonial problem was the immediate and definite issue. Pitt saw its deep significance. He saw that upon the success of colonial freedom depended the life and growth of popular government in England; that behind the question of regulation of trade and methods of taxation was the greater question of the rights and liberties of Englishmen. The English constitution was in that struggle; a constitution which to Pitt was the bible of English freedom. He had studied it from his boyhood; he had learned it, he knew it and he loved it.

But his policy was unheeded. Separation and revolution came. Still the great leader did not falter. His burning words startled the king, over-awed parliament, thrilled the nation; "I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest." The ministry called him mad, flung at him the charges of "revolutionist" and "traitor." But these charges moved him no more than shadows falling upon the mountain side. Pitt knew that the colonies were fighting not against England, but for principles foreshadowed in Magna Charta.

But armed resistance had gone too far for hope of conciliation. In '78 the colonies had formed an alliance with France. England was without an ally in the world. With one army a prisoner in America, her navy half prepared, she must meet the armies of France and then the forces of Spain. The country believed that the loss of the colonies would be a fatal blow to England's greatness. They felt as did the North when secession threatened the Union. In the hour of panic the nation again turned to Pitt. But an obstinate king refused his ministry and he returned to parliament. His body was wasted by disease, but his eyes still gleamed with youthful fire and his lips were still clothed with eloquence. With difficulty he arose to his feet. His voice faltered, then suddenly there came a flash of eloquence, one last plea for his country's honor, and England's greatest expansionist, England's greatest democrat, had fallen.

His labors were not lost, his mission was fulfilled. He saved England from a corruption that was working political decay and threatening national ruin. He brought to men and nations new ideals and new life. He raised new standards of citizenship. He taught that treason to country is perfidy to its ideals. In him for

the first time the people felt their power,—a power that represented the heart and conscience of the nation and defied both parliament and king. He believed in the people; that they had rights that kings must not violate. His life work was to defend those rights, to preserve them from the tyranny of arbitrary power. More than an English statesman, he was the exponent of Saxon supremacy. He smote France, saved England, and planted English institutions in India and America, while his policies and principles have moulded American history.

But the mission of Pitt was that of the prophet as well as the statesmen. He was the Isaiah of his age. He guided his country through a crisis; he gave a message to the world. A statesman, his practical wisdom is needed to guide America in the new era of its national life. A prophet, we listen for his voice to stir our nation to its highest ideals, to call forth men of faith, vision and action. Men of faith, to believe that a nation born in the throes of revolution, with sinews toughened by the struggles of a century, whose North, East, South and West have been welded into union by the heat of civil war, has been called of God to a world wide mission. Men of vision, to look beyond the problems of party politics, to see and understand the forces that are making for the uplifting and redeeming of mankind. Men of action, whom no cry of standing armies, no fear of king or monarch, will deter from marching forward in the path of duty.

I plead for the policy of this prophet-statesmen. That no backward step, no faltering faith, may mark the policy of the future. That our ideal may still be not to subjugate but to enlighten; not to colonize but to Christianize; not to gain markets but to make men free and teach them how to live in freedom. May our nation learn Pitt's message; that if we would live, we must give life; if we would be strong, we must be pure; if we would remain free we must not enslave.

WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

BY GEORGE WENDELL MAXEY.

(SEE PAGE 110).

[FIRST HONOR ORATION in 1902 at the University of Michigan, and fifth in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League. In the home contest Mr. Maxey was ranked second in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery; in the League contest, third in Thought and Composition and fifth in Delivery].

POLITICAL ALTRUISM.

BY JACOB SYLVESTER KOHN.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION in 1902, marked first in Thought and Composition and third in Delivery].

The greatest problem of every age is government. The quest of humanity is justice; it may bring peace to dismembered China or comfort to the sweat-shops of New York, but everywhere the cry of the human heart is for justice. How shall it be secured? All government is an attempt to answer this question. The nations on the banks of the Tiber and in the Valley of the Nile, on the Ganges and Euphrates—all have sought to answer it, but in vain. Carthage and Tyre failed to understand its underlying principles and were quickly destroyed. Greece and Rome, towering amid the constellation of ancient empires, shackled individual liberty and as a result crumbled and decayed. For three thousand years the ancient world wrestled with this problem, but the result of the effort was only a succession of empires which rose upon the ruins of individual rights and fell because of injustice and corruption.

The modern world, during four hundred years, has struggled to answer the same question, but the goal has not been reached. In the struggle Continental Europe has felt the Inquisition and the Reign of Terror; she has experienced many a Waterloo and a Sebastapol. And the reward of her suffering is continued pain, be it in the grinding taxes of Italy or in the despotism of Russia. In America we have endeavored to make personal rights the basis of government, but our success is still uncertain. Many governments have enjoyed longer life than ours and yet they are destroyed and forgotten. Corruption overthrew all the nations of the past and now it preys upon us. Here, too, justice falls before political privilege and power. Public office is the reward of party

service, machine politics dominate our great cities and, unblushingly, bribery sits enthroned in our metropolis. Such are the results of four thousand years of painful effort. If these are its achievements, history is an endless round of calamities and human advancement, a sad procession of evils.

Nearer to our feelings and more closely related to our destinies is the query as to what America may do to satisfy the universal longing for justice. There is no panacea that will right all wrongs. Utopian schemes are vain indeed. To purify the stream we must cleanse the source. To purify politics we must begin at the source of political power, the voters. Our entire system of law, politics and equity springs from this common source. Justice and pure politics are inseparable. Both consist in regard for the rights of others; neither can be attained until men learn to act from higher motives, until altruism becomes the watchword of the sovereign people.

The sovereigns of America should be noble rulers—men of heaven-born desires. Perhaps a Benjamin Franklin, devoting himself to the welfare of the nation, or a Washington, refusing reward for serving his country, or a Lincoln, resolved in the defense of truth to rise or fall—perhaps these are our rulers. Alas! they are not. They are only thrifty farmers voting for a protective duty on wool. They are simply industrious artisans inquiring how they can use their political power to profit themselves. In pursuing their own gain, by political means, they incidentally direct the government. Such are the petty sovereigns who rule America.

But sordid motives can never dominate noble men. Here and there is one who votes for his country's welfare. He is a man with an unselfish purpose, a true patriot. Hundreds are ready to die for their country; but here is one who lives for his country. On the battlefield, impelled by a frenzy of anger and excitement, he who dies for the state deserves the gratitude of his countrymen; but he who lives for the state, surrounded by no halo of glory, and impelled by no excitement, is more truly great and noble. When the people rise to this standard of patriotism, then we can solve the problem of good government. Justice, when once firmly rooted in the personal character of the people, will bear abundant fruits in every sphere of life.

If we use political power to secure our own personal interests, we must expect our representatives to use theirs for the same end. The duty of a congressman to serve his country is no more sacred than that of a private citizen. Public honor springs only from private virtue, and while the people vote from selfish principles, while politicians appeal mainly to sordid motives, so long will city councilmen sell their votes, and great corporations rob the masses by means of favoring legislation which is purchased and paid for. If ever we would have true patriots in office, we must be true patriots ourselves. If we want altruism in legislation, we must have altruism at the ballot box.

National character is but the sum of individual characters, and public wrong but the aggregate of personal vice. Every evil in American politics today is traceable directly to the false ethics of the people. We abhor public injustice or corruption, and yet we take no pains to correct the popular notions from which they spring. If congressmen swell the appropriations in order to make sure of re-election, there is an outcry against legislative extravagance, but the insatiable greed of the people for office renders civil service reform impossible. If a few senators sell out to the steel trust it is a national disgrace, but thousands of men may sell their votes to ward politicians and pass unnoticed. When the government breaks a treaty with China or passes a Geary Act, it is a shameful exhibition of race prejudice, but southern mobs may kill and plunder the negroes with impunity, and the murder of the Italian prisoners in New Orleans is called "summary justice." The awful fact is that our politics, corrupt as they are, truly represent the people.

Any attempt to reform the people by means of legislation is vain. The government is not responsible for popular ethics; on the contrary, popular ethics are responsible for the government—it is their creature. Happily for America, her political system is representative. Let us never see the day when this government shall be able to enforce morality by arbitrary power. May sham virtue never be raised upon the ruins of individual liberty! When the morals depend upon the caprices of domestic power, they cease to be a virtue. Great indeed are the evils of our times, but let us have vice in a progressive people capable of reform, rather than false virtue imposed by absolute power upon a servile and degraded race.

The true patriot does not denounce the government, but endeavers to reform the people. He votes for his country's welfare and loves the government as he does the flag. In it he sees the handiwork of Samuel Adams and Thomas Jefferson. It stands for the prayers and sufferings of Valley Forge, for the blood of Bunker Hill and Gettysburg. It is a monument to the heroism of Joseph Warren and Commodore Perry. As the noblest product of modern thought and effort, it commemorates every deed of American valor. To curse this government is utterly base and dishonorable. What America demands is not the denunciation of her noblest achievements, but the reform of her political ethics.

Is this not possible? Altruism in politics is not a visionary ideal; the people are capable of acting from higher motives. The mainspring of human action is indeed self-interest, but so long as men intermingle, while civilized society exists, the welfare of man will depend mainly upon the welfare of his fellow-men. Hence the highest expression of true self-interest is altruism. The surest way to obtain happiness is to strive for the happiness of others, and the only way to establish justice and secure one's own rights is to recognize and defend the rights of others. Altruism, therefore, in its broadest sense, is the very fundamental principle of good government. It consists not in wild abandonment to fanciful ideals, but in the suppression of selfish and ruinous desires for immediate gain. It is possible. It is necessary.

The problem of government in America today is a problem of political ethics. The struggle between justice and injustice, honor and corruption, is but a part of the universal conflict between right and wrong, and threatening evils can only be removed by elevating the people and inspiring in them a feeling of real solicitude for the welfare of the nation. When we recognize this duty of man to man, when we make altruism an active force in our public life, then the pitiful cry of humanity for justice, the cry which breaks from the lips of the African slave and the Siberian exile, the cry which goes up from the slums of London and the plains of Cuba, will find its answer in America. The sad procession of history with its wars and oppressions, with its fruitless sacrifices and its never ending pain, will have become the triumphal march of manifold justice under the Stars and Stripes.



EUGENE MARSHALL

Eugene Marshall.

Eugene Marshall was born in the city of Detroit, November 26, 1880. He prepared for college at the high school of that city, from which he was graduated in June, 1900. In the fall of the same year he entered the Law Department of the University of Michigan, and expects to receive his degree in June, 1903.

He has been interested in oratory ever since he began his high school course. In 1898 he won the right to represent the Detroit high school in the annual contest of the Peninsular League. In this contest, in which representatives from seven of the strongest high schools of the lower peninsula participated, Mr. Marshall received second honor. The following year he was a member of the high school debating team which defeated Orchard Lake Military Academy.

Three years in succession after entering the University, Mr. Marshall won the right to represent the Law Class of 1903 in the annual University Oratorical Contest. March 13, 1903, he won first honors in the University over all competitors, and was awarded the Chicago Alumni Medal and their testimonial of \$75.00. He thus became Michigan's representative in the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League. In this contest, held at Minneapolis, Minnesota, May 1, 1903, Mr. Marshall won second honor and the Lowden Testimonial of \$50.00.

His success has opened many opportunities to him, while yet a collegian, for public addresses, notably the addresses given before the colored societies of St. Paul, Minnesota, and the one before the graduating class of the Alpena, Michigan, high school.

As a speaker he is vigorous, direct, and persuasive. He possesses a voice of wonderful depth, power, and flexibility. Assiduous training has given him thorough command of every part of its wide range. His native earnestness and sincerity add the vital element which always commands attention.

HAMILTON AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY EUGENE MARSHALL.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION in 1903 at the University of Michigan, and second in the Northern Oratorical League. In the former contest Mr. Marshall was ranked third in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery; in the League contest second in Thought and Composition and second in Delivery.]

Stability of government is essential to the preservation of liberty. Without a substantial administration to crown the success of a revolution, law and liberty degenerate into anarchy and despotism. With brilliant eloquence, a Castellar may rouse the people to action, with broadsword and battleax, a Cromwell may overthrow the absolutism of tyrants, but after the din and crash of arms have ceased, the statesman must be summoned to construct a government superior to that which has been destroyed. Just as the Italian revolution brought forth Cavour and the birth of the Dutch republic evolved William of Orange, so the war for American independence produced a character whose brilliant struggle for the preservation of republican institutions created a nationality, and whose efforts to construct a strong, centralized government, were most potent factors in establishing the republic of the United States. That man was Alexander Hamilton.

At the close of the Revolutionary War the political condition of this country was deplorable. The treasury was empty, the army demoralized, the commerce ruined, the government an object of contempt among the nations of Europe. Congress had neither the support nor the confidence of the people. Public credit was debased by a worthless paper currency. States which had formed a phalanx against Great Britain were at war with each other, while poverty and disorder were driving them into open rebellion with the general government.

The primary cause of this condition was the inability of the Confederation to govern the thirteen original states. Though called the "United States," they were, in the words of Washington, "one nation today and thirteen tomorrow." Congress could borrow money but could not repay it; it could declare war but could not levy troops; it could make treaties but could not enforce them; in reality, the Confederation was no more than a makeshift for a government. When the bonds of English tyranny were broken, the colonies thought their work was finished; but there still remained for solution one of the most difficult problems in

statesmanship that history has ever presented, that of building a government of states in the midst of provincial chaos, and endowing it with all of the elements of enduring life and imperial power. Such was the condition of America when the political career of Alexander Hamilton began.

Never has the world beheld a higher type of constructive statesman than Alexander Hamilton. Although a mere youth when he entered political life, his extraordinary abilities raised him to a prominent position among the men of his time. Instead of being moved by the sectional spirit that influenced Hancock, Adams and Randolph, Hamilton was imbued with the idea of nationalism. He saw that there was a greater task to be accomplished than that of promoting the interests of individual states. It was the establishment of a strong, centralized government. Without an institution capable of protecting the liberties of the masses of the people, what would become of the fruits of the American Revolution? How long would the tottering Confederation guard the rights and privileges of the people? Would states envious and jealous of each other support a national militia, create a national credit or develop a national commerce? What the colonies needed was a government which should rest upon the consent of the governed and be strong enough to curb the power of the states. Long before the Confederation began to crumble, Hamilton was preparing to supplant it by a strong, centralized government. He had heard the ablest men of his time discuss its feasibility. He had studied the best governments of Europe and the adaption of their systems to America. By his writings and speeches he had schooled his countrymen in the doctrines of republicanism, and when the hour came for America to choose either a constitutional republic, plastic beneath the influence of popular passion, or a democracy, turbulent, excitable and uncontrollable, this powerful advocate of constitutional liberty entered the political arena to grapple with the doctrine of State Rights, and to wrest from the hands of thirteen jealous states enough power to build a federal union.

We, who live under the benign influence of the Constitution, seldom think of the opposition directed against it one hundred years ago. When that immortal document was presented to the people of the several states, they did not receive it as a masterpiece of statecraft. They were human, excitable, and suspicious

of the true character of its provisions. Fearing that it was drafted solely to rob them of their liberty, they did not hesitate to employ any means to prevent its ratification. Howling mobs burned copies of it on Boston Common. News of its adoption by leading states was followed by wild demonstrations and violent party encounters. In Pennsylvania it was denounced as the handiwork of political knaves. In Virginia it was ranked with the Stamp Act and the Boston Port Bill. But of all the states which opposed its adoption none offered a more stubborn resistance than New York. Only seven states had ratified the Constitution when the Poughkeepsie Convention was called. New York became the pivotal point in the contest, and when Hamilton boldly declared that he "would storm the citadel of the opposition and make it a bulwark for the defense of the Constitution," excitement grew intense. Conscious of the importance of that convention, every state from Massachusetts to Georgia watched with restless expectancy the coming conflict.

On the morning of June 22d, 1788, the long expected struggle begins. It is a spectacle grand and inspiring. The convention is thronged with eager spectators, but as Hamilton rises to address the assembly a profound stillness reigns. Courage and determination are written in every line of his countenance. His flashing eye denotes nervous energy and firm resolve, while his dignified bearing commands instant attention. Before him sits Governor Clinton, firm and energetic. On the right, the powerful Anti-Federalist, Melanchon Smith. On the left, a hundred delegates pledged to defeat Hamilton at any cost. Behind him a mere handful of Federalists. It is a contest where the political power of a state is directed against the spirit and eloquence of a single man. For two weeks the great debate rages without the change of a single vote. Time and again Hamilton charges the opposing forces only to be beaten back by an overwhelming majority. When the last day of the convention arrives, every town and hamlet in New York is awaiting the news of the convention. Will Hamilton fail? Will New York ratify the Constitution or will America add one more to the long list of fallen republics? These are the questions to be settled. But undaunted by the forces arrayed against him, the "Little Lion" makes his final attack upon the unbroken lines of the Anti-Federalists.

Hamilton shows the necessity for the constitution by describing the condition of the country under the Confederation. To

the charge that the large states would coerce the smaller ones, he says: "That doctrine is the maddest political folly ever conceived. It never has been and never can be exercised over an enlightened people." A plea for a conservative upper house meets the claim that the Senate would be aristocratic. Hear him refute the charge that the instrument has monarchial features: "Sirs, can it be supposed that the Senate will become the oppressors of the people! Will they combine to destroy the liberties and happiness of their fellow citizens! God forbid! The idea is shocking! It outrages every feeling of humanity!" With consummate skill he opposes the fallacy that two supreme powers, one state and the other national, can exist, and when he has demonstrated the evils in the doctrine of State Rights, Hamilton closes with these words: "As too much power leads to despotism, too little leads to anarchy. The states cannot lose their liberty until the people are robbed of theirs. They must go together. They must support each other or the life, the liberty, the very existence of three million people is endangered." The effort is heroic; the effect startling. The leader of the Anti Federalists openly acknowledges defeat, the entire opposition follow his example, and with the cry, "Long live the Constitution!" sweeping over the assembly, the debate closes with the convention in the hands of the "Colossus of the Constitution."

What was the effect of this victory? It inaugurated a new era in our political life. It silenced the cries of the Anti-Federalists for State Rights. It supplanted the tottering Confederation by the most progressive government of modern times. It rallied the remaining states to the new federation, and when the dawning light of the new century broke over the colonies, the world saw, slowly rising from the ruins of ages of political experiment, the Federal Constitution, powerful, flexible and progressive—a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

But the influence of Hamilton was not limited to the walls of constitutional conventions. It had a more lasting and far-reaching effect. It made us a nation. It made us Americans. Before the advent of Hamilton, every commonwealth was struggling to promote its individual interests. Some sections would have reduced the country to a state of anarchy in order that they might be strong and prosperous. Even Patrick Henry and John Randolph had not yet learned to look beyond the boundaries of their own

state, while Jefferson declared that the establishment of a centralized government would be the destruction of popular liberty. Hamilton taught the people the broader and nobler idea of union. He showed them that under a constitutional government their liberties would be more secure, their credit more stable, their internal affairs better regulated, and their rights and privileges better protected. And from the hour that the Constitution went into effect, America ceased to be thirteen states, envious and jealous of one another, and became the great republic of the United States.

The greatness of Hamilton's achievement is written on every page of American history. His explanation of the fundamental principles of the Constitution cleared a pathway for the growth of the new republic. It gave Clay the foundation for his Compromises. It furnished Webster the thunderbolts to hurl against Secession. It made Lincoln a tower of strength during the Rebellion. It guides every court and legislative assembly today, while Hamilton, honored by the nobility of his mission, glorified by the brilliancy of his victories, and crowned by the permanency of the institutions he established, stands foremost among the world's great statesmen as the man who founded a strong centralized government upon the eternal principles of Free Conscience and Free Speech.

Time may hush into silence the masterful eloquence of Hamilton, centuries of human events may wrap in obscurity his record as a soldier, future generations may forget his brilliant administration of the treasury, but the memory of his defense of the Constitution will never pass from the minds of men. For as long as the Constitution shall guard the liberties of the American people, as long as the brilliant struggle to secure its adoption shall illumine the annals of the Revolutionary era, history will ever make this attestation: That in the dawning hour of the struggle, when the American commonwealth wore the yoke of English tyranny, it was the inspired eloquence and impassioned utterance of Henry in defense of American liberty that shook the throne of England; that in the darkest hour of the contest, when the horrors and sufferings of Valley Forge had cast a gloom over the nation, it was the sword of Washington that turned the tide of disaster and revived the shattered hopes of the colonists; but when the war was over and America called for a statesman to uproot

sectionalism, unite the discordant elements of the nation in a common cause, and crown the victories of Saratoga and Yorktown with a strong, centralized government, the man who answered the call and gave to the American people that powerful fabric of government, the Federal Constitution, was the peerless orator, the valiant soldier, the incomparable statesman, Alexander Hamilton.

NATIONAL DANGER IN MODERN INDUSTRIALISM.

BY EDWARD SONNENSCHEIN.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION, 1903, marked second in Thought and Composition and fourth in Delivery].

We are in the midst of a great industrial movement. The productive forces are being massed upon a scale undreamed of in the past. What is its significance?

Capital is today concentrating into vast corporations; labor is organizing trades unions into gigantic federations of workers. This change embraces an economic upheaval, as a stimulus to industrial efficiency, second only to the introduction of machinery. It includes a social revolution in which the identity of the individual is lost in the organization; the man becomes but a cog in a great industrial machine upon whose lever rests the silent hand of an unseen corporation. Government and law are beginning to feel the enormous influence of concentrated capital. World markets and the livelihood of myriads are dependent upon its will. Prices and products are subject to its caprice and whim. On the other hand, organized labor, by a general strike, can cripple the country's industries, stop production, clog traffic, and bring untold loss and hardship to the public. But great as are these evils, far-reaching and powerful as is their influence, the most alarming danger to the republic lies in a still more vital phase of the industrial movement. The pregnant fact of this process of concentration is its tendency more sharply to demarcate industrial classes; to dwarf the middle class, the strength and sinew of democracy; to marshal society into hostile camps, the employers and the employed; and to make possible the day when the brawn and skill of organized labor and the brains and gold of corporate capital shall be arrayed against each other in political opposition. No longer a conflict amid the grime and din of the factory for an

equitable division of product, but a struggle to be fought at the hustings and the polls for governmental control.

Increasing concentration must inevitably accentuate divergence in the interests of labor and capital; and as these become better organized the strife between them will grow bitter and inexorable; the incentive for both to use every weapon within their reach, potent and irresistible. It is the lesson of experience. And as the battle gathers strength, the clash of economic interests tends to engender an industrial welfare from which to political conflict is but a short and a logical step. Even today the industrial atmosphere is heavy with the distant rumble of a coming storm, the sign and omen of a threatening change in the nature and function of our political organization.

Today capital invokes the aid of government to suppress strikes and boycotts. Labor appeals to government to abolish the right of injunction. Capital bands together to secure the advancement of men and measures that will further its interests; labor supports candidates pledged to inaugurate industrial reforms. The great parties even now pursue policies and adopt platforms ostensibly favorable to the interests of one class as opposed to those of the other. But deeper, clearer, and more significant notes of warning ring out above the stir and bustle of commerce. Listen to the voice of the Illinois Federation of Labor as it forbids the four hundred thousand union men under its jurisdiction to join the militia, serve the flag, and preserve law and order when called upon by the state. Why? Because it believes that government employs its power against labor and for capital; because industrial interests are beginning to color political relations, and to give aim and purpose to governmental functions. What will be the outcome of this tendency?

Capital has always had the upper hand, and against it labor has used the most effective means available. Rebellion, riot, destruction of machinery, the strike, and the boycott are all stages in the development of labor's weapons. But the march of the centuries is the rhythm of advancing law and order. Labor today strives to attain its ends through legal means; and, as with better organization comes the full consciousness of its voting strength, what is more reasonable, more in harmony with precedent and the spirit of the age than for labor to employ its political power to wrest desired concessions from capital? At first it may

merely attempt to hold a balance of power between the great parties; but soon, impatient of half-way measures, it will form a party devoted exclusively to the interests of labor; a political party whose fundamental object shall be to make government the instrument of a class. Then in some period of great industrial depression, when the hand of want bears heavily upon the poor and the cry for bread rings through the land, the time will be ripe and the forces at hand to turn a political democracy into an oligarchy subservient to capital, or a socialistic government devoted to the interests of labor.

Picture to yourself the conditions attendant upon a national election at such a moment. The hungering masses, conscious of their voting strength, can with their ballots storm the citadels of law and legal privilege which shelter capital and vested rights. Hear a workman cry that men are not free and equal when a few gigantic corporations hold the power of life and death over the people; hear him urge the election of legislatures which shall sweep away the barrier of injustice and the mockery of law behind which crouch these corporations that give one man millions and another a crust; hear him demand that government wrest from capital the wealth created by the brawn and sweat of labor, return it to the toiling masses who produced it, and by its mandate inaugurate industrial equality. Hear him answered by a statesman demonstrating that rash measures born of blind class hatred will plunge both government and people into misery and ruin; pleading for moderation, reverence for the constitution, respect for vested rights, faith in the power and purpose of government to ameliorate conditions by slow and gradual change. Which course will the angry sullen masses choose? Will they weigh the sanctity of our institutions against an ounce of bread? What significance have theories of law to men whose children starve?

If all the powers of despotic monarchy were arrayed on the side of capital; if the abstract arguments of property rights were enforced by cannon and musketry; if conservatism and moderation spoke with the lips of inspired eloquence, in such a crisis the restraining fabric of law and government would be destroyed. How much more certain the result when to accomplish it requires but the marking of a ballot!

The will of the majority, expressed at the polls, may be unheeded. Capital, secure in its control of government, may .

refuse to abdicate its power. The masses, hopeless then of aid from constituted authority, in very defense of the principles of democracy, would resort to force, and settle the question of supremacy with blood and bayonets. If, on the other hand, the voice of the people were obeyed, they would inaugurate a government of inexperienced men devoted to the interests of a class, which, like the national assembly in its feverish attempts at reform, would render all property unstable, paralyze industry, and cause such a state of confusion, lawlessness, ruin, and misery that society would welcome the iron rule of a dictator. In either case our government would be shaken to its very foundations, if not shattered. We would face a conflict not of political principles, as was the Civil War; not a struggle of North against South, or East against West, but a war of classes struggling to control government for class interests, with battles fought in every village and hamlet throughout the land. It is the greatest danger which our nation can ever face, the supreme test of our democracy.

The nation needs support at other times than when the trumpet sounds. Patriotism is not alone a matter of bravery and martial courage. It is seen in obedience to law and in civic endeavor as well as in the camp, on the march, and in the field. The same spirit which kindled the spark of liberty till it became a flame encircling the globe; the same loyalty to principle which enfranchised four million bondsmen and glorified personal and political equality; the same devotion to duty which left American dead on Cuban soil is needed now. The nation calls for men today as when Fort Sumter fell. A danger threatens us. The growing tendency toward class demarcation and political conflict, if unchecked, will end in anarchy or despotism. The industrial problem must be solved.

The educated men of the country must solve it. You have the strength, you must bear the burden. Your duty it is to initiate reform, to mold and guide public opinion. You must demand that government enter the industrial field and curb the wayward tendencies of both labor and capital. You must give no foothold to political factions, and must remove the occasion for separate labor parties by remodeling the great parties of today so that they shall challenge support from all alike through honest efforts to meet industrial needs. You must force statesmen and political leaders to evolve such laws regulating the organization and man-

agement of corporations that the great body of the people will invest in them their savings, and thus become directly interested in the maintenance of order and the preservation of vested rights. You must resort to every means—the school, the press, the church—to weld labor and capital together, teach them their interdependence, substitute confidence for distrust and cooperation for hostility, stimulate their common interest in the industrial future of their common country. And you must do more. You must educate and enlighten the great common people, upon whose sanity and judgment, patriotism and conservatism must, in the last analysis, rest the fate of democratic government. Therein lies the remedy.

Political reform, popular education, the union of labor and capital, will arrest the evil tendencies of the present industrial movement, its alienation of economic groups and fostering of political classes, and still retain and use for national advancement, its increased efficiency, its corporate capital, and organized labor. These means will avert the crisis, destroy the danger which overthrew the dynasties of the old regime, make government truly an instrument of the whole people, seeking the welfare and resting upon the support of all. It will be the greatest triumph of free government which the world has ever seen, a demonstration that the undying words of Jefferson and the legacy of the Constitutional Convention, that Valley Forge, and Gettysburg, and El Caney were not in vain.

That we shall succeed in this endeavor we cannot but believe. We must have faith in a nation whose people have responded to every crisis, whose masses have successfully met every danger as it appeared. Born in the throes of a revolution for freedom, purged of slavery, and welded into union in the fire of civil war, this nation is reserved for a high mission—to preach to the world the message of democracy uniting the interests of labor and capital.

THE ANGLO-SAXON.

BY FRANCIS W. BALCOMB.

[THIS ORATION received first rank in Thought and Composition and fifth in Delivery in 1903].

The history of the world is the story of its dominant races. One by one they have appeared, each advancing some fundamental idea. Then, having fulfilled its mission, the race has passed, but its influence has remained. Of these dominant races three are preeminent: the Jewish, which evolved religion; the Grecian, which advanced representative government; and the Roman, which enforced law. And today these basic factors of stability, progress, and perpetuity unite to characterize the dominant Anglo-Saxon race.

i. Through its Aryan ancestors, this race dates its origin far into the twilight of history. From this twilight it emerged in northern Europe. The isolation of the vast Germanic forest encouraged self-reliance. The long and rigorous winters developed endurance. The mountains, swept by storm and crested with snow, inspired lofty virtue and sturdy independence. To preserve its ideal of home, of political equality, and of religious freedom, again and again it beat back the invading hosts which threatened its existence.

The first of these perils came when the Roman legions crossed the Rhine. From the storied mounds of Babylon to the Albion cliffs, where beat the stormy Atlantic, they were supreme. Everywhere the native heart ceased beating at sight of those imperial eagles. But at the call of Arminius, his rallying countrymen piled the shades of the Teutoburg Forest with slain, and the banners of all-conquering Rome never again crossed the Rhine.

The next danger came from the arid plains of Asia. The wild Scythian hordes, massed in one gigantic column, moved westward. Before them was terror, behind them desolation. Bursting through the passes of the Alps, an avalanche, they poured upon the plains below. Immovable as the rock of Gibraltar stood the Saxon. Retreat he could not. Surrender he would not. Conquer he must and did.

But another conflict was gathering. In far-off Arabia a new prophet was teaching the religion of the sword. This transformed the children of the desert into an army of fanatics. Their swords

proselyted Asia. Their hosts swept across Africa. A simoon, they crossed the Straits of Gibralter and the clouds darkened Europe. Then ensued the struggle between the Cross and the Crescent, the Saxon and the Saracen, the Christian and the Moslem. It was the meeting of storms, the clash of tempests, the shock of thunderbolts—the battle for world-supremacy, the control of modern society and progress. But the storm-clouds from the desert fell away in broken cohorts before the Northern blasts. The thunders of conflict died away beyond the Pyrenees Mountains. The race was saved—saved from Oriental stagnation; saved to develop the new civilization; saved to foster Christianity, the golden bond of brotherhood.

II. No more was this race to be menaced by outward foes. Transplanted to his island home, the Anglo-Saxon breathed the freedom of the ocean wind. In this sea girt cradle he felt the pulse-beat of humanity in the sweep of the tides. Following the path of the vagrant storms, his influence passed from ocean to ocean. But those principles which make this influence valuable were yet to be vindicated. Freedom of conscience was denied, political liberty unknown, and chattel slavery the foundation of the industrial system.

Through greed of power and wealth popes made of religion a despotism. To the Anglo-Saxon this was intolerable. His principle of equality of man impelled him to recognize individual responsibility to God. But conceptions of truth in the uncertain light of dawn are vague and imperfect. It remained for Westward winds to waft the Mayflower to a new harbor; it remained for the Puritan to found a state upon the sterile soil of New England; it remained for the latest sons of this race to establish the sovereignty of conscience.

Coeval with this struggle for religious freedom was that for political freedom. The heresy of “the Divine Right of kings” received its death-blow at Runnymede and Naseby. But the men who gained those victories could only dethrone their king; they could not crown themselves. It remained for the men of '76, the embattled farmers on the greensward of Lexington, to “fire the shot heard round the world.” Cromwell’s Ironsides sleep their dreamless sleep, but the principles for which they battled move ever onward. These principles are not local, but universal; not temporal, but eternal. And in this country, under a new flag, they established equality Equality of wealth? No Equality of

influence or position? No. Equality of energy, or capacity, or reward? No, not these; but equality of privilege. To every man a chance to worship his God unmolested; a chance to provide for his family, and dwell in the home which he builds; a chance to share in his government, and know that so long as these principles control injustice will be righted, corruption removed, and prosperity advanced.

But, in spite of this boasted equality, the race still demanded chattel slavery. Strange to contemplate that men who would die for freedom saw no wrong in enslaving their fellowmen. Wilberforce across the water, Garrison and Phillips at Boston, and Lovejoy keeping sentinel watch beside the Mississippi, were heralds proclaiming the approaching day. The contest was world-wide. It was a struggle not alone to liberate four million slaves, not alone to perpetuate this Union; but it was a struggle to uplift all men who toil, and to advance representative government everywhere. The crisis was precipitated in America. Here a slave empire was founding. Here money was placed above manhood. Here the clash of words ended in the din of battle, and the nations were startled by the drum-beat and the bugle-call. The decisive struggle was the Civil War, and the death-grapple was when two mighty armies met in the throes of mortal combat at Gettysburg. The battle smoke hung like a pall over the awful tragedy. The hills trembled with the tumult. The world stood breathless. But the hand that guides the destiny of nations rolled the storm-clouds away. Slavery was destroyed forever, and, floating serenely in the heavens, was the "old flag, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured."

III. These struggles of the past were not in vain. The principles, which have been secured through storm and stress, are embodied in the lives of the people. They are united to the race inseparably by the memories of a hundred battlefields. They are the charter of our freedom, sealed with our fathers' blood, hallowed by our mothers' tears. Through these principles the race has reached world-leadership, and by them must preserve freedom of competition, foster private enterprises, and enforce international arbitration.

These factors stand at the portals of progress. Competition has ever spurred men to achieve, to conquer the forces of nature, to readjust social conditions. Through cooperation, this force is being lifted to a higher plane; its field is being widened by business

combinations. Political boundaries are losing significance. Its influence is not only national, it is world-wide. Controlled by law and imbued with the spirit of fraternity, competition is a powerful factor in industrial development.

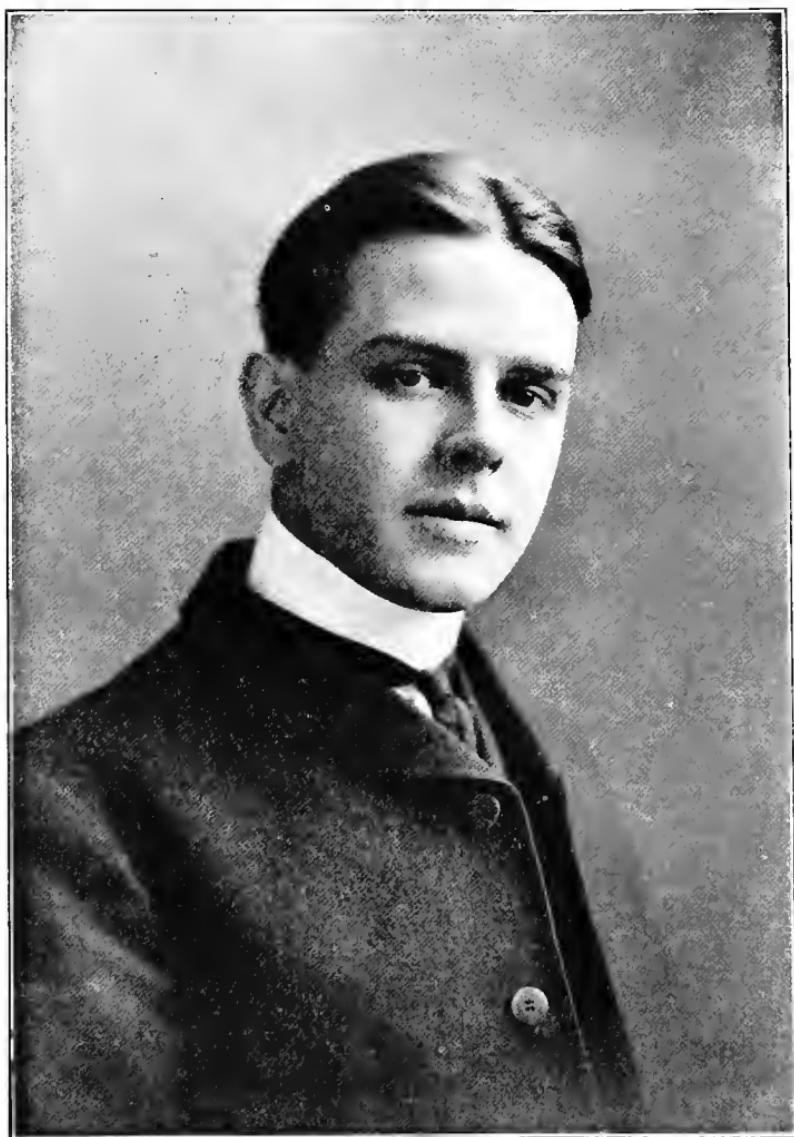
Aiding this development, the shuttles of commerce are weaving the nations together. Trade is removing local prejudice, obliterating race distinctions, and hastening world-federation. But the moving power, working through these agencies, is reward for private efforts. But for this incentive, unreaped the golden harvests, vanished the white-winged fleets, silent the roar of industry; but for this incentive, hushed the hum of the printing press, unreared these temples of learning, and wrapped in shadowy dreams this mighty civilization. Better the whirlwind of competition, based upon private enterprise than paternal governments or socialistic dreams.

Competition and cooperation unite to secure international arbitration. The spread of the English language, customs, and laws makes this possible. Peace conferences are advancing mutual interest, common fellowship, and national comity. Famine, pestilence, and devastation are being removed. No more shall war be the sport of kings. No more shall armies and navies be the arbiters of justice. No more shall ignorance, jealousy and greed incite to violence and bloodshed. The mission of the Anglo-Saxon is to seek peace, not strife; to promote the general good, not to pursue selfish ends; to draw all nations together, not to found a world-empire. This is the leadership for which his struggles prepared him, for which his principles adapt him, for which his position qualifies him. Directed by an enlightened conscience, he will establish peace between labor and capital. Led by the hand of the master, he will lift from humanity the burden of its woes. Guided by the star of justice, he will make the Golden Rule strong enough to hold the nations in harmony and broad enough to include all mankind.

The Anglo-Saxon race is a great sovereign intelligence, swept by hurricanes of passion, moved by depths of emotion, and carried along by currents of energy, boundless, resistless, sweeping the way of destiny. Controlled by principles of eternal truth, it can never go down to voiceless silence. As long as other races need an example, as long as tyranny exists in any corner of the earth, as long as ignorance dwarfs the mind and superstition darkens the soul, so long shall the race endure. It shall endure to vindicate

liberty, justice, and truth; it shall endure to remove idleness, oppression, and crime; it shall endure to advance the reign of law, to guard the rewards of private enterprise, to usher in universal brotherhood. When this is accomplished, the epic poem of the race will be complete, the Star of the East will again herald peace and good-will, and the bugles of conscience will sound the truce of God.

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JAMES FLOYD HALLIDAY

James Floyd Halliday.

James Floyd Halliday was born at Vienna, Michigan, in 1878. He prepared for college in the public schools of that place and at the High Schools of Flushing and Ann Arbor. In 1900 he entered Northwestern University and remained during his Freshman year. He then came to the University of Michigan and is now a Senior in the Literary Department.

He has been a faithful student of the art of public speaking ever since he entered the University. Besides taking the regular courses of instruction he has participated in many debates in the Adelphi Society and has taken part in three public contests in oratory. In the Junior contest he won third place. In the preliminaries leading to the first Hamilton contest he was chosen to represent the University. Of the eight orations submitted by the representatives of as many universities his was one of the four chosen on account of their excellence in thought to be delivered before the Hamilton Club in Chicago. In this contest, held January 11, 1904, before a brilliant assemblage, the first honor and the testimonial of \$100.00 were awarded to Mr. Halliday.

In February, 1904, he was chosen one of the orators of the Senior class, and on March 18 won the University contest. He was awarded the Chicago Alumni Medal and testimonial of \$75.00. This honor also entitled him to represent the University in the annual contest of the Northern Oratorical League. In the fourteenth annual contest of this League, held at Ann Arbor May 6, 1904, he received third honor.

Mr. Halliday's manner on the platform is highly prepossessing. He has a strong physique, is modest in bearing and easy in gesture. His voice is excellent in quality, wide of range, well modulated and powerful; his method is direct, earnest and persuasive, an excellent example of the polished conversational type of speaker.

WEBSTER AND THE COMPROMISE OF 1850.

BY JAMES FLOYD HALLIDAY.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION in the University of Michigan in 1904; marked first in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery. In the League contest it was ranked second in Thought and Composition and third in Delivery.]

The history of every government is the history of two tremendous forces struggling for supremacy. On the one hand—laws, statutes, and creeds; on the other, the moral convictions of the people. The rise or fall of every civil power finds its explanation in the comparative harmony or the violent discord of these two forces. I am to speak to you of one of the greatest crises of the American Nation, where these powers grappled in mortal combat; of a political drama, in which the actors were among the most distinguished statesmen this country has produced. The scene of the drama is the Senate chamber of the United States; the actors—Webster, Clay and Calhoun; the audience, the American people; the drama, the preservation of the Union.

I speak of this drama because I believe the judgment of history has been unfair to its principal actor; that in the defense of the Compromise of 1850, Webster did not shift his position one iota, but held in all sincerity to the one supreme principle that had become the essence of his life; that in the first impassioned burst of rage, men failed to recognize this principle; nor could they, blinded by prejudice, see back of apparent inconsistencies, the great heart of Webster, throbbing for the cause of the Union. This fact makes his political martyrdom one of the saddest events in the annals of the American Nation.

Two lofty purposes mark the career of Webster. The one—no concession to slavery. The other, and by far the weightier—the preservation of the Constitution and the Union. In defense of these principles, he faced two momentous crises—crises that were decisive of a Nation's fate. The first was in 1830, when in reply to Hayne, he defended the Union against nullification and secession. A determined enemy of any compromise with slavery, the South recognized in him a bitter and relentless opponent. The second was in 1850, when he delivered his famous "Seventh of March" speech for the Constitution and the Union. For the triumph of 1830, the North could not eulogize him enough. Bards sang his praises and children were taught to lisp the "sacred" name of Webster. Thousands hailed him "Savior of his Country," and with grateful reverence, turned to him as a true rep-

representative of American manhood. For his victory of 1850, censure took the place of eulogy. The triumphant peans of the bards no longer were heard. In the heat of passion, curses and contumely were heaped upon him, nor could epithets be found vile enough to characterize him. He was branded a demagogue, a villain, a traitor. I believe that an impartial criticism of the Compromise of 1850, and of Webster's part in that Compromise, fails to justify any of these accusations.

In the early history of our country, the two cardinal purposes of Webster's life were harmonious. Both North and South believed that slavery was an evil, and united in upholding the cause of the Union. Gradually, however, through the industrial development of the country, ideas changed, till in 1850 these two principles clashed in deadly conflict. Chief among the forces precipitating the struggle was the Moral Awakening.

It had been an era of Nationalism. The West, filled with the spirit of self-assertion and of manifest destiny, had, under Jackson, emphasized its influence. Humanitarianism was fast becoming a potent and determined factor in the lives of the people. Heralded by such men as Lundy and Garrison, this movement had in a short time assumed alarming proportions. The glaring inconsistency of the Declaration of Independence and the Institution of Slavery, had aroused the conscience of the North. Had the clause—"All men are and of a right ought to be free and equal"—become a meaningless jumble of words? Was that compact to which they had subscribed to sanction an institution which was the "very sum of human villainy?" In short, was slavery a national or merely a local institution? The growing sentiment manifested itself in numerous ways. Abolition parties were organized. The Protestant churches became agitators. Home and foreign missionary societies demanded emancipation. The Northern press teemed with bitter upbraidings of the South. Pro-slavery arguments were scoffed at, and philosophic reasoning gave way to moral conviction.

The significance of this Moral Awakening is that it was distinctly sectional, and this one fact points to the real cause of the controversy. If it was sectional, what made it so? There could be but one answer. Slavery had made the South peculiar; had swerved her from the channels of National life, and by its wasting and demoralizing effect, had rendered her insensible to other than mere local and selfish impulses.

Incapable of recognizing the ultimate cause or meaning of

this great awakening, the South by strenuous efforts attempted to quell it. Colored preachers were commanded to be silent. Laws were enacted making it a crime to teach the negro to read or write, and still others compelling postmasters to inspect the mails and destroy all incendiary publications. Even these measures were not drastic enough. With one mad cry "the Southern press demanded the gagging of abolitionists by penal laws." The United States had been transformed into two great seething sections. In the year 1850 all realized that a crisis was at hand. The interests of the two sections were diametrically opposed. Compromise and Civil War were the only alternatives. The issue had become Slavocracy or Union.

This was the situation when the great triumvirate of gray-haired veterans met for the last time in the National Theatre. There was Clay, the famous Compromiser, haggard and worn, his iron will actually staying the hand of death until he should effect a reconciliation between the North and South. Near him sat Calhoun, "swathed in flannels," anxiously waiting to give his dying testimony. There he sat, the great exponent of slavery, the embodiment of Southern life and thought, realizing that his scheme of government was doomed. Somber as the shadows of the tomb that were fast enshrouding him, he was the personification of his hopeless cause. And there too was Webster, the other member of the great triumvirate. On the Seventh of March, this mighty champion of the North appeared to plead once more for the Constitution and the Union. The North fully alive to the great moral agitation was confident and hopeful; the South fearful, yet determined. Webster recognized that the principles he had stood for in 1830 were in violent conflict. He determined to sacrifice the lesser. Could any act have been more statesmanlike?

The first sentence of that memorable speech is familiar to every one—"I wish to speak to-day not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American. I speak to-day for the preservation of the Union. Hear me for my cause." With the skill of a mind trained by experience in matters of diplomacy, he reviewed the terms of the Compromise offered by Clay and sanctioned them without an exception. He declared that in the abandonment of the Wilmot proviso for the territories of Utah and New Mexico, the North was sacrificing nothing to the South, since, "by the law of Nature, of physical geography, the law of the formation of the earth," these territories were destined to be free. He discussed at length the history of Texas; dismissed the

question of slavery in the District of Columbia, since a practically equal concession was made to each section, and thus reduced the whole controversy to the two essential issues—the admission of California with her free constitution, and the enactment of an effective fugitive slave-law. Let history answer whether these concessions were of equal weight, and whether that made to the South was capable of fulfillment. The speech swept like wildfire through the country. The North was appalled, the South bewildered. From thousands of lips went up a cry of mingled rage and pity. A God had fallen. The idol of a million souls was in the dust.

But Webster stood firm—as compassionate as Mercy, but as unflinching as Justice. Holding in his hand the scepters both of peace and war, he had chosen to offer to his country the former. Confronted with the necessity of sacrificing one of the great purposes of his life, he had dared to do it, even in the face of defiant opposition and of certain unpopularity. Born in a love for the Union, reared in a spirit of Nationalism, grown old in the defense of the Constitution of his Country, Webster loved the Union as few men ever loved it.

Judged from the standpoint of the agitator of his time, Webster was inconsistent. But judged from the standpoint of the statesman, the "Seventh of March" speech was the greatest triumph of his life. He realized as well as the most violent agitator the extent of the moral awakening. He knew and felt the gross inconsistency of the slave-system, and the utter folly of any attempt to reconcile it with the institution of Freedom. He saw that the struggle of 1850 was a struggle between the "Higher Law" and the Constitution. But he saw more than this. He saw that in 1850 there was a united South and a divided North. If Civil War must come, its coming must be postponed until the spirit of freedom had gripped every Northern heart in its unyielding grasp. Webster was determined. His life had been one plea for Union. Ideas had hardened into theories, and these theories, grounded and fortified by years of incessant toil, had crystalized into realities. The preservation of the Union had become his religion; the master-passion of his life.

If consistency means fidelity to a principle, then Webster was consistent. Despite the unbridled passion and unreasoning dogmatism of former friend and foe; despite the epithets—coward, traitor, fanatic; despite the fact that in the blind, impetuous judgment engendered by sectional spirit, a life consecrated to its

country, and replete with great achievements, was forgotten; he never retracted a word or a sentiment of the "Seventh of March" speech. He had stood for a principle; one fact, and that the supreme impulse of his life, had ever kept pounding and tugging at his heart—the Union must be preserved. Listen to the aged statesman, as shortly before his death, he declares: "If I had seen the stake, if I had heard the fagots already crackling, by the blessing of Almighty God, I would have gone on and discharged the duty which I thought my country called upon me to perform."

History reveals the fact that the true criterion of a statesman's life is not found until the grave has closed upon the generation of men in which he lived. The impassioned fury of party strife must cease. The malignity and abuse of an excited populace, must give way to the dispassionate judgment of men who are not actuated by personal and selfish motives. Facts must be gleaned from the rubbish and debris that the time-spirit has heaped up. The man must be judged by what he has said and done, not by what others have said about him. In the judgment of the majority of the people of his time, the "Man of Galilee" was a knave and an imposter. But history has accorded him, "a name that is above every name." At Harper's Ferry, John Brown was a criminal and a traitor. On the pages of history, his name is engraven as the Champion of Freedom. And when Truth has triumphed—Daniel Webster, freed from the personal jealousies of his time, stripped of the contumely and disgrace of partisan strife, will stand forth in all his majesty—the noble, honest, consistent defender of "the Constitution and the Union."

THE REIGN OF LAW.

BY HUGO SONNENSCHEIN.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION in 1904, marked second in Thought and Composition and fifth in Delivery.]

The need for government is universal and eternal, "the form has been the riddle of the ages." Each race and nation in its development, has sought the solution of this problem in some distinctive type of government. Upon the stage of history the race which most insistently has wrought for republican self-government, has been the Anglo-Saxon, and the culmination of the centuries in which Englishmen toiled up the blood-stained heights to freedom, came when their sons, upon the western continent,

founded the American Republic as a mighty temple to humanity, whose priesthood embraced all citizens, whose worship was Freedom, and over whose portals was inscribed, "The Reign of Liberty in a Republic is the Reign of Law."

The basic principle of our government, is liberty controlled by law. Two thoughts, distinct yet never separate, are the alternate threads from which is wrought the warp and woof of the Republic—the rights and the restrictions of the citizen. Liberty uncontrolled by law is anarchy; laws disregarding liberty breed tyranny; true freedom is alone achieved where liberty is restrained by laws responsive to the people's will. The rights and privileges of American citizens draw life and strength from the Constitution and the laws, and our boasted liberty is only as secure as obedience to law is universal, only as sacred as respect for law is sincere. The measure of the grandeur of our Republic is not the rights and liberties emblazoned on its statutes, but the degree to which the individual can at law enforce those rights. It matters not that theoretically our government is the most democratic the centuries have witnessed, it avails nought that in our Constitution are realized the prayers recorded by struggling humanity upon the tear-stained annals of the past, so long as classes and organizations in the community shall defy law, and deny to men their legal rights, the American Republic is a misnomer, our freedom a mockery, and the Government of the fathers a failure. Lawlessness is fatal to republics; the violation of one law weakens the respect for all law, and makes possible a day when the orderly and beneficent sway of legislative enactment shall be supplanted by the armed conflict of classes. So vital is respect for law to the preservation of our Government, that we may well ask, what are the forms in which lawlessness is present in the nation, and what remedies are to be involved?

Lawlessness in America is a condition, not a theory. It is written large in the grime and dust of actual facts. It is a trait common to both parties to the titanic struggle between organized labor and corporate capital; it is basic to the widespread corruption in city and state: it is the dominant note in the lynchings which annually disgrace both North and South.

I. The trade union is an organization whose principles and ideals are in perfect harmony with our fundamental law. It is only when in practice it insists upon disregarding the rights of non-union men, and defies the laws which guarantee to every citizen the right of free contract, that the trade union becomes a

center of lawlessness and a menace to the nation. But what verdict shall men pronounce in the light of the facts? A strike is called in some great industry; the unions withdraw their men, the engines cease to pant and throb, the wheels stand still, business is paralyzed. But other citizens, non-union men, step forward and accept the wages and the work rejected by the unions. The union uses persuasion first, they try intimidation next, and when these fail, too often they resort to bludgeon and to knife. The peaceful mill becomes the scene of bloody conflict. Men are set upon, beaten, crippled, maimed, and sometimes murdered,—and for what offence? Have they defrauded? No! Have they robbed? No! Have they committed heinous crimes? No! They have merely exercised the rights guaranteed them by fundamental law, and yet blood flows in the streets, the police and oftentimes the militia are called forth to quell the riot, and law and order are sustained by bayonets! Grant that the trade union is right in principle, assume if you will, that it would be desirable if all laborers were enrolled in its ranks, yet so long as our laws guarantee to every citizen the right of free contract, that right is sacred, and when trade unions violate it, they menace the future of the Republic for they set class interests above patriotism, defy the expressed will of the majority, by brute force attempt to brush aside the restraints of law, and ruthlessly tread under foot the legal rights of American citizens.

2. Nor is the trade union's open violation of law the only menace to our institutions; equally potent in influence, though more subtle in nature, is the lawlessness of corporations. These mighty combinations of capital, concentrating interests vast and varied, holding in their hands the economic happiness of thousands, and swaying with autocratic rule the industrial life of the nation, are a benefit when subservient to law; only when they override or disregard it do they menace our freedom, and threaten to overshadow the government. But to-day, when in defiance of the laws passed by Congress to secure equality of opportunity to the small shippers, the railroad corporation crushes the independent producer beneath the weight of freight discriminations, our industrial freedom is a bitter jest; when we enact legislation to regulate the dealings of corporations by investigating their books, and the corporations snap their fingers in the face of court officials and congressional committee, our laws are dishonored; when corporations not only disregard statutes, but by actual corruption, block hostile, and buy favored legislation, the reign of

greed and gold menaces republican government. To preserve unimpaired the dignity, the purity, and the freedom of our institutions to maintain supreme the sovereign will of the people expressed in legislation, railroad king and corporation magnate must learn to bow alike before the sanctity of law.

3. The influence of lawlessness; moreover, is felt in the political field as well as in the realm of industry. What indeed is the ultimate significance of that widespread corruption which is permeating and defiling city and state government, prostituting the courts, squandering the revenues, and subjecting our municipal and state politics to the contempt of Europe? In the last analysis it is a defiance of law, and the vital danger is not that a corrupt ring or even an entire organization is waxing rich by defrauding an acquiescent public, but that the citizens are being schooled to tolerate a form of lawlessness, to allow depraved politicians to defy the fundamental canons of public trust and responsibility, to set themselves above law and above courts, and to subvert the Government to their own selfish and vicious ends.

4. Serious as is the national danger when organized labor, organized capital, and organized political machines violate with impunity the laws of the land, there is another element of disorder, more shameless in its disrespect for law, more potent in its evil influence on government,—the negro lynchings, North and South. Fundamental to our jurisprudence, wrought into the very fabric of our civilization, is the principle that every man shall have a fair, impartial trial. The glory of the Republic has been, that since the Civil War, all men, of every race, color, and creed, stand equal before the bar of justice. And yet within this land, whose laws embody this sublime conception, each year some five score citizens are seized by mobs, whose frenzied rage supplants the sane and sober judgment of a court, mobs which deny their victims the rights and safeguards fought for by their own fathers, and in utter defiance of the supreme law of the land, kill, and often torture their victims with all the fiendish ingenuity of Hell! Enormous as are the evil effects of lynching when the victim is guilty, conceive, if you can, their influence when, as frequently happens, the murdered men are innocent. A crime has been committed and suspicion fastens on some negro; a mob collects; they hasten to his home, tear him from the embrace of his family, drag him to some lonely spot, and there under the shadow of a prepared gallows, the mob tries him. The agitation of fear is taken for the confusion of guilt; each circumstance, however inno-

cent, is twisted into damning evidence. Hear him plead that he is innocent, that all he asks is a fair trial, that all he claims are his rights under the law. The mob laughs at law. It matters not that justice is insured in courts controlled by white men, it matters not that they are defying the Constitution—he is a negro. Race hatred triumphs over law, over justice, over patriotism, and in the blindness of its passion, the mob murders its victim. And the mob departs; silence falls upon the scene, and from the peaceful heavens God's stars look down upon the body of an innocent man murdered in our free Republic, murdered under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes, murdered by a mob of American citizens, acting in defiance of law.

Such are some of the manifestations of that spirit of lawlessness which is sweeping over the American nation and threatening to destroy the wonderful fabric of free government, which ten centuries of Anglo-Saxon civilization have wrought. The varied forms of lawlessness, like heavy clouds, darken the political horizon, and portend a storm, before the fury of whose elements the central pillar of our government, Liberty controlled by Law, shall tremble to its base. Lawlessness, whether of zealous unions, or grasping corporations, or petty politicians, or infuriated lynchers, is alike fatal to the Republic. Only in the sanctity of law, only where the legal rights of every citizen are sacred, only where the liberties, guaranteed in Constitution, are enforced by court and citizen, is free government a reality. Shall we allow these classes in the community to rise above law, to scorn courts, to defy the expressed will of the majority? Shall we allow them to reduce our Constitution to lifeless paper, our freedom to mockery, and transform the equal government under the law to the anarchy of lawless conflict between classes? Forbid it, my countrymen!

By every association dear to Anglo-Saxon civilization, by all the tears, the blood, the suffering of the past, by all the memories of all the men who lived and labored, who fought and fell that on this western continent there might arise a government, free, stable, law-abiding, it is our duty as educated and patriotic men, to protest against this lawlessness, to insist that laws be made adequate, and then enforced, to demand that government be set above greed and gold, law and order above private interests, and usher in once more that ideal state in which alone our liberties, our glories, and our civilization may be conserved,—“The Reign of Law.”



HUGO SONNENSCHEIN

HUGO SONNENSCHEIN.

Hugo Sonnenschein was born in Chicago, November 19, 1883. He prepared for college in the public schools of that city and was graduated from the West Division High School in 1901. He represented West Division in the Chicago Inter-High School debates and in the Cook County oratorical contest.

In the fall of 1901 he entered the University of Michigan and will receive his degree of A. B. in June, 1905, and expects to receive his law degree with the class of 1907.

Since entering the University he has taken an active interest in the work of the Department of Public Speaking and has taken part in many contests in debate and oratory. He was the first freshman to win a place on a Michigan debating team. He was a member of the 1902 team which defeated Northwestern University in the Central League debates of that year. In November, 1903, he won second honor in the University preliminaries leading to the Hamilton contest, and in March, 1904, was awarded second honor in the University oratorical contest and became alternate to the Northern Oratorical League. In November, 1904, he won first honor in the Hamilton contest at the University and was one of the four representatives of the nine colleges participating to be selected on account of the excellence of his production to appear before the Hamilton Club in Chicago. In this contest, which was held on Hamilton's birthday, Mr. Sonnenschein was awarded second honor. In March, 1905, he won the annual University contest, was awarded the Chicago Alumni Medal and the honor of representing the University in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League. In the distribution of honors at the League contest held at Evanston, May 5, he received third honor.

Mr. Sonnenschein is of medium height and of firm build. He is easy in manner and forceful in action on the platform. His voice is clear and sympathetic; though not wide in range it is well varied and has ample carrying power. In style he is clear, pleasing and vigorous. His sentences are well weighted with ideas, and with his effective delivery they come forth with the fervor of strong conviction.

THE MESSAGE OF MACHINERY.

BY HUGO SONNENSCHEIN.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION in 1905 at the University of Michigan, and third in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League. In the home contest Mr. Sonnenschein was ranked second in Thought and Composition and first in Delivery; in the League contest, second in Thought and Composition and fourth in Delivery.]

The progress of the race is from ideal to ideal. The conceptions which one generation crystallizes in laws and embodies in institutions, are inadequate to the conditions of its successor. Each age creates new problems in the solution of which are altered the ideals of the past. Today we are in a great transition period when mighty forces, unknown to our ancestors, are dominating our lives and altering our social ideals. Industrialism, the potencies and problems of the Age of Machinery constitute the tremendous fact in our times, transforming our lives, reorganizing our society, revealing the necessity for readjusting time honored industrial theories. The conventional conceptions of Free Competition, of Individualism, of *Laissez Faire*, are out of rhythm with the onward sweep of industrial development, out of harmony with the dominant forces of the age. These ideals must be transformed and brought into touch with the living present, ere the race shall have learned "The Message of Machinery."

What is the Age of Machinery? What ideals does it reveal to be inadequate? What is its Message?

I. Ours is essentially an industrial age. The wonderfully intricate, complex machine, is the supreme product, as it is a dominating force of our times. The factory with its blazing furnaces, the locomotive on its gleaming rails, the ocean liner, mistress of the deep,—these symbolize the spirit and the passion of our day. All the forces of the universe have become the handmaids of industry—Niagara's mighty current turns the wheels of manufacture, the electric spark illuminates the world, the imprisoned energy of coal and steam thrills into throbbing life the ponderous frames of mighty engines. Machinery has transformed the aspect of our civilization. Where a century ago provincialism held sway, communication was difficult and travel tedious—today the electric cable unites the globe, time has been annihilated, and space become a figure of speech. Where farm and village life were on the increase, today the railroad and the factory are massing popu-

lation in our large cities; where once men worked singly or in small groups, today there rise great factories, with their thousands of employes, their ceaseless hum of wheels, their never ending toil. Industrialism is the master force of our lives; factory and sweat-shop are its accompaniment, trade union and trust its off-spring, millionaire and pauper its product. The Age of Machinery, transforming, as it does, the social and industrial structure of our race, cannot find adequate expression for its new forces and ideals, in the orthodox conceptions of Free Competition, Individualism, *Laissez Faire*.

II. Free Competition meant progress a century ago. Today it is a menace. In the period of small industries, when master and men worked at the same wooden bench and shared common hopes and fears, the interests of humanity were conserved, by leaving free and uncontrolled, the bargain for wages, for hours and conditions of labor. But in this Age of Machinery, with its gigantic production, its small margin of profit, with the helplessness of the individual laborer, Free Competition is a means in the hands of unscrupulous employers, of increasing profits by cheapening labor to the lowest possible point, by denuding human lives of all that makes them truly human. This spirit of gain at the cost of human happiness, is abroad in our land. It speaks to us from the cotton mills of the South, where little children and frail women toil long hours amid the dust and grime of the factory, amid the ceaseless hum of spindle and loom; it cries out from the collieries of the North, where doomed to heavy and protracted daily labor, in darkness and in danger, men and boys become brutalized; it is answered from the sweat-shops of our great cities, where dismal garrets see the tender forms of little children, stunted by premature toil, racked by pain, with pallid faces where dread disease has set its seal, where childhood joy has never come. Under the regime of Free Competition there is being woven, into the garments of the sweat-shops and into the patterns of the cotton mills, the voiceless misery, the speechless woe, the heart's blood of men, women, and children. No theory is as holy as human rights, no doctrine as sacramental as human happiness. The unmodified ideal of Free Competition blocks the progress of the race—it must be altered.

But it is not alone, the doctrine of Free Competition, which is

out of harmony with our age; the forces which dominate our industrial life, the trade union and the corporation, witness the necessity of readjusting two other time honored theories, Individualism and *Laissez Faire*.

Each man for himself, the self-sufficiency of the individual worker, was the keynote of Anglo-Saxon economic philosophy. But the stern logic of industrial development, has rendered this principle barren alike of value, and of truth. The advance of machinery with its ever increasing complexity and growing specialization, where one man's only task from morn til night may be to pull a single lever or turn a single crank, has reduced the individual to a mere cog in a mighty mechanism. Alone he is absolutely helpless against the force of capital. Only in combination with his fellow workmen can he ever hope to insist upon his rights, to attain a larger life, to realize his ideals. The trade union, an inevitable product of the times, witnesses to the world that industrial individualism is no more. Nor can the doctrine of *Laissez Faire* be adequate to their power and their lawlessness. These unions have combined into mighty federations and amalgamations. At their command the din of factory might cease, the wheels of traffic stop, and industrial night settle over this land. Tremendous is the power of organized labor for weal or woe, yet it stands today unregulated, uncontrolled, despotic, absolute. Still deeper lies the inadequacy of the ideal of "Non-Intervention." In the great conflicts between capital and labor, the issue of the strike often centers about the non-union man. If he can be eliminated, labor will often win, if he be allowed to work unrestricted, labor will as often be starved into submission. In such a crisis the Union knows not what to do. It feels that it is fighting for some ideal, vital to its welfare, that it has rights which do not find expression in our laws, that the non-union man often brought from afar to crush the union and to defeat the strike, is a traitor to his class. On the one side rises the law, born of an industrial situation no longer obtaining, which declares that "Every man shall work where and at what wages he will"; on the other side rise the interests of a large class with new-born rights and needs, unrecognized in law. The strike goes on; persuasion and intimidation fail to deter the non-union men, and then too often, when the pinching hand of want begins to grip and defeat

seems imminent, class interests rise above law, above justice, above government, and there ensue scenes of lawlessness and brutality, which outrage every sentiment of humanity and patriotism, and which shake republican institutions to their very center. How much longer shall the worn out doctrine of *Laissez Faire* prevent the nation from seeing the situation as it is, and from intervening to regulate the duties and powers of trade unions?

Created by the same forces which have produced the trade union, and presenting in but different aspect, the same vital problems, rise the trusts. As the trade union strives to obtain a monopoly of labor, so these gigantic corporations gather within their grasp, all the material factors of production. They crush competition as ruthlessly as ever lawless union perpetrated violence, careless that in their trail, human hearts are turned to dust, and homes are forever darkened. Aye, in some circles of high finance, one thing alone is holy, that is gold; one law alone inviolate, the law of gain; one creed, and one alone, holds sway within their hearts—the creed of the almighty dollar. The trust, too, wields tremendous power; prices and products are the subjects of its whim and caprice; tomorrow it might send the price of breadstuffs or of fuel beyond the reach of the needy and no law upon our statute books could say them nay; the livelihood of thousands and the industrial welfare of the nation “lie within the hollow of its hand”; and this gigantic power is likewise uncontrolled by law. And like the trade union, hampered by laws inadequate to the situation, the trust defies the laws, laughs at “publicity” and “rebate” legislation, sets itself above the courts, and menaces republican government.

Such are some of the aspects in which the industrial ideals wrought out in the past, are inadequate to the present situation. A century ago, Free Competition was a blessing to the race; today competition must be regulated in the interests of humanity. In the past the ideal of industrial individualism was effective—combination and association sound the keynote of modern life! The doctrine of *Laissez Faire* may once have meant progress; today when corporations and trade unions wield tremendous and unregulated powers over the industrial welfare of the nation, and by their lawlessness, threaten to overshadow government itself, the doctrine must be abandoned. The dominant forces of our age are

out of harmony with our social theories, yet in their very conflict the race may read and learn "The Message of Machinery."

III. The Age of Machinery is vocal with the plea for readjustment. Away with outworn theories and effete doctrines—our laws must mirror forth the needs and problems of the living present. Machinery has transformed our society, creating new rights, imposing new duties; these rights must find expression in our laws, these obligations learn enforcement through our courts. Corporate capital has new rights, it must bear new duties; organized labor should have new privileges, but it must shoulder new responsibilities; neither can impinge upon the rights of the great public, both must bow before the majesty of the law. The mission of our generation is to readjust and harmonize the ideals of government, of justice and of rights, inherited from the fathers, to the forces and problems of the industrial situation; to realize under republican government, the unlimited potencies for human happiness, which the advent of Machinery has given to the world.

The Message of Machinery to our race is that its progress from ideal to ideal is not yet ended. For centuries, the Anglo-Saxon struggled up the steep path to national freedom; he left halfway, in darkness and in gloom, the tyranny of priest and the despotism of king, and on the blood stained heights he stood at last erect in the clear air of freedom. His sons crossed the ocean and on a virgin continent founded a government which incarnated the ideals of political and religious liberty, attained through the ages. Today the industrial situation presents new forces, new conditions, new ideals. The mission of the race is now to readjust old theories and conventions, to create new laws and institutions, and thus to build the new ideal born to us in the stress and struggle of an age of machinery, into that framework of liberty, which reared through centuries is now the fairest structure the world has ever seen. Not in the misty realms of some Utopia nor in the dreamland of socialism but under the Anglo-Saxon Reign of Liberty protected by Law shall be wrought out this new social ideal, the ideal of converting the marvellous potencies of machinery not to the sole gain of corporate capital or of organized labor, but to the larger service of Mankind. Then the lawlessness and unrest of this transition age shall pass away and the interests of labor and capital be joined to those of the general public. Then

women shall be brought from nerve-racking toil and set again within the sacred sphere of home; then children shall be led forth from the grime of the factory and the filth of the sweat-shop—out into God's clear sunlight; then every whirl of the wheel and every throb of the great panting engines shall sing of a nation whose commerce has been ennobled, of a people whose industry has been humanized, of a race which has learned and given to the world
“The Message of Machinery.”

THE SICK MAN OF ASIA AND HIS DOCTORS.

BY KIYOSUE INUI.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION in 1905, marked first in Thought and Composition and third in Delivery.]

There lies in eastern Asia a huge empire much larger than Europe or the United States and about thirty times as large as the Japanese empire. “Its people are ancient people with cities and towns, with trade and commerce, with religions and morals, with arts and sciences, with histories and heroes.” A thousand years before the Germans saw Luther, these people had already seen eight great religious reformers. When Rome first aroused herself, they furnished her with manufactured silk. They had printing for centuries before Gutenberg played with his blocks, and compasses long before Columbus dreamed of America. They dug salt wells five thousand feet deep and canals six hundred miles long a score of centuries before the Panama canal was even thought of. Surely, they are a very ancient people.

The British Empire never sees the sun set on all its possessions, and so it is with this great people of eastern Asia. You see them in the rice fields of the Philippine Islands, in the coal mines of Australia and on African rivers gathering gold sand. You see them in almost every town and city of this country. Even in Ann Arbor there are twenty-two of them who operate your laundries. They do not make much money but they save a great deal of what they do make. Surely, they are a great industrial people.

Four hundred million of these ancient and industrial people make up a nation. You call it the Chinese Empire, they call it Shing, and I call it an enigma. This empire occupies the richest and best part of Asia and has many laborers and wealthy citizens,

"silent, gentle, submissive and all-enduring." Yet it is the weakest country in the world for its size, and the poorest, considering the number of taxpayers. Five of the last eight Asiatic wars were fought on or for her territory, while today in Manchuria brothers are falling upon brothers in deadly conflict. Surely, China is the sick man of Asia.

A thoughtful doctor, guided by the symptoms manifested, searches for the cause of his patient's trouble. Let us be doctors in this case. Why is it that this man of Asia with such a great country and people, and surrounded by the civilization of the twentieth century, remains sick? There are but two reasons: first, because the country lacks unity and organization; second, because of its history and superstition.

China has no political unity. Pekin is the Washington of China, but the emperor has no centralized power. The empire is divided into eight great political divisions, each of which has local self-government,—nay, selfish government. It has no representative at Pekin to make plain its condition and promote its welfare. The viceroy governs it without consulting the constitution. He is a feudal lord.

China has no equitable system of taxation. Foreign goods are taxed again and again, according to the number of times they are moved. Local tax collectors retain almost all they collect and leave nothing for the central government. The empire has no unity in language. A Chinaman of Fuchu or Amoy cannot understand a Manchurian, nor a Mongolian a Tibetan.

China has no adequate system of communication and transportation. Mail, telegraph, telephone and railway are lacking except along the Pacific coast. Look at the Great Northern, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific railways in this country, which bring New York and San Francisco as near together as places fifty miles apart in China. I see my mother's letter, which comes over eight thousand miles, twenty days after she writes it, but a Chinaman of Goshen or Sansi may never see a foreign stamp. China has enormous resources, coal, iron and timber, but she can never send them where they are needed. This lack of means of communication and transportation leaves the interior of China untouched and causes the Chinese to have manners and customs different throughout the empire. For example, in Manchuria

every man must wear a long queue which he need not do on the Pacific coast.

A Chinaman has no definite religion except a hereditary one full of ceremony. He may be a Buddhist while he worships Confucius. Consequently, he has no fixed principles, no national ideal. He recognizes himself as a member of a Chinese family, but he does not know how to say, "I am a citizen of the Chinese Empire."

The second reason for the sickness of China is due to its history, tradition, and superstition. "For four thousand years the Chinese have been the victims of luck, fortune-tellers and necromancy." With this tradition and superstition priests have held the people; teachers, the students; parents, the children; statesmen, the citizens. For example, a Chinaman prefers not to marry in January, May or September. The highest virtue of a Chinaman and also the greatest hindrance to the introduction of western civilization, is his ancestor worship, or his respect for the aged and his slavish subserviency to the commands of the aged. A Chinaman once said to me: "In China children obey their parents, but here parents obey their children." I do not know which is the right way. The Boxer movement was for nothing but to keep out the "foreign devils" and to preserve the Chinese ancestral customs. "China," as has been said, "is the deepest pit of heathenism, superstition and suffering."

"If you go to the white ward of the world's hospital you will find Turkey the 'Sick man of Europe.' Go on a little farther and you will find China with weary face. And right in the next room there will be many European nurses and physicians discussing whether she shall die or not. Some of them say that China has a disease for which there is no remedy, let us, therefore, hasten to kill her,—conquer her with the combined force of all the European powers. This is all nonsense. Can Europe ever combine to conquer China? No. Can Europe ever conquer China if all its powers are combined? Alexander, the greatest general the world has ever produced, never saw the top of a Chinese mountain, but the Tartars invaded Hungarian soil and Zin-giz-khan, a Mongolian general, once conquered Russia. Why, the eighty-five million people who have invented a new word, "Americanize," cannot even put their stamp upon the one hundred and twenty

thousand Chinese in this country. No, Europe with her three hundred and fifty million people, can never conquer four hundred million Chinese, nor can she govern them. China is indeed sick, but no one will kill her, nor will she die.

"Then," again say the doctors of Europe, "let us divide among ourselves the care of this 'sick man.'" This plan is called the partition of China. They have already begun their treatment. The German physician began his operation by seizing the important harbor of Kiao-Chao on the pretext of securing redress for the murder of two German missionaries. At the same time the French nurse put forward her claim and obtained the southern part of China. To these moves England replied by obtaining Wei-Hai-Wei, one of the most important naval ports of China. At last, Russia opened her bear-like mouth and said: "Doctors, since the Chino-Japanese war this sick man has taken cold, so I will take care of his throat, Port Arthur. But wait—his neck, the Liao-Tung peninsula—is also affected. Indeed, I believe that the malady is changing to rheumatism, so I will look after his right arm, Manchuria." Russia once tried to give China a remedy but really she poisoned her. Not satisfied with this, when Russia went back to Europe, she said: "I will keep Turkey for the next Thanksgiving dinner." And though all these greedy physicians of Europe are waiting to partition China, will she ever be divided among the powers? No, not as long as England is the new policeman of Europe, Japan the kind neighbor of China and America her moral sympathizer. Yes, China is sick, but no European physician can cure her, nor will she die.

But there must be a real remedy for this is God's universe. Where is it? What is it? Who is to give it to China? Ah! it is in the hand of Almighty God. It is the civilization which comes from fellowship with His only Son. Aye, it is in your hand; in the hand of this civilized nation. God has chosen this country to give China His remedy. But, as He knows that an American does not have the same skin, tongue and customs as the Chinese, fifty years ago He gave Commodore Perry a great key with which the apostle of American enlightenment opened the doors of Japan and made a channel through which you have poured Christian civilization into that country and then into China. Japan is now

awake ; she has Christian civilization and she knows God's will. She must do it.

"Well!" says a European, "Japan was wakened only fifty years ago ; her civilization is merely veneer, only skin deep." I tell you that he is mistaken. The Japanese civilization of today is the combined product of the best of the civilized world. It has passed the three stages of importation, adoption and assimilation. For example, in the first stage Japan imported the western method of making gunpowder ; it was a good method, so she adopted it. Today she makes the best gunpowder on earth. If you do not believe it, go and ask the Russians. Japanese civilization is no longer veneer, only skin deep. Japan knows God's will. She can and she must do it. Six years ago God allowed the United States to make another channel for Christian civilization by way of the Philippines to the Chinese empire. The United States also can and must do God's will. '

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, we have found China sick because of her lack of unity and organization and because of her traditions and superstition. We have found, too, that no European physician could kill or cure her, and, at last, we have found that Almighty God gave us a remedy, and that He chose us to administer it. Then let us give China the remedy that His only Son gave us. Then let America give her religion and let Japan give her morals ; let America send her missionaries and Japan teachers ; let America show her democracy and Japan patriotism ; let America furnish her a model school system and Japan a model military organization ; let America offer her great machines and Japan skillful hands ; let America introduce her railway system and Japan her marine system ; let Americans teach the Chinese how to live well and the Japanese teach them how to die well ; let the country of the setting sun show them the light of the stars and stripes and the empire of the rising sun the light of the sunshine flag that together they may illumine the dark eastern sky.

Kiyo Sue Inui

Kiyo Sue Inui was born at Muya, on the island of Shikoku, Japan, March 23, 1884. At the age of ten he was sent to the city of Kobe, Japan, where he entered the grammar school. Later he attended a Methodist Mission school, Kwan See Gakuin, of the rank of a High School, from which he was graduated at the age of eighteen, with the first rank in his class. He came to America in the summer of 1902, and in September entered the Literary Department of the University of Michigan, from which he expects to receive the degree of A. B. in June, 1906. By his energy and thrift he has been able to make his way through college. During the past two years he has been much in demand as a lecturer, having appeared at several Chautauqua assemblies during the summer of 1905, and before lecture associations during the winter season.

Ever since he entered the University, Mr. Inui has been a most persistent student of the English language and of oratory. He began his study of English at Kobe, Japan, two years before he came to America. But even after a year's residence here he found great difficulty with his pronunciation of the English and with the construction of his sentences. But so rapid was his progress that in his Junior year in a competition he won the right to represent his class in the annual Oratorical Contest. In this contest, in which he was pitted against representatives from five other classes, he won second honor and the position of Alternate to the Northern Oratorical League. In 1906, with his oration on "The Mission of New Japan," he not only won the Senior Class contest, but the University contest, and was awarded the Kaufman testimonial of \$100, the Chicago Alumni Medal, and the honor of representing the University of Michigan in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League. In the League contest, which was held May 4, 1906, under the auspices of Oberlin College, Mr. Inui was awarded first honor and the Lowden testimonial of \$100, decisively defeating the representatives from the other six universities.

During his college course honors have come to him at the hands of his fellow students. He was elected Class Orator of



KIYO SUE INUI

the Senior class, is President of the Cosmopolitan Club, is a member of the Toastmaster Club, and of the Delta Sigma Rho, a National honor society, made up of men who have distinguished themselves in college as public speakers.

Mr. Inui is small of stature but he has a strong, well-modulated voice, a pleasing manner and a strong personality. His speaking is characterized by perfect directness and intense earnestness. He selects subjects of vital importance, in which he himself is personally interested and brings a stirring message to his audience which wins their sympathy from his first words.

THE MISSION OF NEW JAPAN.

By KIYO SUE INUI.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION, in 1906, in the University of Michigan, and also in the Northern Oratorical League.]

The Far East has an immense Empire which includes about one-eleventh of the territory of the world and one-fourth of the human race. This Empire is rich in coal, iron and timber, rich in history, invention and labor. It nurses and shelters four hundred million people and can support many more with its raw materials and manufactured goods,—rice, cotton, silk and bamboos. It is situated in the best zone and, as has been said, "is blessed with a climate that makes it the bee-hive of the world's production. To control this bee-hive has been regarded as the international prize of the century." But there is a nation that has fought, not to control, but to free it, not to close, but to open it, not to leave it as a hermit kingdom, but to invite and introduce it to the civilized world. Of such a bee-hive, of such a nation, and of such a nation's mission, I am to speak.

I. Fifty years ago William H. Seward, in a speech in the United States Senate, declared that "The Pacific Ocean with its shores, islands, and the vast region beyond will become the chief theatre of the world's greatest hereafter." True, "its islands and the vast region beyond" have been the chief theatre of the world because of the weakness of China and the greediness of the European powers. "They have sought to take from China a city for an eye, a province for a tooth." It was Germany who took possession of Kiau-Chau for the murder of two inactive missionaries and sold them for one hundred thousand dollars apiece. It was

England and France who waged that unreasonable war when China refused the importation of opium, and for this England claimed Hongkong and later Wei-Hai-Wei, and France, Hainan. Italy, too, imitated these examples. Then the Chinese Boxers arose, and if the Chinese government had been strong enough, the trouble would have been internal only. But the powers, having found an opportunity, marched thither with an allied army for a double purpose: ostensibly to protect their own subjects and enlarge their sphere of influence, but really to satisfy their hunger for the rich territory of China.

Ask a Russian the cause of the Russo-Japanese war. He will tell you that he fought for the white race, and the safety of Europe. The truth is that he wanted an ice-free port and the control of China. Ask a Japanese the same question. He will tell you that he fought for the integrity of China, the preservation of Korea, the reestablishment of Manchuria, and the independence of Japan itself. He will tell you that he fought for the introduction of western civilization, for the open door and for the cause of the commercial world at large. Let each nation maintain her reasons. But the fundamental reason why the Russo-Japanese war was fought on Chinese territory was this: China was rich but weak and the Russian bear wanted a bite of her, a taste of Korea and a smell of Japan. Around this busy hive of the East there have been a great many political bees flying and buzzing. The great pendulum of politics has been swinging between the Pacific and the Atlantic. The low political barometer has shifted from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean, and from the Indian Ocean to the China Sea. Over this sea there have been hanging ominous political clouds that have made China the storm center of the world's politics. Yes, Senator Seward made no mistake in saying "this vast region will become the chief theatre of the world."

II. In this dark storm center there has appeared a new nation with a rising flag. In the family of nations "Japan is the child of the world's oldest age." In 1853 she was newly born and was baptised by Commodore Perry, the apostle of American enlightenment. Since that time she has been struggling diligently to acquire Western civilization. In 1904 the greedy bear of Europe stretched his aggressive and stubborn paw from Siberia to Manchuria. This was the power that drove the army of Napoleon from Moscow, the power of which all Europe was afraid.

But when the Japanese not only realized the necessity of preserving the integrity of China and Korea, but also the danger of their own existence, they were forced into war. And they fought it well—

“One for all, all for one,
Under the banner of the rising sun.”

And on that banner was inscribed the word, “Freedom”; political freedom and independence; commercial freedom and the open door. Magnanimous in their victory they have shown the world the exalted position of Japan in modern civilization. I saw them once the slaves of a feudal system, but I see them today crowned with freedom of thought, freedom of speech and freedom of faith. I saw them once under the yoke of despotism, but I see them today the authors of their own laws and their own constitution. I saw them once sleeping in their little island home. Today I see them wide awake, a small country but a great nation, the Japanese Empire.

III. What, then, is the mission of New Japan in the world's storm center? The shortest way to disperse the dark clouds of the political storm and let the bright sun of prosperity shine on the Far East, is to develop China's natural resources, arouse her people from their age-long sleep and lead them to Western standards of civilization. Says Charles K. Edmund, of Canton Christian College, “China needs men who know the institutions of both China and the West, who see clearly the foundations of all civilizations, hence can help her forward.” What nation is it that understands the East as well as she does the West? Who is it that can import, adopt and assimilate the Western civilization for the East; Japan, which has saved the East from the yoke of Russian absolutism and lawlessness?

Japan today has come as a new working power into the old world. She it is that has given old China new life and security, and the desire for Western civilization. Thank God, China is awakening. The great patient of the East has opened his eyes longing for the civilization of the twentieth century. That Empire now has eight thousand bright young men and women studying in Japan and many more in Europe and America. Her constitution is being prepared by a commission who have investigated European governments and are now in Washington. She is no longer a hermit kingdom. Secretary Hay laid down the principle of the open door. Japan fought for it and opened the

Chinese doors to the world. The greatest Chinese statesman has said: "Once awake and started we will go fast and far, and farther than you think, and much faster than you want." Let us go there with unselfish motives, not to take any territory from China, but to give her modern civilization and ideals. Then and then only China with her great natural resources and her industrious people will become the United States of the East as Japan has become the England of the Pacific. And all the nations of the earth will have one ideal and one civilization. Commodore Perry and fifty years have made Japan. Give China thirty Perrys and another half century, and we shall see thirty Japans in the Far East that will act in accord with Western civilization and Christian ideals.

"But," say some Europeans, "in this you have shown the germ of the Yellow Peril." And further they say, "The Japanese success has been warmly greeted by the Chinese and the Koreans. Japan will train these millions of people. They will be inspired as was Gordon's victorious army by thoughtful and successful leadership; then the Yellow Peril cannot be avoided." Is the Yellow Peril possible? Is it reasonable? It is not the color of the skin that makes a war. If the color of the human skin were the cause of the Russo-Japanese war or any war, I should think that America would have a war every other week. The wars have been fought because there were differences in interests and principles. The Russo-Japanese war was a conflict of the principles of two nations; the closed door vs. the open door; conservatism vs. progress; absolutism vs. freedom; bureaucracy vs. constitutionalism. The peril, on the contrary, has been the peril, not from the yellow race but to the yellow race. China called the powers of Europe the "Foreign devils." She did well, for they came there with swords and cannon and battle ships to disturb her peace and take her territory for which there was no shadow of claim. Woe to the Christian nation which teaches the brotherhood of man and mistreats one-fourth of the human race because they are heathen. Woe to Western civilization if it is good for nothing but to rob its weak neighbor. With the sympathy of the civilized world and by the province of God Japan was in a position to save the East. "If, owing to Japan's valor and skill, injustice is to cease in the Far East" and the way is to be opened for Western civilization, "where is the peril to true civilization?" Let us be fair and square, and forget the differences in race and tradition. God forbid that

another Spain should go into the Philippines or Russia into China. Let the purpose of the eentury be not the division of the territory of weak nations, but the exaltation of Christian ideals that shall bind the world together.

We have found, then, that China is the storm eenter of the world. We have found that it was not the greedy lion nor the hungry bear that saved the East, but the little brown man, who, with the help of God and the sympathy of His chosen nations, fought for the salvation of the yellow men. At the close of the Russo-Japanese war it was the first Ameriean of today, the President of this great republie, who brought the East and the West together. Now the Yankees of the Orient who know the East as well as the West, who live in the East with Western ideals, who join hands with the English to maintain the integrity of the East, who, with the United States, have an unwritten commereial treaty of the open door,—the Japanese should tell the true story of the East to the West, and introduce their Eastern brothers to comradeship in the family of nations.

Let China with her lily
 Sing holy, holy, holy;
 Japan with her cherry blossom
 Hasten to our Father's bosom;
 England with her rose
 His great name praise;
 And Columbia with her golden rod
 Join with them all to God,
 Who will open His tender breast
 And bind together the East and West.

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY.

BY FLOYD ANTHONY DEAHL.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION, in 1906, in the University of Michigan.]

From the beginning of history, the world has been ruled by the strong. By personal prowess, individuals became chieftains and tribes ruled nations. Chaldea, Assyria, Babylonia, Egypt, Phoenicia, Greece, Carthage and Rome, each in turn wielded the sceptre of power, and the earth trembled with the tread of their marshalled legions. The middle ages saw Charlemagne and Philip the Fifth possess the power of the Caesars. The dawn of the nineteenth eentury beheld Europe and Asia once again under the sway of the despot, and the cannon of Wellington sounded

the dirge of his ambition, and the sun of his glory was forever shrouded in the battle smoke of Waterloo. The twentieth century is an age, when wars for conquest have ceased; when nation is not dominated by nation; when slavery is forgotten; when people enjoy political and spiritual freedom, and there is a congress of nations. Yet in this cosmopolitan age, marking the zenith of the world's commercial and inventive achievements, after two thousand years of Christian teaching, the Jew is held a captive; denied the protection of law, is murdered and outraged. Above the sounds of peace is heard the wail of widows and the cry of fatherless children; there appears on the fair horizon of the twentieth century, from the silent, frozen steppes of Siberia, the ghastly mirage of desolate ruins, charred hovels, abandoned homes and the bodies of Jewish dead.

Doomed by divine decree to be a wanderer, the Jew has survived every nation of antiquity, he alone, of that great cortege, remains unchanged. For a moment, each arose to supremacy and then sank into oblivion. But the Jew, grasping the talmud to his breast, with the implicit faith of a child, has come down through the centuries. Driven from his native land by foreign armies, he is an exile and an outcast. Persecuted and cursed by every nation; roaming the earth, scattered among all peoples, he is seeking a home. He was found in the valley of the Volga and the Don five hundred years before the Russian was known to history. Given protection by the Czars, thousands of Jews flocked to Russia. The rape of Poland and the looting of Turkey, brought two millions more under Russian dominion.

In seventeen hundred and eighty-six, by royal command, one part of the empire was made a Lazaretto, into which all the Jews were driven. There he has been hounded by every persecution that the hate and greed of a brutal soldiery could devise. He has been made illiterate, taxed to abject poverty, expatriated, debarred from every avenue, hedged like a beast in a den, ravaged by famine and pestilence. The Jew has borne these years of untold horror and misery with the forbearance that is the motto of his race, looking forward to that better time, when his children might be free.

Russia, dragged into Western civilization by Peter the Great, and once abreast of Christian Europe in art and literature, is shaking off its stimulating influence and is sinking into the lethargy of the Orient. She is the monument of impotency, paralyzed

by misgovernment, wholesale robbery, over-taxation and stupid greed of the landed classes. The peasant, for centuries ground under the heel of despotism and taught only brutality, has turned upon his oppressor. Rapine and savagery reign. Wracked with murder and rebellion, Russia, in the last throes of political death, blinded and maddened by the blight of barbarism, has become a hell of torment for the Jew.

Follow a frail child into her home. A smouldering bonfire dispells the blackness of the windowless hovel. Everything bespeaks of governmental robbery and oppression. One corner is railed off for the cattle. Along one wall runs a bench of split logs covered with the family bedding. The aged parents gaze with blanched faces at a little figure. It is that of their fifteen-year-old daughter—dying, repeatedly outraged by a band of Cossacks. And as they look, the Cossack's hoof clatters on the pavement. Hear the father plead for the life of his wife and child! The cry for mercy is answered with a curse, the father is brained with a musket, and the mother sabred. A lighted torch and the story is ended.

Who is guilty of these scenes of carnage and bloodshed; who has caused all this misery and suffering? Who passed the May laws of eighteen hundred and eighty-two, forcing all the Jews within the “Pale”; who instituted corporal punishment against the Jews; who bars him from every hospital and denies him the right to hold lands; who taxes his poverty and compels him to give twenty-five years of his life to the army; who caused the massacres of Odena and Keiff, and drove the Jews from Moscow; who denies the Jew the right to citizenship and liberty? It is the government which tears down theatres, suppresses new songs and literature; which treats as criminal and outcast, all who decline to worship relics and sacred pictures. It is the weak, vacillating Czar and his ministers; it is the government of Russia, that is guilty of *the Crime of the Century*.

Examination of the dull, ignoble greed and mad fanaticism which has wrought these masterpieces of mediaeval barbarism, finds a race—the survivor of the Celt, Finn, Cossack and Slav, whose sluggish brain is unable to grasp the meaning and expanse of our civilization. A huge child jostled and pushed aside by the nations, used by them as a tool for gain, who by usury rob him and pauperize his labor. Unable to compete with the foreigner, goaded to frenzy by his losses and failures, the Russian wreaks

his vengeance on the poor defenseless Hebrew ; greedy nobles and rapacious Czars rob him of his land and compel him to traffic in money which he can carry with him. So the Jew is a money lender because he is commanded by Russian law to be so. Yet for this he is persecuted, for this he is murdered.

It is Christmas night in the city of Moscow, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. To the west of the city, the cold fitful glimmer of the winter stars reveals a group of shanties surrounded by a forest of weeping willows. Naught is heard save the moaning of the wind and the distant howl of famished wolves. The shanties are wrapped in slumber. A band of Cossacks steal from out the city and surround the little village. With torch and sabre, three hundred families are driven from their burning homes, out into the wintry darkness. Many flee to the forest and kindle fires to keep from freezing, but the Cossacks follow and stamp out the fires, leaving men, women and children to the mercy of the north wind. Others flee to the cemetery and in the mocking light of the dawn, a peasant finds the frozen bodies of the dead in a Christian burial ground. And this in a Christian age and in the very dawn of the twentieth century. It is the one dark blot in our civilization, which cries trumpet-tongued against these murderers and against the government that permit them.

This race which has given the world its faith in a spiritual God, and the immortality of the soul, has never been persecuted by a nation, but that divine vengeance has overtaken it. Rome in one last effort hurled the armies of Titus against Jerusalem, leveled her walls, led her people away to die in the arena, and then went down in ignoble ruin. Ferdinand and Isabella, deaf to the eloquence of ruined empires, drove the Jew from Spain, which for five hundred years had been his home, and into which the fibers of his heart had grown ; but with the Jew, passed the life, energy and prosperity of Spain. Russia has for centuries persecuted the Jew and she sits a loathsome leper among the governments of Europe.

The cry of the Jew from darkest Russia is not for revenge against his murderers, but for mercy, for life and the right to work as other men. His industry, energy and talent have become one of the world's motive powers. He was recognized by Alexander and the Ptolemies as an economic necessity and was given every advantage. He has been the prime minister of Empires ; the counselor of kings ; the commander of armies, and the arbiter of

public credit. He exerted a strong and popular force in the time of Augustus, and influenced that strange outburst of Arabian and Saracenic culture, from which to this day we draw inspiration. In the last quarter of a century, the peace of Europe hung upon Disraeli, the prime minister of England. It was Gambetta who proposed the dissolution of the hated Napoleonic Empire, and was first to proclaim the republic of France. The sons of a poor German Jew, now rule the monetary world. Jewish intellect and energy have entered every field of human activity. Christian teachers have sat at the feet of Jewish Rabbis to learn the meaning of the old testament. Senators and parliaments have been enraptured by Jewish orators. Their statesmen have championed measures alleviating the evils of injustice and the burdens of the poor. Jewish scientists have traced the course of the stars; her artists and poets have produced many of the world's masterpieces; and although the voice of Jewish prophets has been hushed for centuries, their teachings are the hope of millions.

The Jew is our spiritual father. He gave us our code of morals and laid the foundation for our civilization. Let us judge him as we judge other men. Let us tear from him the shackles of the past and let him attain the true majesty of his manhood. Time proves that he is worthy of our trust and we need not legislate to make him our equal; he is so by nature. We hear the familiar cry of Jewish sorrow from Russia; shall it be heard in vain? The nations imbued with the noble spirit of Christianity will grant the Jew justice. His unspeakable misfortunes and inherited woes shall be blotted out.

The writer of our sacred literature, the author of our religious creed, shall be recognized and treated as our equal in our social, moral and civil code. His present history shall not be repeated, the new chapters shall not be written in blood, but in characters of living light. Our civil and religious sentinels shall no longer turn a deaf ear to the cry of the Hebrew and he will no longer consider our New Testament a novel, a work of fiction, but a book Divinely inspired.

And as the mists of ignorance and barbarism are driven back into Asia by the fires of revolution, and the centuries of prejudice, so long cherished against the Jew, are broken down, there will come order from out this carnival of blood and chaos. When the people are sovereign, there will be constructed upon the crumbling, smouldering ruins of autocracy, a new regime, whose foun-

dation will be in the love and good will of her people. Under the magic touch of Liberty the leprous Russia will become a new Empire, and will assume a potent position among the nations. When the crack of the Cossack pistol and lash are hushed forever; when downtrodden humanity no longer cries for mercy; when these murderers now reeking with blood have paid the penalty, then will Russia have expiated "The Crime of the Century."



FLOYD ANTHONY DEAHL

Floyd Anthony Deahl.

Floyd Anthony Deahl was born at Millersburg, Indiana, in 1883. He prepared for college in the Goshen, Indiana, High School and was graduated with the class of 1903. He entered the Literary Department of the University of Michigan the fall of 1903 and after one year's work entered the Law School with the class of 1907 and took his degree of LL.B. with that class.

The last year of his high school course he won the oratorical contest and also the inter-scholastic contest, winning a gold medal and a college scholarship. On entering the University of Michigan he took up the study of oratory and debating with renewed vigor, and participated in many debates and oratorical contests. In 1905-1906 he won his class contest in oratory and also second honor in both University contests, the Hamilton contest in November, 1905, and the Annual University contest in March, 1906. In November, 1906, he won first honor in the local Hamilton contest, and in March, 1907, first honor in the Annual University contest, and was awarded the Kaufman testimonial of \$100, and the Chicago Alumni Medal. This victory carried with it the honor of representing the University of Michigan in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League. In the League contest, held at Madison, Wisconsin, May 3, 1907, Mr. Deahl spoke on "John Marshall," and was awarded fourth place by the committee of judges.

Mr. Deahl is prepossessing in personal appearance. He has a fine physique, a strong, sympathetic voice and forceful action. He commands attention by his great earnestness. His style is clear, rhythmical and imaginative, stopping short of the florid. He holds attention to the end of his speeches by his sympathy and aggressiveness.

JOHN MARSHALL.

BY FLOYD ANTHONY DEAHL.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION, in 1907, in the University of Michigan, ranking fourth in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League.]

The inviolable right to the pursuit of happiness is the greatest blessing which a government can give to its people. The impregnability of this privilege marks the true grandeur of a nation. Judged by this criterion, the American Republic, in the dark hours which followed the adoption of the Constitution, was sinking to a low ebb of national honor. The masses were fearful lest the safe-guard of their new born liberty should prove the means of tyranny. They were demanding justice. The test of the new government had come, when the prophetic Hamilton cried, "We must have a competent judiciary"; when the considerate Washington said, "A greater influence than the government itself must save the Nation." Then upon the dark clouds of fear and uncertainty, a strong hand wrote in letters of fire, "The Constitution still lives; is now and ever shall be the voice of the people. The government is amenable to its limitations." The masses were silenced and pacified. John Marshall had spoken the word which made the Constitution a reality, and fixed forever the status of a nation.

From the hour of independence, the superstitious colonists saw in the shadowed form of central power, the spectre of a tyrant. The new born republic, after a brief existence, was about to perish, when in answer to the agonized cry of patriotic hearts for a Union, for a central power, the Philadelphia Convention produced a new Constitution and placed it before the people for ratification or rejection. The eyes of the South were upon Patrick Henry, the eloquent advocate of state rights and the declared enemy of the Constitution. The hope of the North lay in Hamilton, the author of The Federalist. Nine states had ratified the Constitution, but New York and Virginia held aloof; their assent was imperative. New York was the key to New England. Virginia was the gateway to the South and was the most important of all the states. Its population was as great as that of Pennsylvania and New York combined, and included nearly one-fifth of the population of the thirteen states. Union without her was impossible.

The heat of the battle grows intense. In New York, Hamil-

ton with nineteen followers forces Governor Clinton, who is backed by an overwhelming majority, into the heat of the controversy. Melancthon Smith, the foremost debater in the New York Convention, and colleague of Clinton, closes his harangue against the Constitution, and the cause of the Union seems lost. At the same hour, Patrick Henry is speaking in the Virginia Assembly. In a masterful outburst of eloquence, he declares that "the centralizing power of the proposed government, the power to levy taxes and raise armies, will mean new tyranny and new despotism." With the dying echoes of his voice, there rises no clamour of applause; his hearers sit dumb, convinced that union is impossible. Amid the silence of the Assembly, the tall figure of Marshall is seen to rise. Every eye is raised in expectancy. The faith in him and the cause he champions is absolute. The destiny of a nation and the happiness of future generations nerve him for the conflict. His most cherished ideal, the cause for which he had made every sacrifice, now hangs in the balance. Imbued with the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, possessed with an undying patriotism, Marshall rises to a supreme effort in which the pent-up convictions of years burst forth. Point by point, argument by argument, he meets the opposition with unanswerable logic. His fervent voice, and his flashing eye are irresistible as he cries in the whirlwind of his passion, "Fellow-citizens, choose what you will, state independence and despotism, or a united nation and liberty." Patrick Henry rises, and declares himself in favor of the Union, and Virginia ratifies the Constitution.

Meanwhile the contest progresses in New York. Hamilton wrings from Melanchton Smith the confession that conditional ratification is impossible, but Clinton is unmoved, his ranks still coherent. Then the news comes from Virginia, and a wave of patriotism sweeps over the convention. Hamilton, seeing the advantage, quickly puts the motion that New York ratify the Constitution unconditionally, and it carries. Thus John Marshall, whose patriotism thrilled the heart of a nation with a desire for the success of the new government, converted Patrick Henry, the leader of a hostile majority, and won Virginia and the South. That victory broke the deadlock in New York whose ratification made the Constitution the law of the land. With one mighty effort, Marshall stamped out dissension and over the ruins of Confederation raised a Federal Union.

Exhausted from their long struggle, the Federalists deemed their task finished, but history reveals that only the initial step in nationality had been achieved. The judiciary, the balancing power of our Government, had failed. The reconstruction period under the new regime of independence created questions of momentous importance, involving the rights and liberties of States and individuals, questions without precedent in the history of human progress. Controversies that had been sectional now became national. Twenty-four States differing in customs, laws and institutions were plunged into one maddening entanglement. From the hills of New England and from the extreme borders of the South, came murmurs of dissension. From every hamlet and village there came the cry: "The Supreme Court is not judge in its own jurisdiction, because that would make it sovereign. It has no right to nullify the legislative act of a State; it has no power to declare void an act of Congress." These were questions that must be answered from the interpretation of the Constitution and upon the sustaining of which depended the fate of the Union. Congress had gone beyond its power; riotous mobs were clamouring at the very portals of the Capitol. At the climax of the impending strain, Chief Justice Jay resigned. The existence of the Republic was again threatened. Two irreconcilable principles grappled in a death struggle upon the battle ground of the Constitution. Was the Union or the State to be supreme? Was liberty or anarchy to reign? Was the Nation to be dissevered? Was the heritage of Lexington, Valley Forge and Yorktown to be lost?

The hour for the monumental task of Marshall had come. Undaunted amid trying surroundings, knowing well the sacrifices of the Revolution, he came to the Chief Justiceship, mindful of only one purpose, the preservation of the Constitution and the Union. The people, arrayed in hostile parties, struggled for political ascendancy regardless of public welfare. When the nation was thus divided, there came the question, "Shall the laws of Congress or the provisions of the Constitution be supreme?" The Federal Government was paralyzed; the leaders of public opinion awaited the decision of the Chief Justice. To decide in favor of Congress meant that the Constitution was a myth to be contravened at public whim; "a mere rope of sand." Immediately Marshall hurled back the answer: "When a law is enacted in conflict with the Constitution, it is utterly void; the

power so to decide is vested in the Supreme Court, and such decision is authoritative and final, binding throughout the land upon State and people." Thus, when national existence hung by a thread, there sprung from the brain of John Marshall, the doctrine of the implied powers of the Constitution, the solid rock upon which our Republic is builded; henceforth, the Federal Government, and not the State, was to be sovereign. The crisis had passed. A new chapter of individual rights and liberties had been written. The same voice that had defended the Constitution in its adoption had again defeated its enemies, had thwarted the usurpation of powers by Congress, and left the Constitution supreme.

Marshall's keen intellect, his legal intuition and his broad interpretation of the principles of the Constitution, enabled him to discern the true cause of dissatisfaction among the masses. They must be taught the limitations and prohibitions of the Constitution. They must learn that it is the palladium of their liberties, and that centralizing power will no longer cast portentous shadows of imperialism. Carefully, yet with the iron grip of a master, decision by decision, he taught the people the lessons of nationality. He tenaciously clung to the idea of our forefathers that the Constitution emanated not from a part but from the whole people, that it was not made for one, but for all generations, and to meet every crisis. Marshall's decisions, and his idealization of the Constitution transformed public opinion, and infused into the life-blood of the nation, confidence and trust in the Constitution. Marshall found the Constitution weak and halt. He left it strong, resting upon the firm foundation of the love and good will of the people. He found thirteen independent sovereignties, dominated with selfish aims, and pulsating with avarice; he left them a Nation, a people united, yet free, enjoying political and spiritual liberty, existing with one purpose, and sacrificing colonial rights for one cause, America.

Washington, Jefferson and Marshall stand as our great triumvirate of constructive statesmen. For a third of a century, Marshall guarded the ark of the people's liberties and gave all he possessed of will and intellect to make it perpetual. Union and centralization were the aim of his public life. He breathed his soul into every measure of government. Solicitous for his country's welfare, his voice and pen were ever guiding and directing our statesmen, and demanding the protection of the

people's rights and liberties. Marshall's decisions have stood for a century and still stand unquestioned, side by side with the Constitution. In 1816, when the nation was bankrupt and its currency worthless, Congress passed a law incorporating the National Bank. When it was assailed as unconstitutional, the far-seeing Marshall held that Congress has power to make any law in accordance with the Constitution, to perpetuate the Republic. When the challenge of Hayne was to be answered, when nullification threatened to disrupt the Union, it was the logic of Marshall, thundered from the lips of Webster, which became the battle cry of a nation, and laid on the altar of freedom one million of her sons to maintain the declaration that all men are created free and equal. Today, when corporate greed threatens to subvert the morals of the nation, when licensed individuals, heedless of the laws of God and of nations, are exploiting the resources of the land and are murdering humanity in the sweatshop, the mine and the mill, the Federal Government, under the implied powers of the Constitution, as expounded by Marshall, will find a means to curb these vested interests, make them amenable to law, and stop forever human sacrifices to the god of greed.

Great men are destined to perform great missions. What Marshall did, no other man in the colonies could have done. He was the incarnation of the democratic ideals of his age. Take from our constitutional law his decisions and little remains. His name stands untarnished and his character grows more lustrous as time advances. He cared not for the plaudits of the multitude, and believed that he who does most for humanity, does most for self. Greatness to him meant the approval of conscience. He labored not that the world might know him, but that our Constitution might be an everlasting bond of Union to posterity. The epitaph—martyr and hero—cannot be chiseled upon his monument, but in the light of American civilization, the sons of the oppressed, fleeing from the scourge of tyranny, will forever cherish the name of the jurist whose labors erected a sanctuary for the quickening principle of liberty, and preserved a nation for the enfranchisement of conscience, wherein cast and creed disappear before the sunlight of opportunity. And in the future as the enlightened of the earth shall scan the roll of honored dead, bright among the world's benefactors and statesmen, will appear the name of John Marshall, America's greatest Constitutionalist.

MIGRATION THE SOLUTION.

BY SHERIDAN DOWNEY.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION, in 1907, in the University of Michigan.]

A century ago America was the home of the black race and the white. The one was free, the other slave. Fifty years passed. The North demanded the liberation of the Negro. The South refused it. The war came, and the North was victorious. The North affirmed the emancipation proclamation and called the Negro free. They passed the 14th amendment and said he was a citizen. They gave him the ballot and thought him a voter. Fifty years more have passed. America is still the home of the black race and the white. And still the one is free and the other slave.

The condition of the negro has steadily grown worse since the Civil War. He is generally found living in filth and poverty. He is possessed of a criminal instinct that seems a part of his nature. The industrial efficiency developed under slavery has been destroyed, and he works only under the lash of necessity. More than a thousand negroes have been lynched in the South during the past five years. In many of the states he has been practically disfranchised. His status is not much above that of serfdom. From the standpoint of the negro, at least, it would be better if he were returned to slavery.

But is it any wonder that the negro has not been able to adapt himself to the white man's civilization? The development of the Saxon race has come through a tardy and cruel evolution. It has been the triumph of strength over weakness, a yielding of centuries to might. It has not come by leaps and bounds. And today as in time gone by that same heartless evolution is at work. Civilized man could not survive in a land of barbarism. Neither can a savage adapt himself to civilization in a day. In America the negro is bounded and beset on every side by a civilization he cannot even understand. He is just entering the Dark Ages, and the sun of civilization is far beyond his horizon. He, like the white man, must toil along the dark and blood-stained path of development. Think of the awful price the white race has paid for its knowledge of good and evil, of the centuries of growth, of turmoil, and of conflict wherein was born the Magna Charta. Remember that the wisdom and experience of ages

guided the hand that penned the Declaration of Independence, and that every letter in that declaration was traced and retraced with the blood of American patriots before it became a living, burning message to the nations of the world. Three thousand years of moral development and of industrial progress lie between the negro and the white race. Can we hope to bridge the chasm of three thousand years by a few generations of educational and industrial training? As well attempt to span the ocean with a solitary plank. Only time can change the negro's nature, only experience with right and wrong can lift him from the dust.

Our statesmen have not been blind. They have seen that the negro is an alien, a man unsuited to his environment, a creature at hopeless war with the world around him. And to adjust matters they have suggested segregation. And we have passed laws to compel the separation of the black and white races. But races living together cannot be kept apart by a law on the statute books. For behind human law is the human heart. And though you may pass a thousand laws, you cannot do away with man's passions or his lusts. Facts may be bitter, but they are facts. We know that today black people and white do live together. You can make this union a crime, but you have only made conditions more heinous than they were before. But there is a greater objection to a plan of segregation than that it is a failure, for it will result in the degradation of the negro race. You can tell the negro that segregation is but a scientific conclusion; that it has no stigma or sting. But you will know it is a lie as you tell it to him. And so will he. The white race thinks itself superior to the black and the black race knows it, and resents it. What will this mean to the negro child? What is he to think when men sneer at his father and say there is no virtue in his mother. My friends, you do not give a man courage by dressing him in the striped clothes of a convict, you do not give a woman self respect by telling her that she is infamous. How will you make a man of the negro by setting him apart from other men and telling him that he is a beast?

When we consider that the negro is an outcast, that his education has been a failure, and that segregation is impossible, we must realize that his condition is a sad and serious one. But, my friends, what of the morrow? What of the day when the negro population has increased from 10 to 20 or 30 millions?

Already in some of our Southern states the negro population outnumbers the white. Twenty years ago the negro was a passive serf. Today he is still a serf, but now rebellious. What will he be 20 years from now? We are but a few years removed from the scourge of a civil war, and already the shadow of a bloodier struggle is falling across our land. The conditions in the South cannot go on in peace. Daily, race hatred and antagonism increase. The cloud of a half century of strife is gathering. The conflict is coming. Every lynching tells us of it. Already in a dozen Southern cities race war has blazed out and been suppressed with difficulty. And when the storm once breaks, there will be no quarter asked, no mercy given. The emancipation proclamation will be recalled and a proclamation of extermination will issue in its place—a horrible mockery to those who gave their lives to make the negro free. Amalgamation, if allowed to work unchecked, might in time solve the problem. But we dare not wait on the process of time. Present conditions call us to immediate action to avert a threatened war.

What course then should be pursued in adjusting the relations of the black and white races? If education has proved a failure, if segregation is impossible, if race war is imminent, wherein lies our hope?

Must we admit that our negro problem has no solution, that any attempt to solve it is hopeless? What of the enforced or voluntary migration of the negro race? Every statesman had admitted that if such a scheme were practicable it would solve our race problem. But is such migration feasible? Suppose the negro would refuse to leave this country. Would we have the legal and moral right to deport him? An amendment to our federal constitution would give the legal right, and if we were to decide that such action were necessary to the welfare of both races, why, morally, should we hesitate to take it? Should sentimentality weigh in the scale against necessity? Should theoretic right be carried to such an extreme as to result in actual wrong? Our forefathers did not hesitate to bring the negro to this land to make him a slave. By what principle of justice are we forbidden to take him to some other land to make him free?

To find a fit home for the negro presents a perplexing problem, but one not impossible of solution. In the near future we may be able to buy from some South American republic a

portion of its territory, as was done on the Isthmus of Panama. The South American states are but thinly populated though rich in natural resources. Half the country of Brazil would be an ideal home for the negro race. That our government has had and will again have opportunity to acquire territory in South America is beyond dispute. Should we not the next time it is offered take advantage of such an opportunity? The Island of Cuba has less than a million people, principally of the negro race. It is capable of supporting a population of more than 20 millions. We have had opportunity to annex it in the past, and doubtless will have again in the near future. Cuba would make a splendid negro state. Why should we not annex it for such a purpose? The American nation should bend every energy toward securing some country to be used for the negro race, and that such a country could in time be secured is beyond doubt.

Herein lies the only solution of the negro problem. When such a place has been found let the negro be taken there. Let our federal government exercise supreme authority over him, controlling him by beneficent laws tempered to his needs. There he may find that happiness and equality which are denied him in this country. Freed from race hatred and race prejudice, governed by laws fitted to his needs, he may work out his own destiny, no longer the salve of a civilization a thousand years beyond him.

My friends, the acquiring of a new home for the negro race and the migration of 10 million people is a mighty enterprise. It will tax the wealth and energy of America for decades to come. But are we afraid to attempt that enterprise? Dare we refuse? We are responsible for the condition of the negro. We have made the story of the negro the saddest story of history. Back in the jungles of Africa he lived the life of a savage. As America was the home of the red man, Africa was the home of the black. In that wild, free country he lived the wild, free life of a primitive man. But the American tore him from his home and made him a slave, made him a serf in the home of democracy. He was placed on the market and sold to the highest bidder. His life was made property in the eternal lust of man for gold. At last the people gave him freedom. They offered him the white man's laws and white man's government. They offered him desires and aspirations. But they left him de-

moralized by generations of slavery. They left him in a civilization a thousand years beyond his time. They had offered him everything and given him nothing. They had freed the slave and made an outcast. The terrible thing is not that the negro has his passions, not that he is weak. Every race has been the same in times gone by. The terrible thing is that freedom has brought only the realization of an outcast's condition, only shame and loss of self respect. Who tonight demands your sympathy? Is it the Jew hounded from place to place and homeless? Is it the Russian peasant demoralized and degraded by hellish laws? Is it the workmen of the world, the slaves of an industrial tyranny? Yes, my friends, all these demand your sympathy. But what of the negro? What of a man liberated from slavery to rot in freedom? What of a man placed among a people of whom he can never be a part or parcel? What of a man whose past is the memory of slavery, and whose future can only be the realization of shame? Time will bring to the Russian peasant the jewel of freedom; a home to the wandering Jew; to the laboring man the crown of knowledge. But what has time to bring to the negro? If he remains in America the coming years are destined to find him still a serf in the land of opportunity; an inferior in the home of equality; an outcast among men. In the future as in the past the story of the negro will be the saddest story of history. My friends, our fathers bought the freedom of the negro. They paid in blood on a thousand battle-fields the price of his redemption; they paid in tears in a million ruined homes for the folly of the past.

Let us finish the work they left undone. Let us find a home for the negro where he can be free. It is his right. Let us avoid race war lest we too pay in blood and tears for the folly of the past.

Adrian Marinus Landman.

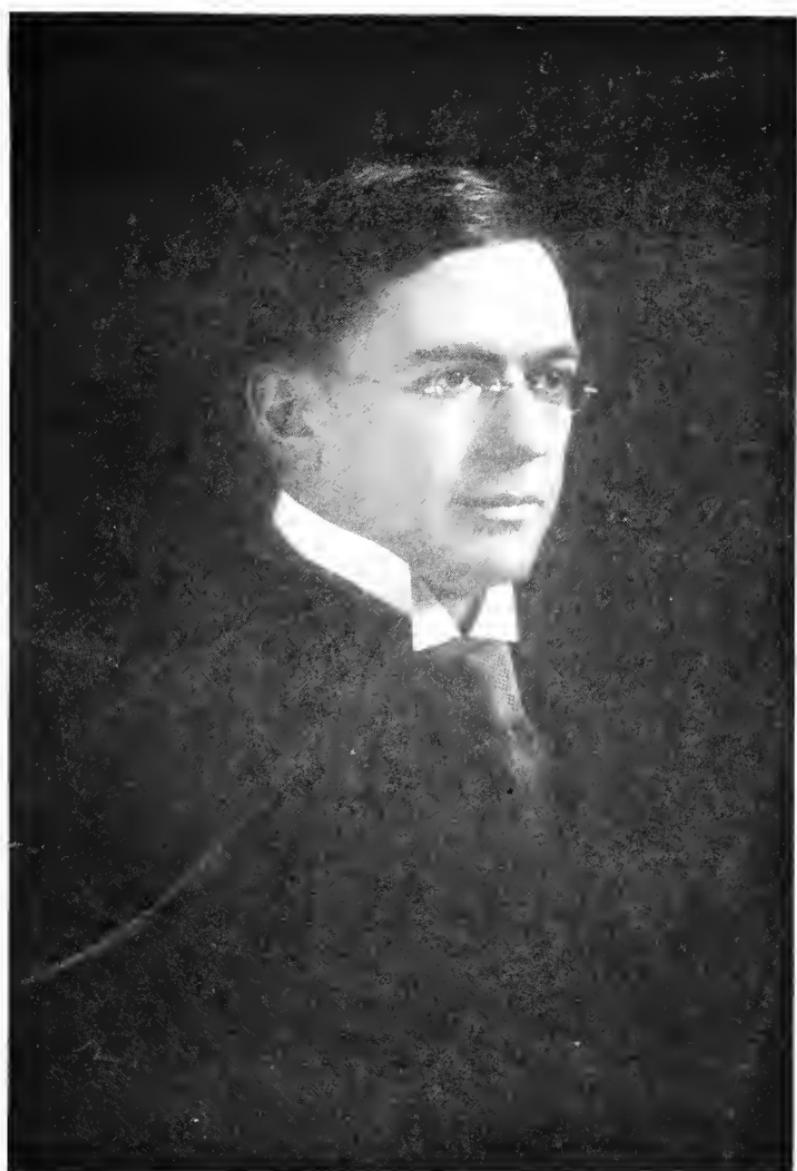
Adrian Marinus Landman was born in Boston, Mass., in 1879. When he was six years of age his parents removed to Grand Rapids, Michigan. He prepared for college in the Grand Rapids High School from which he was graduated in 1898. In 1901 he entered the government service among the Indians and remained three years.

In 1904 he entered the Law School of the University of Michigan and spent one year in study. He then returned to Dakota and devoted the next two years to the Indian Service. In 1907 he re-entered the University with the class of 1908 and will receive his degree of LL.B. in June.

Mr. Landman has been interested in oratory for several years. During his first year in the University he took the courses in the principles of public speaking and showed marked ability in writing and speaking. He entered the contest of the First-Year class in the Law School and was awarded the honor of representing his class in the annual University contest, in which he won a creditable place.

He re-entered the contest of 1908 with an oration on "Our Duty to the Sioux," and not only won the right to represent his class in the final University contest, but was awarded the first honor in that contest. This honor carried with it the Chicago Alumni Medal and the Kaufman testimonial of \$100, and constituted Mr. Landman the representative of the University of Michigan in the Northern Oratorical League contest. In the League contest, held at Iowa City May 1, 1908, he was awarded fifth place by the judges of the contest.

Mr. Landman's success as a public speaker is the result of hard and persistent labor. He has a good physique, a strong, well-modulated voice, vigor of action, magnetism and the ability to grasp and hold attention. He is direct, full of feeling and speaks on subjects that have human and personal interest.



ADRIAN MARINUS LANDMAN

OUR DUTY TO THE SIOUX.

BY ADRIAN MARINUS LANDMAN.

[FIRST HONOR ORATION, in 1908, in the University of Michigan, taking fifth place in the contest of the Northern Oratorical League.]

The advent of the white man foretold the doom of the Indian. Swift upon the landing of Columbus, civilization rolled up its mighty forces and swept onward toward the alluring west. All ignorant of the relentless power of this advance, a red and warlike people vainly fought the vanguard of the dread invader. The last chapter of the history of that futile struggle is written in the story of a crushed and broken people—pitiful pieces of driftwood on the crest of civilization's advancing tide. The life in which the Sioux gloried, remains to them no more. The environment which shaped their characteristics and from which sprang their ambitions, is gone forever. On the western breeze comes to us the long quavering note of their death song. From their own lips I have heard the story of their former glories and have seen the unhappy conditions under which they now exist.

To the Sioux nation belonged, by right of arms and occupation, the northern plains between the Mississippi and the Rockies. Progress demanded that communication be established between the infant civilization of the Pacific slope and its mother source in the east. For the privilege of constructing a railroad across the Sioux land, five of the wisest and bravest of our generals did not deem it derogatory to our National dignity solemnly to promise that a territory now covered by three states, should never be trodden by a white man's foot without the consent of the Sioux. Since that time, piece by piece their lands have been wrested from them by shrewd bargaining, by playing upon their native weaknesses, or by intimidation. Under the original treaty, the Black Hills, the oasis of the western plains, were included under the Sioux dominion. Upon the discovery of gold in that region, all the treaties and solemn promises of the Nation could not stem the tide of fortune hunters. Further negotiations became necessary. Early in their parleys with these people, our representatives had learned the weak point in the Indian nature. His brain conceives of no tomorrow. For a present material advantage or pleasure, he will barter the hopes of all the future. So, in exchange for the certainty of an unmolested home on the alkali plains of Dakota and a few years of freedom from want and

privation, the Sioux parted with the heritage of their children. The sacred Indian hills, within whose heart ran priceless veins of gold, whose fertile valleys held promise of wealth, upon whose sloping sides lay forests of invested riches for the red man's sons, passed from them forever. Still the story is not all told. The present sees the golden fields of corn waving on the very threshold of the Sioux domain, heralding again the advent of the phalanxes of civilization. Once more the greedy white hand is being outstretched toward the red man's possessions. In the face of past events the express policy of the Government is, as speedily as possible, to allot the Sioux their several treaty shares and turn them out to fight the world alone. The full-blood Sioux of today, as a class, are no more able to compete with such conditions than they were forty years ago.

Contracts of those with immature and undeveloped minds find protection in every land. Our nation, in contracting with the Indians, negotiated with an unsophisticated race, ignorant even of the very meaning of "contract." Frozen and starved into submission, gratuitous clothing and provisions seemed to them the height of affluence. Thirty years to them was all eternity. From the treaty of 1868 to the present, the Sioux have been known and dealt with as "wards of the Government"; yet our law-givers would shield themselves behind these contracts—pleading the fulfilment of treaty stipulations—quieting the national conscience by reproaching the Sioux with being incompetents and with being obstacles in the way of the Nation's advance.

In the early period after their pacification, touched by the glorifying light of romance, the better qualities of the Sioux stood forth intensified. Given their characteristics, as the Nation saw them then, a generation of education and contact with the whites would place them on an equal footing with their conquerors. But that vision has been shattered. The Indian of today is but the semblance of his free and warlike father, whose boundaries were measured by the endurance of his ponies and the indefinite lines of hostile tribes.

Realizing the failure of the original plan for their civilization, Congress tacitly admits its inability to cope with the situation. Instead of redoubling its efforts our legislative body turns its back upon the Indian. Heedless of appeals from the Indian Office, the national purse strings are drawn tighter and tighter for the Sioux. Deep in the interest of a newly acquired philan-

thropy in the islands of the Pacific, we forget our duty to the Indian.

The ultimate solution of this problem lies in the fusion of blood. In such commingling alone can the Sioux hope to attain equality in the struggle for existence. Year by year the inter-marriages between the whites and the most beautiful and accomplished of the maidens of the mixed-blood grow in number. The mixed-blood youths in turn marry white, mixed-blood or the most favored of the full-blood maidens. As an inevitable result, the remaining full-bloods sink lower in vitality, and grow weaker in mental vigor.

The mixed-bloods are on the road to their own salvation. They have acquired the best lands, the best homes, the best of all advantages arising from governmental aid. But, for the care and protection of several thousand full-bloods, those who have not proved competent in the cruel conflict of the survival of the fittest, I raise my voice in appeal tonight. Day by day the walls of civilization have been closing in upon them. Aliens they are to a new environment to which they can never become reconciled. To the full-blood comes little hope. As a class they live in wretched conditions, diseased, devitalized, bankrupt in the physical and mental qualities of a sturdy people.

I can still recall the picture of an old Sioux mother, bidding her accused boy good-bye. His offense had been a petty one, but to her, ignorant of the law and the white man's justice, the punishment of death seemed inevitable. Leaning on her twisted staff, her face uplifted, the tears coursing down her withered cheeks, she sang again, as she used to sing, the song of the departing warriors:

"You are going forth to die, my son.
Spurn the dust of life, my son.
Cover then your fear.
Do not let the foeman see.
Never let a muscle quiver.
Strengthen then your heart."

Thus the Sioux of today are going forth on the pathway of vanished races. Destruction moves swift upon them, still, with the spirit of that song in their hearts, stoically, patiently, unflinchingly they bear their burdens and await the end. Soon, the vast prairies, which but a short time since resounded to the thunder

of his ponies' hoofs in the charge of battle, will know the full-blood Sioux no more. The extinction of the Sioux must come, but let their passing be merciful and let it be without reproach.

Deal gently with these people for they are a race with children's minds, in which doubt, fear, and superstition forever struggle. How could we expect those minds to cover at one swift leap the tradition of centuries? Debauched by forty years of idleness, devoid of purpose, their native strength has vanished. No dreams of future power brighten the passing days. No dawn of a better day comes to cheer the monotony of dreary years.

Deal patiently with these people. They are a race thrown in competition with a civilization that has far outrun them. A thousand voices call to them from the past. Ages of custom and environment bind them with strong, unyielding ties. In a ceaseless war of destruction, man and nature are leagued against them. For them the way has been long and hard, strewn with thorns, and at the near turning is death. Better that destruction had come at one swift stroke than this lingering decay.

Deal mercifully with these people. In the days of old, how different were conditions. Marches, long and weary, made him hard and fit. Life in the oft-moved, sanitary tepees held disease a stranger to his door. The wild chase after the buffalo sent the hot blood singing through his veins and lighted in his eyes the fires of purpose. Tribal wars bade him place the eagle bonnet on his head and wakened dreams of honor, glory and chieftainship among his people. But these are gone, all gone! He is now no more the monarch of the plains than is the caged eagle, the monarch of the air. Yet how like the eagle he was. Beware, proud bird, symbol of our Nation though you be, if, in some future day, you block, but by a feather's breadth, man's dominion of the air, he'll pluck you from your lofty height and dash you broken to the depths—as we have done the Indian.

Deal righteously with these people. Incompetent the Sioux may be, a hindrance to the full development of the western country, but who made them so? Who froze and starved them into submission and then lulled their spirit to sleep with gratuities of food and clothing? Who discouraged every display of initiative? Who blighted their ambition? Who blasted all their hopes of posterity? Must we not feel dishonored in these reproaches? Must not this nation bow its head in shame and disgrace in face

of such a record? There is above us all a moral law, an obligation which bids us succor the weak and minister to the dying. This Nation assumed an obligation above its written stipulations when it took so much from the Sioux and gave so little in return. Because the uplifting of this race in forty years has failed, we have no right to free ourselves from this task. Rather a greater duty devolves upon us, which should be borne more scrupulously, and discharged more conscientiously.

Deal justly with these people, that in that day when men shall gaze upon the pages of history to judge us, as we have judged the past, the fulfilment of our duty to the Sioux may not stand as a blot upon a glorious record. In the day of their might we dared not, now in the hour of their weakness, we must not deviate from the straight path of justice. May we so deal with our red brothers, that when that certain day shall come for them to move into the presence of the Great Spirit, before whom we all must bow, their souls may carry for us no message of shame; but let them be ushered into that high presence with hearts full of peace and forgiveness, bearing tidings of a trust faithfully, conscientiously and mercifully rendered.

INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

BY FREDERICK BARDWELL MCKAY.

[SECOND HONOR ORATION, in 1908, in the University of Michigan.]

An old Teutonic legend declares that the gods gave their swords to men that peace might be established upon the earth. For more than twenty centuries the sword has been the arbiter of human differences. Peace through subjugation and often merciless extermination was the dominant policy of nations. Disputed questions were settled by bayonet and cannon. But today a new legend declares that nations shall decide their differences, not by opposition but by coöperation, not by blind passion but by calm reason, not by the carnage of battle but by the deliberation of courts. International peace now demands the serious consideration of every civilized people. Its history is a message of encouragement and its outlook a prophecy of fulfillment. The movement toward world-wide peace is the tardy though certain outcome of man's success in securing peace between himself and

his neighbor, and the future of this movement is best revealed in the history of man's progress from private war to private peace.

When men first became social beings their sole bond of union was kinship. The stranger was thereby an enemy, and no authority could compel respect for his rights. For personal safety, men carried with them weapons of death. Retaliation and vengeance were their only law. But when their wild savage life lost its charm, and they settled in fixed habitations, less violence prevailed. Compensation appeared as the first effort of the tribe to mitigate the terrors of private revenge. The "blood-wite," paid by the family of the wrong-doer to the family of the wronged, indicates a growing sense of responsibility for law and order. The rude trial of the accused by those of his own kin marks the first attempt of society to settle disputes between man and man. That beginning, enlarged in significance and enlightened by the deepening conception of right, reappeared in the clumsy jury of Henry II of England, and in another stride became the modern jury system—an institution that abolished forever the right of private war, and which stands as the foundation of individual liberty. Instead of fighting like brutes over their grievances, men now lay them before an impartial court of their fellows and calmly await a settlement. Right and goodwill have triumphed over might and selfishness, and today, as never before, all men are brothers.

Such is the history of this movement as it concerns individuals. What has been its progress among nations? International amity was not unknown among ancient peoples. Cyrus the Great appealed to a prince of India to settle a dispute between himself and the king of Assyria. The cities composing the Amphictyonic League agreed "not to destroy each other, nor to cut off any city from running water in war or in peace." But these are only exceptions which bring out more sharply the terrible background of bloody war. Nations in their development were arrogant rather than conciliatory in spirit. So long as boundaries remained unsettled and rulers were filled with an insatiable love of conquest, peaceful relations were impossible. Nations were then still savage. But when despotism declined, and intelligent nationality was realized, international respect appeared as a new and hopeful sign of better things. The movement for peace be-

gan toward the close of the eighteenth century. It was the result of the liberalizing influences that had been active in society for two thousand years.

The last century of its growth is a record of marvellous achievement. Its aggressive enthusiasm, expressing itself on the one hand in peace societies, congresses, and popular petitions, and on the other hand in modern diplomacy, reformed international law and arbitration accomplished such results in one hundred years as to warrant the statement of Dr. Talmage, that "there will never be another great war. Arbitration will take the place of the sword." Events have justified that conclusion. Since 1794, when John Jay was burned in effigy for inserting an arbitration clause into our treaty with England, there have been no less than three hundred and fifty settlements of international disputes. These cases involved questions of trespass, fisheries, protectorates, disputed ownership, boundaries, and every conceivable issue which might inflame the passion of rulers to declare war. By arbitration world-wide industrial prosperity was preserved, countless millions saved, and untold suffering averted; and more important still, the nations were confronted with convincing evidence that disputes can be settled without recourse to arms. The pages of that century's history, though many of them were written in blood, are illuminated with the promise of a new and better day.

Not only has arbitration brought peace and its blessings, but every adjustment has given the world added confidence in the efficiency and permanence of its methods. The year 1907 witnessed the spectacle of forty-four great nations convened in the second Hague Conference. What though the press hurled epithets of double-dealing and ineffectiveness upon it! What though the doubter called it a farce and the enthusiast was disappointed when its sessions closed! It has succeeded in its lofty purposes in spite of derision and contempt. Has not every reform movement advanced in the face of stubborn opposition and often apparent failure? In the struggle for a great ideal, one thing is certain. Every battle lost is a stepping-stone to ultimate victory. That representatives from every quarter of the globe met for the first time in a general world assembly for the serious consideration of common problems was in itself a long step toward peace. Fifty years ago, such a conference would

not have been thought of by any government; twenty-five years ago it would still have been impossible. Its four months of deliberation revealed, as never before, the folly of war, and cultivated a friendship among the nations that will bear fruit in coming congresses.

These events enable us to measure our present progress, and more clearly forecast the future. By comparison with the history of man's struggle to insure private peace through the forms of law, it will be seen that we are but entering upon the jury stage of international justice. The law of right, long ago recognized between man and man, is only dawning upon men in their collective capacity. While the goal we strive for is still far distant, an unachieved ideal, yet we may take courage. International peace must come, or the divine law that governs human progress will break down. Already much has been accomplished, and in this age of wonders, we may hope to achieve more than in all the past. We are moving forward by leaps and bounds. Centuries are being crowded into decades. The field of right, and truth, and justice is experiencing as rapid progress as is the field of science and invention. Diplomats are recognizing that the Golden Rule is as binding upon nations as upon individuals. The signs of the times justify the prediction that international peace will come within our generation.

The one real obstacle to the union of nations is distrust. If international distrust were surmounted, the other vexing problems could be solved by diplomacy. Suspicions and jealousies, the heritage of a thousand years of ruthless aggression and lawless conquest, have converted the powers of Europe into an armed camp, and a peace little better than war, is maintained at the frightful cost of two-thirds of their annual revenues. The nations that have so long appealed to the logic of the sword are loth to admit the efficacy of arbitration. But the light is breaking. Civilization advances. The seeds of brotherhood and peace sown in former centuries give promise of a bountiful harvest. Democracy has been teaching men the strength that lies in union. Its growing spirit has witnessed families united into tribes, tribes into provinces, provinces into states, and states into nations. Republicanism in government is today the rule. Science with its net-work of rails and cables, its fast-flying steeds and ocean liners, has obliterated boundary lines, and brought the remotest

corners of the earth into one empire of trade and of thought. Religion, ever exalting unselfishness, has been slowly evolving those higher sentiments which must culminate in a universal brotherhood of love and service.

Science, Democracy, Religion!—these three are the forces of God in history, in the path of whose silent forward movement have been scattered the choicest blessings that man can know, before whose triumphal march “valleys shall be exalted and mountains made low.” Science shall make neighbors of the Oriental and the Anglo-Saxon. Democracy shall teach the peasant his kinship with royalty. Religion shall consecrate every man to the service of his neighbor. Their united and benign influence will speed the time when “swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks,” when states shall follow, not the dictates of blind jealousy and passion, but the calm judgment of concerted deliberation. Then shall governments and peoples stand together in friendship and good will. Then shall

“The war-drum throb no longer, and the battle-flags be furled”;

Right shall rule among the nations,
Peace shall reign throughout the world.

America the land of liberty, of progress, and of Christianity must teach the divine doctrine that “God hath made of one blood all nations of men.” Shall we not lay the influence of our lives as new stones in the temple of universal peace? Shall we not enlist in the new army whose cause is the Brotherhood of Man, and whose leader is the Prince of Peace? O youth of this young Republic, to you comes the call to service in humanity’s behalf. To you it is given by your example to hasten the day, when the machinery and “pomp of glorious war” shall be cast aside, when all nations of the earth shall sit down as brothers in council together. Then shall be fulfilled the angels’ song, long ago heard at midnight over the Judean hills, “Peace on earth, good-will to men.”

